PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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SEPTEMBER 1978 $2.00

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Princess Margaret to seek a divorce

SPECIAL ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

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PLOWING THE AMERICAN FARMER UNDER

ROCK ORGY: 4 ON 1

DEFENDING JIMMY CARTER???

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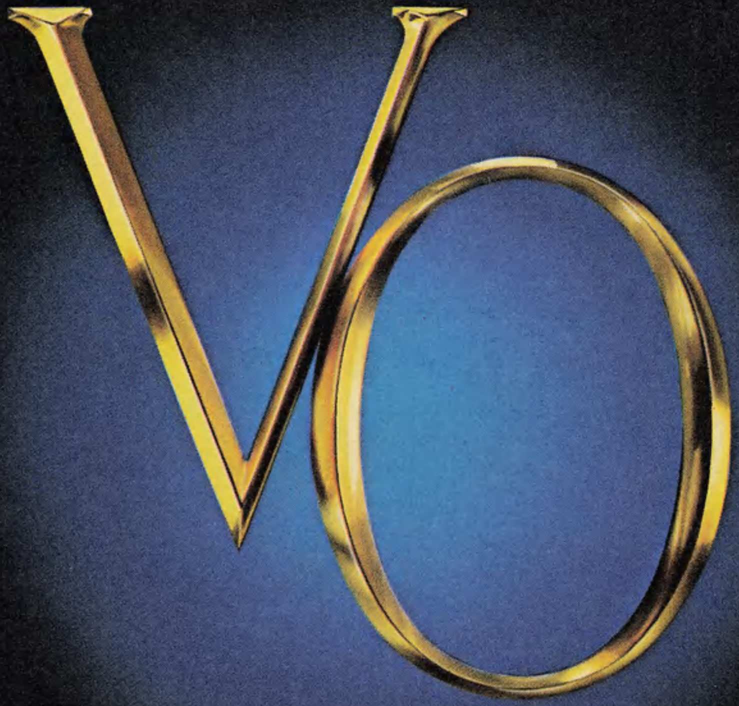

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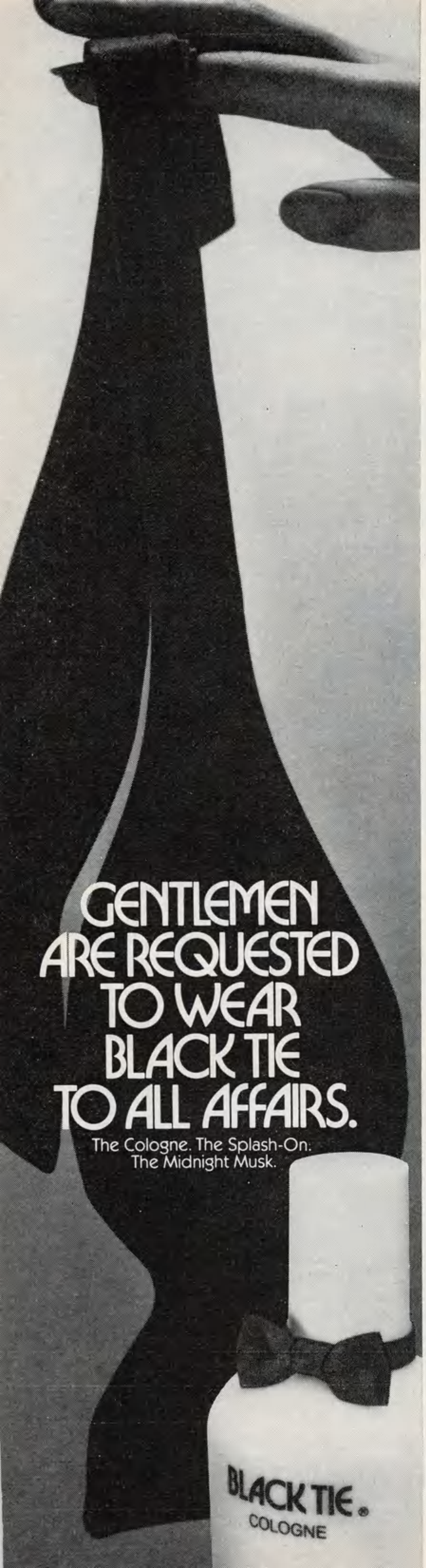
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PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Men/September 1978
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The difference between these cassette decks isn't sound.

There's hardly an audio enthusiast alive who doesn't admire the Nakamichi 1000II.

But at $1,650,* admiring it is about all most people can do.

That's why Pioneer created the new CT-F1000. A cassette deck that offers all the features and performance of the Nakamichi 1000II, but costs almost $1,000 less.

(We realize this is hard to believe, but be patient. The facts bear us out.)

It's a fact that the $600* Pioneer CT-F1000 and the $1,650 Nakamichi 1000II are both honest three headed cassette decks that let you monitor right off the tape as you record.

Both feature separate Dolby systems for the playback and recording heads. So when you're recording with the Dolby on, you can monitor the same way.

And both are filled with all the remarkable features you'd expect to find on cassette decks of this caliber: there's everything from jam-proof solenoid logic controls, to multiplex filters for making cleaner FM recordings, to memories that automatically let you go back to a particular spot on the tape.

It's value.

Nakamichi 1000 II
maxell
PIONEER
CT-F1000

The Nakamichi 1000II: $1,650*

The Pioneer CT-F1000: $600*

The comparison holds up equally well when it comes to performance.

The CT-F1000 and the Nakamichi 1000II both have total harmonic distortion levels of less than 1.5%.

Both have all but conquered the problem of wow and flutter. (An identical 0.05% for each deck.)

And both have signal to noise ratios that are so similar only sophisticated laboratory equipment can tell them apart.

If the incredible value of the CT-F1000 still sounds a bit hard to believe, we suggest you go hear it for yourself at any Pioneer dealer.

Our viewpoint is simple: if you can't hear the difference, why pay the difference?

PIONEER®
We bring it back alive.

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HOUSECALL

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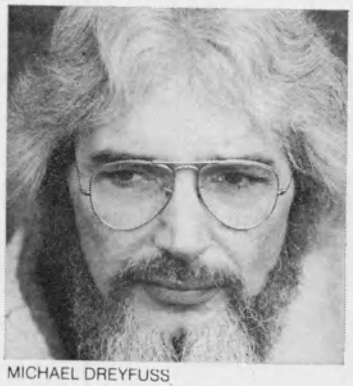
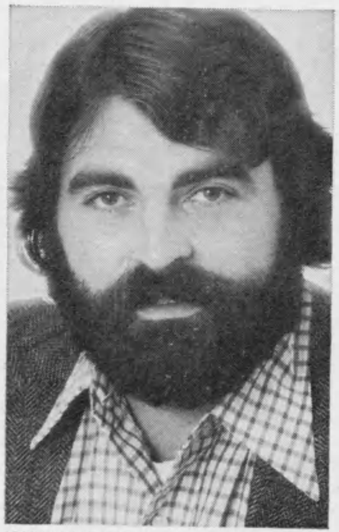

MICHAEL DREYFUSS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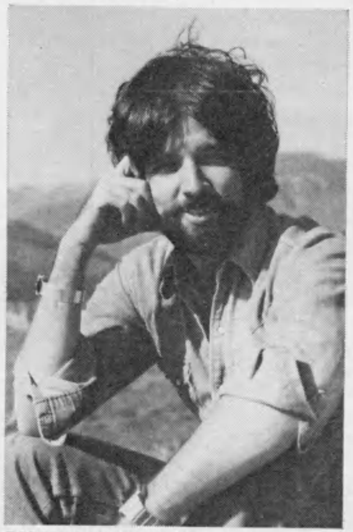
RICHARD BALLAD


ROBERT STEPHEN SPITZ

JAMES P. GIRARD

JOSH ALAN FRIEDMAN

Nothing is more essential to human survival than food and fuel, but the men and women who provide them for us are exploited more than ever. Take Jimmy Carter's let-'em-eat cake update for 1978: "Things will be better for those farmers who can survive." In the past year our government's attitude toward farmers and miners was dramatized by the farmer's tractor demonstration in Washington and by the 109-day coal strike this past winter. **David Harris**, a San Francisco journalist, examines the farmer's problems in "Bitter Harvest" (page 52), part one of a two-part series on the American agricultural crisis. Harris says: "Farming is the only occupation where the entire membership's success is a collective disaster. If every farmer has a great crop, every farmer goes broke."

Darrell McGraw, a forty-one-year-old West Virginia Supreme Court justice who is the son of a coal miner, is a hard-liner on the coal miner's troubles. In this interview (page 124) by **Richard Ballad**, McGraw explains the nature of the miners' struggle and predicts a bleak future for them. The profit-oriented corporate types who exploit the miners are, in Justice McGraw's words, "energy bandits." It's this kind of candor that has earned McGraw a reputation as the "people's attorney" in West Virginia.

If McGraw feels like a minority of one, so does **Josh Alan Friedman**, the talented twenty-two-year-old son of writer Bruce Jay Friedman. His "Growing Up Black, a Case of Mistaken Identity" (page 84), recounts the experiences he had as the only white kid in an all-black elementary school. Friedman evokes his ambivalent feelings about race and friendship with a self-lampooning humor reminiscent of Lenny Bruce. "Growing Up Black" marks Josh's first appearance in a national magazine.

Another young writer, **James P. Girard**, looks at the past and present simultaneously in "September Song." Girard, a novelist living in Lawrence, Kans., has published one novella, *Changing All Those Changes*, and is working on a second. The protagonist of his science-fiction story (page 118) is a cosmic cowboy—a time-tripper who prefers to hang out in the fifties, searching for Buddy Holly and the Crickets.

Other trips are a lot less fun, as **John Maybury** points out in "Amtrak Blues," an indictment of our national passenger train system (page 76). Maybury, a free-lance writer-editor currently completing a book about trains, thinks that Amtrak derailed a long time ago. (If you happen to be a train buff, you'll be interested in Maybury's monthly newsletter, *Amtrak Blues*, published at 913 Cerrito Street, Albany, Calif. 94706.)

Sports buffs will enjoy "The Olympic Nightmare" (page 70) by **Robert Stephen Spitz**, a look at the army boot-camp conditions prevailing in Olympic training. Spitz reports that young candidates for competition are subjected to intolerable stress and brainwashing. It's a particularly creepy form of child abuse because it assumes the guise of All-American sportsmanship and good clean fun. *Penthouse* hopes to set at least one record right by publishing Spitz's story.

For some genuine good clean fun, read "Pharaohs Chicken" by **Michael Dreyfuss** (page 155). It's about a sexy lady journalist who has so much fun in bed that she drives her lovers crazy.

Specifically intended to drive you batty is our encore presentation (page 136) of **Susanne Saxon**, our 1978 Penthouse Pet of the Year Runner-up, who makes this special Ninth Anniversary issue of *Penthouse* something well worth celebrating. As for our other back-to-school beauties, they'd make any red-blooded scholar want to drop out! Not a bad idea on a crisp autumn day when the leaves are falling and the sap is running . . .

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PENTHOUSE
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Founded March 1965
BOB GUCCIONE
editor & publisher

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD.
(U.S. edition)

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SEPTEMBER

PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Ball in the family

I'm a twenty-two-year-old woman who has been happily married for two years. My husband and I have sex on a regular basis, but I do masturbate a lot, and fantasize about making it with men friends, relatives, and even a few girl friends. Until Bobby, my husband's eighteen-year-old brother, arrived to stay with us, these fantasies were as far as I got. It was June when he arrived, and we were living near a beach in Connecticut. So Bobby usually ran around wearing nothing but a pair of tight red nylon bathing trunks, which accented the bulge between his legs. I suddenly found myself thinking of him nearly every time I masturbated.

I also noticed when I did the laundry that the crotches of my panties were stained with what looked like semen. Then one day, when I was cleaning the guest room he sleeps in, I discovered a picture of me in a bathing suit stuffed under the mattress, along with an old copy of *Penthouse*. Right away I knew that Bobby had been masturbating to my picture and my soiled panties. The thought of this kid getting off on me made me so fucking horny that I pushed my pants down to my ankles right there and began to masturbate like crazy. It was then and there that I decided to have this cute kid.

I went to town the next day and brought home a flimsy string bikini and tried it on, asking Bobby to give me his opinion. The top was so small that my 36D boobs stuck out, and the bottom barely covered my pubic mound, making my brown hair poke out from the sides. As I made my way down the stairs, my heart began to pound, my nipples turned rock hard, and my pussy began to get wet with excitement.

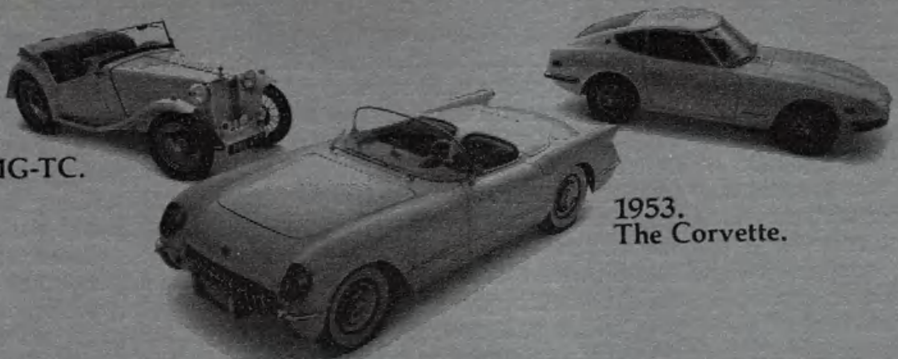
When I entered the living room, his eyes popped out with excitement and he turned red and could barely talk. I stood only inches in front of him, with my pussy right in his face. Needless to say, he had grown an enormous erection, and I was so wet that I actually wanted to rape his young ass, but not yet, I thought.

I sat on the couch with him and started discussing a few unimportant things. I had my legs spread, and Bobby couldn't keep his eyes off my crotch as we talked. The conversation led to sex, and then I flat out asked him if he'd ever jerked off. He denied he had, until I told him about finding the panties and the pictures. Then he gave in but was very embarrassed. I made him go get us two beers from the kitchen, the better to see his hard-on. By the time he got back, I had come about four times and the crotch of my suit was soaked, making my juice run down the crack of my ass and leaving a stain on the sofa cushion. When he handed me the beer, I told him not to be embarrassed since most people jacked off, including myself.

He looked surprised and anxious at the same time. He asked me how women did it, and I told him I'd show him provided that he take his trunks off. By this time he was rock hard again as he stood up to allow his trunks to be pulled down. I drew them over his cock and saw the most exciting prick I'd ever seen. It was about eight inches and nice and thick, and the tip glistened with moisture. I began to tremble as I let my top down, revealing my huge tits with large nipples pointing upward. Then I slowly pulled my bottoms down, uncovering my hairy, dripping bush. He went wild and started to jerk off. I had to stop him before he came, telling him to hold back. Then I sat on the coffee table in front of him, with my legs spread, and began to play with my clit with one hand and pinching my nipples with the other.

I began to say dirty things to him, such as "I want to taste your come," "I love your big cock," and more. Then I had an outrageous orgasm. I then instructed him to kneel in front of me and lick my cunt. When his mouth and tongue found my hot gash, I exploded again and again. I couldn't take it any longer; so I pushed him back onto the sofa and sank to my knees. His hands caressed my boobs as I licked his big balls and ass hole. Then I began to jerk him off, slowly sucking the swollen head into my mouth and going up and down on his cock like a piston. I had my index finger up his tight ass hole and kept the rhythm up with my mouth as I finger-fucked him. His cock was so huge that the muscles in my mouth were killing me.

It wasn't long before his legs began to stiffen and his ass began to rise off the sofa. I knew that he was ready to explode. So I quickened my pistonlike action, and he moaned that he was going to come. I didn't want to lose any of his load since I love the taste of semen; so I increased the grip on his cock with my lips as he held the sides of my head. Then he let out a groan, and I could feel the jets of his warm, sweet, sticky come squirting onto the roof of my mouth. It seemed as if he would never stop squirting. He came like a fucking horse. I made sure I had the whole load in my mouth before I swallowed it. We then embraced, and our mouths met, and my tongue shot into his

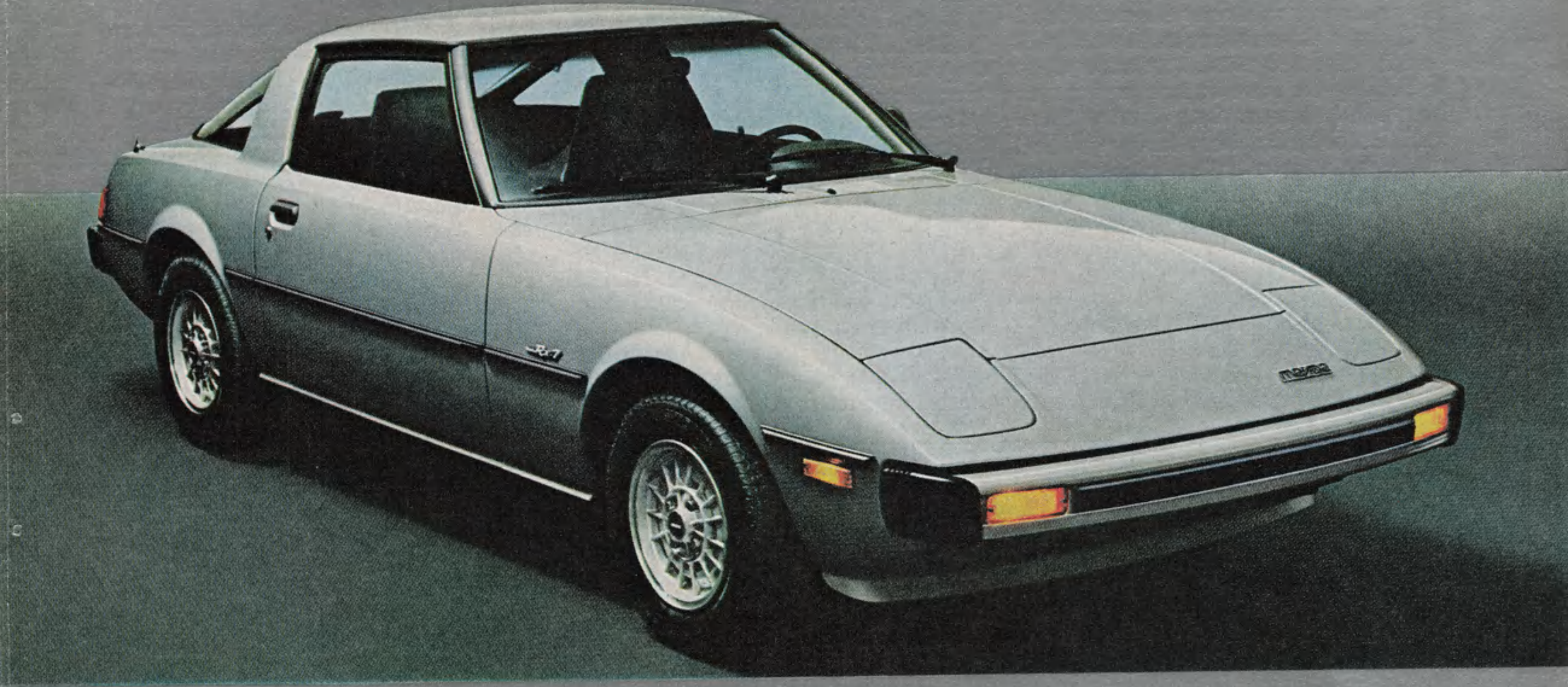


1947.
The MG-TC.

1953.
The Corvette.

1970.
The 240-Z.

Now, the Mazda RX-7.



If not this time, when?

The MG-TC in 1947. Tweed caps and stringback gloves. The 'Vette in 1953. Easing into the drive-in with the top laid back. The 240-Z in 1970. Makin' it down to Malibu at 6,500 on the tach. Those were cars that made you feel different about driving. They don't come along very often. But now there's the 1979 Mazda RX-7.

It's performance: 0 to 50 in 6.3 seconds with the smooth power of Mazda's latest rotary engine. Surefooted handling with the impeccable balance of a front mid-engine design.

Yet the RX-7 is civilized, with standard features like AM/FM stereo with power antenna. Quartz clock. Electric rear window defroster and side window demisters. Tinted glass. Full instrumentation, including a combination tach and voltmeter. The GS-Model shown here adds things like 5-speed, wider tires, electric remote hatch release, windshield sunshade band, rear stabilizer and more.

For once in your life, do what you really want to do. How often do you get a chance to own a car you'll remember for the rest of your life?

WARRANTY *Mazda warrants that the basic engine block and its internal parts will be free of defects with normal use and prescribed maintenance for 3 years or 50,000 miles, whichever comes first, or Mazda will fix it free. This transferable limited warranty is free on all new rotary-engine Mazda RX-7's sold and serviced in the United States and Canada.*

From $6,395*

GS-Model shown: $6,995.*

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*POE price for S-Model: $6,395. For GS-Model shown: $6,995. (Slightly higher in California.) Taxes, license, freight and optional equipment are extra. (Wide alloy wheels shown above $250 extra.) Mazda's rotary engine licensed by NSU-WANKEL.

mouth. I was delirious with orgasm, and I wanted him to fuck the shit out of me with the beautuiful one-eyed monster. We rested a bit and had another beer and a smoke.

Then I led him upstairs to the bedroom. He lay his muscular, well-tanned body on the bed, his huge cock sticking up like a periscope. I straddled his thighs and grasped his cock with my hand and began rubbing it up and down the entire length of my drenched slit. Then I pushed its big head into my pussy and lowered my weight onto the rest of his big shaft. When it went up inside of me, I couldn't believe that a cock could feel so good, so filling. It stretched my vaginal walls with unbelievable pleasure. I instructed him to hold my buttocks and work his fingers up my ass and suck my boobs. I started to have multiple orgasms, and when he came, I could feel his semen squirt into me like a hose. I was in complete bliss, had never been fucked like that, and had never come so much. All summer long I fucked and sucked Bobby, and I can hardly wait until next summer when he'll be back for more. This time, I hope we can get him to stay forever.—*Name and address withheld*

Hellish angel

Until last spring I'd always had a low opinion of motorcycle freaks, because of the Hell's Angels stereotype. But last April I changed my mind—a lady's prerogative, right? Anyway, my best friend, Candy, and I (I'm Linda) took a drive in my camper into the mountains in Virginia last spring.

After we'd set up camp, I looked out and saw two big guys on bikes pulling into the campsite next to ours. I turned to Candy and fearfully said that we ought to move before those guys tried to rape us. Candy suggested that we wait awhile to see if they'd move, but they didn't, and by then we were too tired to find a new campsite before dark. When we stepped out, it was obvious that the guys hadn't expected two sexy chicks next door because they both stopped in their tracks. Candy introduced us, and we found out their names were Doug and Eric. Doug was a tall, strong blond with blue eyes, togged head to toe in jet-black leather, which glistened and rippled when he moved his beautiful, muscular body. Eric was darker, with very rugged features, but also tall and strong. He wore a tan jacket, brown riding breeches, and tan knee boots.

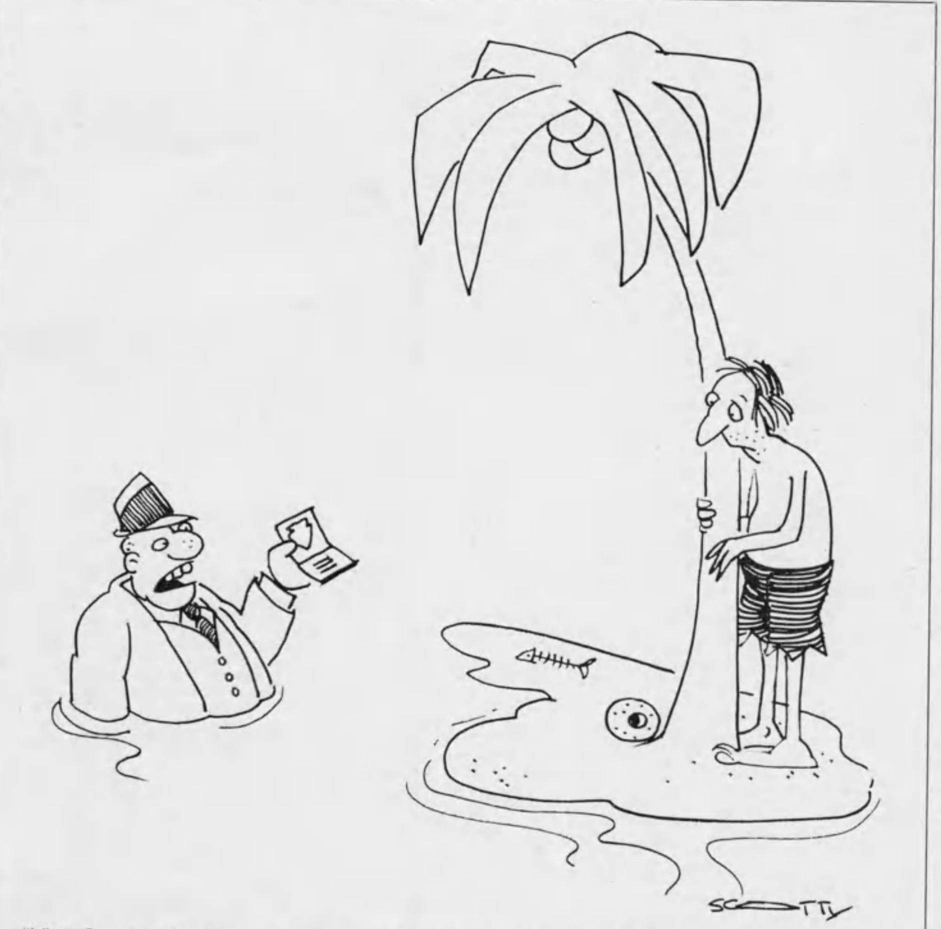
I really wanted to get to know Doug better, and when they asked if we'd like to go riding with them, we jumped at the chance. Then Doug told us that we'd have to put on some leather before going riding, to protect that "beautiful bod" of mine. Since he put it that way, I could hardly disagree. They had extra jackets with them and leather chaps to wear over our jeans.

In a few minutes we were all set. When I slid down onto the saddle behind Doug, pressed against his backside, I realized I was pretty well jammed up against his ass. Before long, I was holding on for dear life, and I began to appreciate the sensation of gripping him through his leather suit, which made me feel as if I were stroking his nude body. About then we rounded a turn and were leaning into the curve; I ended up grabbing Doug below the belt to keep my balance and was excited to learn that he was just as turned on as I was. His cock was big and straining against the leather. I stroked the ample bulge and wished wildly that I could get my hand inside his tight jeans. By now the crotch of my jeans was becoming wet as my pussy oozed love juices. Not only did I have this big, handsome guy locked in my arms, but also the motorcycle was vibrating under me like a huge electric dildo.

Soon we reached the mountaintop and stopped to rest. The guys spread out their sleeping bags. Then Doug gave me a piercing look and said, "Why don't you girls take off your regular clothes and then put the leathers back on? Leather isn't just good for biking, you know. Besides, you'll find it takes a tough chick to take what we're about to give you. When we fuck, it's as physical as that run up the mountain was, but you both look like you can take it and maybe dish out a little rough and tumble of your own." Then, they helped us out of our clothes, with no resistance on our part. I ended up wearing only a waist-length leather jacket and a pair of chaps belted tight at my waist, with my tail and crotch all exposed for Doug to play with, and finally a pair of knee boots. Candy looked the same, except for a skimpy vest instead of a jacket.

Doug and Eric began to fondle us feverishly, obviously excited by our outfits. When Doug finally let me pull his cock out of his leather pants, we were both ready to explode. He took me down in almost a football-type tackle on the rocky, dirty hilltop and rode me like a wild man. When he thrust deep into my cunt, we both exploded in a wild climax at the same time. Eric and Candy were still at it. He had mounted her from the rear, grinding her bare nipples into the rocky ground as he wrestled and plunged against her backside. She was shrieking hysterically, but obviously out of passion, not pain. I was turned on again by now; so Doug put me astride his motorcycle and mounted me from behind. Then he lifted me up and let me sit on his pulsing tool, pushing me forward so that my breasts were spread-eagled around the gas tank. He began to hump me as if this were the last fuck he'd ever have. It seemed the more Doug got, the rougher he wanted to play. I was glad that I wore the leather, because he was almost brutal in the way he handled me. It wasn't exactly S&M, I guess, but it was the closest I ever came to it, and it wasn't bad at all!

That night we went back to the camper and slept together, but the next morning Doug and Eric were up packing before Candy and I were quite awake. Doug asked me if I wanted to come with him, but I foolishly decided that I should return to my



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job in town. It was the best sex I've ever had in my life, and if I ever run into a Hell's Angel type again, I won't be so quick to pass any negative judgment; I'll just grab him and never let him go.—*L.E., Silver Spring, Md.*

Two for the road

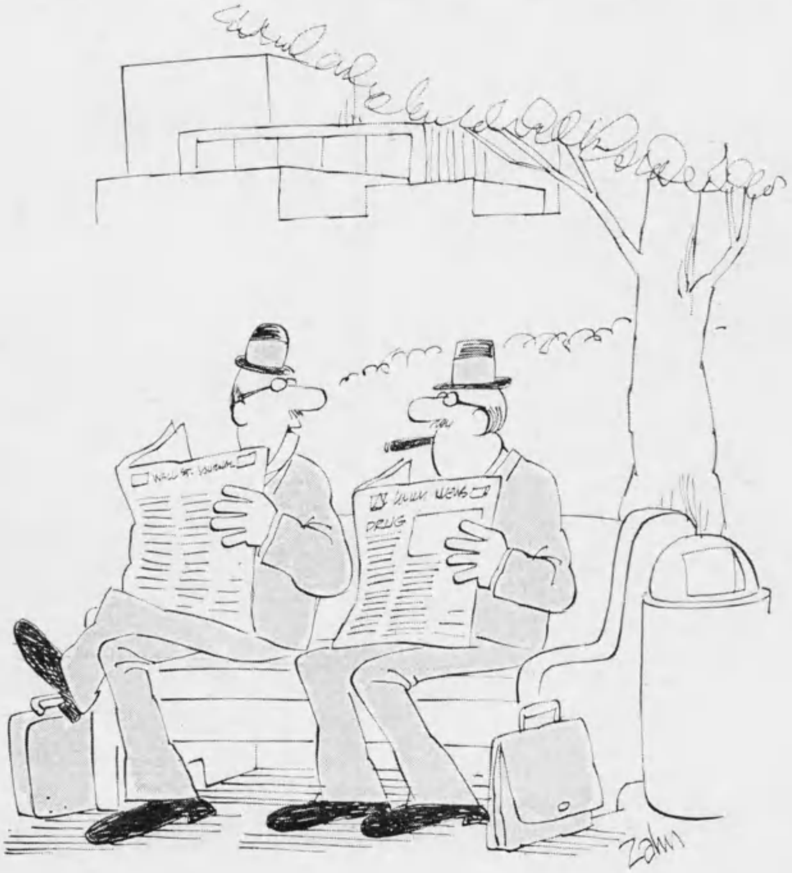
Almost three years ago my husband and I shared an experience that we both very much enjoyed; we haven't seen anything similar discussed in "Forum." At that time we'd just begun living together; I had discovered that he really got off by watching me masturbate and by stimulating me with miscellaneous objects—candles, a dildo, even a large cucumber that he inserted in my cunt after cutting off one end. He forced his cock into the cucumber, pumping away, and as we climaxed, it literally exploded, covering us with cucumber seeds.

Because my husband is a construction worker, he often drove to company meetings. I accompanied him on the tedious six-hour drive, which we found more enjoyable if it was alleviated with sex games.

Returning home one time on a summer evening, he told me to take off my jeans. I quickly did, excited at the prospect of playtime. Then he instructed me to sit very close to him. As I moved over on the seat, he slipped his hand under me. I rapidly became turned on as he fingered my clit and slipped his fingers inside. I begged him to pull off the road, but he laughingly told me, "Not yet." Then he half-lifted me off the seat. I cooperated as he pressed my pubic bone and then my clit against the vibrating, sexy four-speed floor shift. I came almost immediately. It was great. The road was slightly bumpy, and the shift transmitted all the vibrations very pleasantly. I climaxed once more, and then he lifted my ass up higher. I felt his thick, strong fingers part my labia, slide deep inside me, and then depart. He repositioned me slightly, and I felt the smooth, wide gear-shift knob, dampened with my wetness, pressing against my labia and then sliding into me.

Still driving down the highway at a steady fifty-five miles per hour, he began rhythmically stroking my clit, and as my wetness increased, the gear-shift knob slid further inside me. It was tremendous—the feel of his fingers on my clit, the size and pressure of the knob, the continuous vibrations. The sensation was so unbelievably wonderful that I had a stupendous wave of orgasms, peak after peak, each one more intense and lasting longer. I must have enjoyed twenty orgasms, and he continued to drive and play with me. I was lost in waves of delight, moaning and writhing, screaming out my pleasure. I barely noticed as he turned off the highway down a dark country road. He helped me disengage myself, and as we parked the truck, I unzipped his pants. I caressed his huge erection with my mouth and felt it deep in my throat, but after a couple of strokes, he turned me away from him. I knelt on my hands and knees as he penetrated me with smooth, deep strokes, and I climaxed five or six times before he filled me with come.

Unfortunately, his company has now provided him with a more modern truck—one with an automatic transmission, which has taken some of the fun out of our trips. I hope that my husband will succeed in finding just what he's looking for—in time for our next vacation—an older, ratty jeep or four-speed pickup!—*Mrs. L.R., Silver City, N.M.*



"I don't need drugs, I get high on money!*"*

Sweet revenge

I'm a Pennsylvania college student just back from a stay in Florida. The fun came mostly from the sun, but not all of it. My girl friend supplied some excitement of her own with an amazing catfight.

Nancy, my girl friend, is gorgeous. Her 138-pound, 40-24-37 form is packed into a five foot nine frame. Her hair is long and red, and her skin is fair and luminous. One day at the beach, we were involved in a volleyball game, and Nancy's nemesis, a beautiful Japanese girl who seemed to have invented the game, yelled at Nancy for poor play. She was much smaller than Nancy yet just as full bosomed.

Nancy blew the match point, and Miss Jock verbally abused her. Furious, Nancy turned and stormed away, but the other girl ran after her. She spun Nancy around by the hair and slapped her face. "You really suck!" she screamed. Nancy fell to the sand, and I was too stunned to speak. Miss Jock, wearing only a tiny string bikini, pulled Nancy up by the boobs and sank her fist into my girl's naked belly. Nancy's top had come undone, baring her huge breasts. Needless to say, this was getting too sexy for me even to want to interfere! As the girl turned to walk away, Nancy grabbed her, and they started fighting on the sand for a few minutes, each pulling the other's hair and cursing and tearing at one another's tiny bikini bottoms. Nancy had the advantage of weight and really tore into her, especially after her opponent started clawing at her breasts with her long, sharp fingernails. Nancy punched the girl's olive breasts, pulled her long, black hair, and then gave her a kick in the belly, which caused the girl to scream in pain. Next Nancy jumped on the girl's stomach and twisted her nipples so hard that she nearly passed out. Nancy, looking like a naked Amazon wrestler, then sat directly on the girl's face and began pulling on her pubic hair as well. By now the girl was sobbing hysterically. Nancy then turned the crying girl on her belly and sat on her upper back, facing her feet; deliberately, she spread the girl's legs and inserted her fingers inside her, slowly pulling them back and forth as the girl's sobs turned into moans. She let out one final gasp and then passed out completely.

When Nancy stood up, about thirty people cheered her. Exhausted and flushed, she ran over to me, her huge moist breasts bouncing. I came as we embraced, and so

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did my bosomy wildcat.—*C. Stout, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

Aztec warrior

I'm now in medical school in Mexico and am a regular reader of *Penthouse*. Although I usually don't believe some of the outrageous sexual exploits written about in "Forum," I felt that I had to write you about something that recently happened to me.

As it happened, I was in a class, drooling over a beautiful Mexican doctor giving us a lecture on rheumatic fever. She had the longest, blackest hair I had ever seen, plus an aristocratic nose and high cheekbones that warranted her being called "Aztec Princess." I might add that she had a body of centerfold quality. All of a sudden, while I was sitting there ogling her jiggling tits, she called on me to recite what I knew about carditis. I was dumbfounded and couldn't say a word. As I tried to rise to the occasion, I wondered if she could see the bulge in my pants doing just that. Later on, as I sat there, my blood pressure having returned to normal, I looked up suddenly to see two towering, tremendous tits staring me in the face—her tits, of course. She wanted me to report to her office immediately, she said. *No wonder*, I thought. I made so many mistakes in class that I really expected to get it.

As I stepped into her office, she stood up without looking at me, went over to her door, and locked it. With a scowl, she then turned to me, her high boots clicking with menace on the tile floor, a pointer in her hand, which she snapped like a riding crop. She said, "You deed not learn your lessons well, yes?" All I could croak out was a mild no. "Then I weel teach you what you must know," she said, a gleam in her eye. She then placed that tender morsel of sweet, young womanhood square in my lap, sending more vibrations through me than Richter could measure. She then said, "Rheumatic fever starts with an infection in thee throat," running her long sinewy fingers down my throat, sending shudders to the ends of my toes.

"Uh-huh" I gasped. "Then the infection spreads to the heart," she said, as her long, painted fingernails raked my chest. "Thees disease can change the point of maximum impulse of the heart," she said. I grunted, realizing that my point of maximum impulse was rapidly changing from my heart to my throbbing hard-on.

"Eet also affects the kidneys," she whispered, sliding her hand hither and yon between my nether cheeks, causing my throbbing cock to grow another inch. "The joints on the body are also prone to become inflamed," she concluded, as she slid her moist hand over my joint, which nearly burst into flames.

As she continued to hand-fuck my demanding dork, I slid her dress up over those scrumptious thighs and succulent butt and saw to my delight that she was wearing no panties. I then rammed my thrusting tongue into that bubbling cauldron, her love box, and proceeded to lash her pulsating clit mercilessly.

As she moaned and started to deep-throat my cock, I felt her body shudder with orgasm and her love juices flow over my head. This was almost too much for me to bear. I quickly reversed her bedside manner and launched my demanding dick into her cunt as if it were an Atlas rocket. As she started to flagellate her sexy body on my pulsating pole, I felt those twin lusty orbs of hers pummel my face like two boxing gloves.

We went faster and faster, pounding and slamming into each other's sex-crazed bodies. I thought I heard her say, "*Chingame, chico!*"—the Spanish equivalent of "Fuck me, baby." As we neared the pinnacle of our delight, ramming and biting and mauling each other, our bodies suddenly went rigid for a moment in time, careening through space. And then it was all over. Her office was like a steaming inferno—only our panting bodies breaking the silence, our hearts pounding madly.

Much later we dressed and quietly went our separate ways. I still see my Aztec princess sometimes. And although I'm due to graduate in the near future, I still make one hell of a lot of mistakes!—*S.S., Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico*

Intensive care

I'm a male senior at a large eastern university, and I'd like to share an experience I had several years ago when I was hospitalized for a ruptured appendix. The large amounts of drugs pumped into me at the time made much of my stay beyond my recall. But I'll never forget one experience with a handsome young guy with long, golden hair.

The first time I remember seeing Steve, he was sitting on a chair next to my bed with his legs spread wide, staring at me intently. A sleeping pill I'd been given made me too drowsy to make the connection then that he was gay.

A few days later, though, I got horny looking at the sexy hips of a nurse who had bent over to change my bed, and I went into the bathroom to masturbate. I ran a tub of hot water, pulled the curtain closed, closed my eyes, and lazily started jerking off. Soon I became aware that someone else was in the room, and I opened my eyes to find Steve standing silently next to me, staring at me through the translucent shower curtain. I was a little embarrassed, and after covering my erect cock, I pulled the curtain open and lamely explained that I was "jacking off." He stammered something and then asked me shyly if I had ever "sucked a guy off." I was strangely thrilled even while answering that I hadn't.

I demurred at first, for fear that someone would come in and catch us, but he persisted. In a few seconds, he had unzipped his Levi's slowly and had gently slid his pants and briefs to mid-thigh. Then he presented his large, white prick to me, filling me with a consuming desire I'd never

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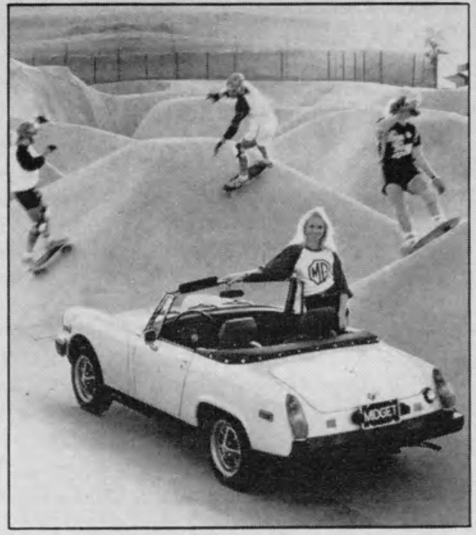

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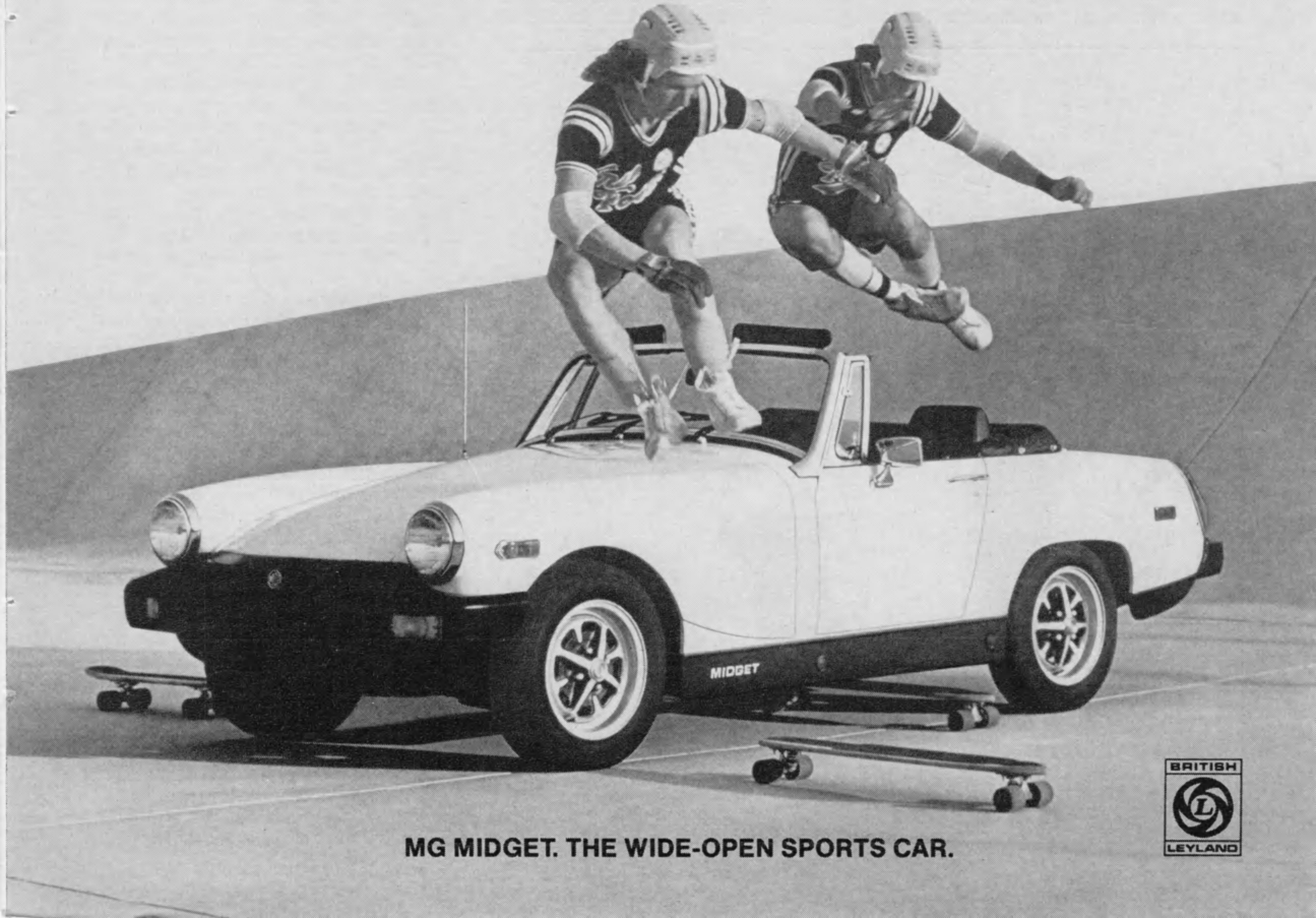


known I'd possessed. Transfixed with desire, I took the purplish head of his cock into my mouth and began sucking it furiously. I moved my head up and down, taking the whole shaft and then licking around the head, cupping his balls in my hands. He moaned deeply and in a gesture of affection placed his hands, which were trembling slightly, on my wet shoulders. He rose on his toes and shoved as much of his wet cock as he could into my mouth and then shot off a load of warm, white sperm down my throat. I didn't gag, because I loved its taste as well as the smell and flavor of his young cock. And though I was three years his senior, I knew I would suck him off any time he asked me to.

As it happened, we never got a chance to repeat our act. Sad to say, he left the ward before he could reciprocate by sucking *me* off. I now wish that I could suck his cock all afternoon on a summer's day. The experience wakened in me a realization that I am bisexual, and though I have never had a homosexual experience since then, I feel that one day my long-desired dream of having another one will be realized.—*Name and address withheld*

Hot-towel treatment

I would like to share an experience I had a while back with all you *Penthouse* readers.

One evening, my husband (whom I'll call "Bob") and I were lying in bed, talking about some of our sexual experiences together. Soon we decided to make love. First, he began to feel my nipples and then went down to eat my pussy. I was getting very excited, and he was, too; so we took a sixty-nine position, and slowly I sucked his erect penis and his sweet balls. We then proceeded to make love. He lay on his back while I climbed aboard and gently slid down on his cock. Oh my God, what a feeling it was! Bob told me that we were going to make love until we were ready to come; so we did.

When we were just about ready to come, he went into the bathroom and wrapped his cock in a towel soaked in hot water. After he came back, I got into a doggie-style position and he removed the towel and stuck that warm, steaming cock in me. I exploded instantly, and after a few minutes of humping and pumping, so did Bob, making me come again, this time at the same instant. Try it. You'll like it!—*Name and address withheld*

Deflowered pistil

I'm a twenty-six-year-old woman, but I remember the following experience, which happened several years ago, as if it were yesterday. I was only eighteen, but I already liked sex, and wanted to be downright sinful at times. I was game for almost anything.

I was to stay with my brother for a week in Lincoln, Nebr., and on my second day there, I noticed a boy, about eighteen, I guessed, who lived next door. He had been lying for most of the day in his backyard, sunbathing his already tanned body, and I tried attracting his attention by flaunting myself in the yard. I wasn't endowed with a gorgeous body but had small well-formed breasts and a very appealing ass. I knew this boy was watching me, but I wanted to get closer. Finally, I walked over to him and said, "Hi." He was very shy but interested. I soon found out that his mother worked at night and slept days. We ended up just lying in the sun and talking for the rest of the day. He had large, brown, innocent-looking eyes and a very boyish body, and he was nice enough looking. I noticed a definite bulge in his swimming trunks; so before I left, I asked him if he'd ever been with a girl. He said no, but the question really embarrassed him.

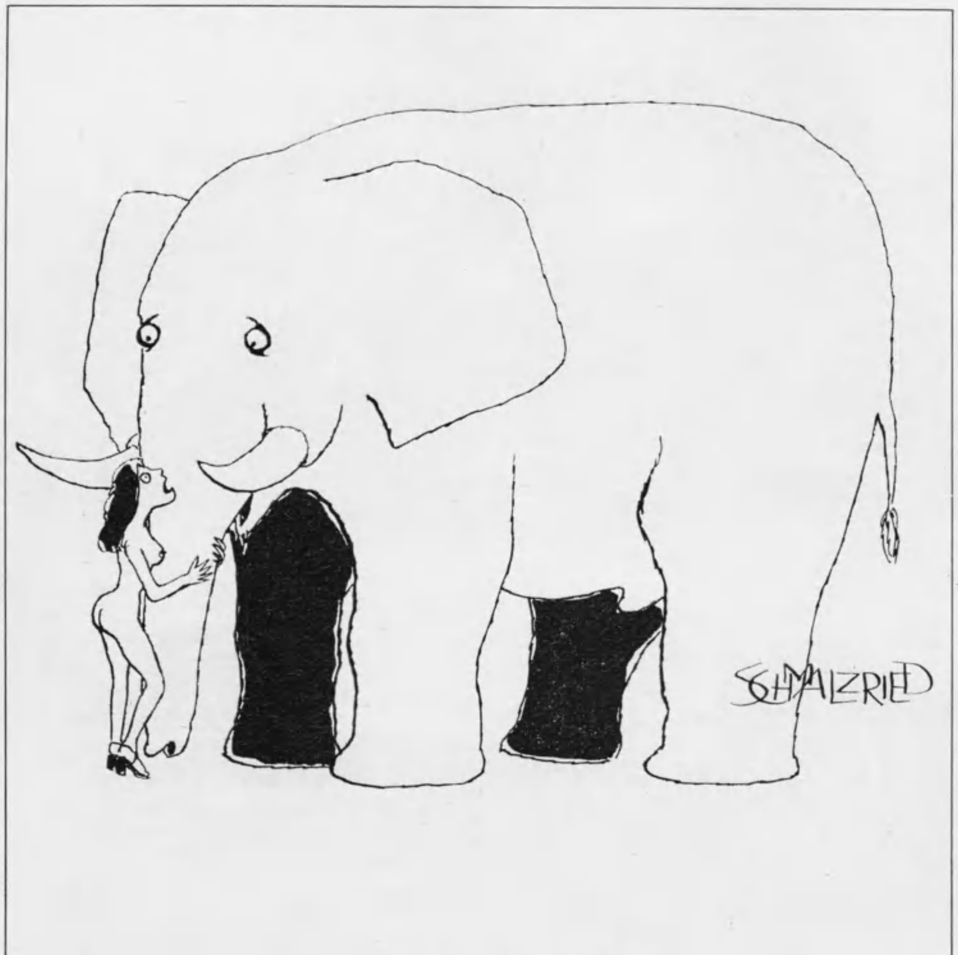
I told him that I'd sneak out and be back about nine o'clock. When I returned, I wore the shortest shorts I had and a top that clung tightly. He met me at the door all out of breath. There'd been a feeling between us earlier, and it was even stronger now; he must have sensed what I was up to.

We went to his room in case his mom came home and just lay on the bed until it got dark. Then I asked him to remove his shirt, and it seemed to me he was trembling until I touched him, when he became calm. It was as if he were saying, "Take me; teach me." I again asked if he'd ever had a girl, and he admitted he'd never even kissed one. I giggled and just loved it. Here I had a completely beautiful, innocent boy, and all he wanted to do was learn.

I turned my head toward him and very tenderly and slowly kissed him. He had very warm lips, and I just wanted to smother him with warmth and kisses. I took his hand and placed it on my breast, and he just let out a long sigh. Then I planted kisses on his neck and laid my head on his chest. I didn't want to spoil a thing by eagerness; so I moved very slowly and carefully.

I let my hand roam slowly over his chest and down his sides and around to his butt. I squeezed quite hard, and he let out another sigh. He was starting to move his hips, and I slowly brought my hands around and unzipped his zipper and then put my hands as close as I could to his cock without touching it. I was dying to feel it, but I wanted to savor every moment. His hands were nervously roaming over me, and he kept saying, "I don't believe it." Then I very suddenly grabbed his cock with both hands. He came immediately, but I was just getting started. I wanted to feel his hands all over me; so I just took his hand in mine and showed him what to do. It seemed as if my pussy were almost too much for him, because he was very tense and scared. I just whispered in his ear that he should follow me and everything would be beautiful.

He had a medium-sized cock, but you couldn't find one harder. Even after he'd come several times, he kept hard as a rock. I turned him and fucked him every way I could. We were in his bed until ten the next



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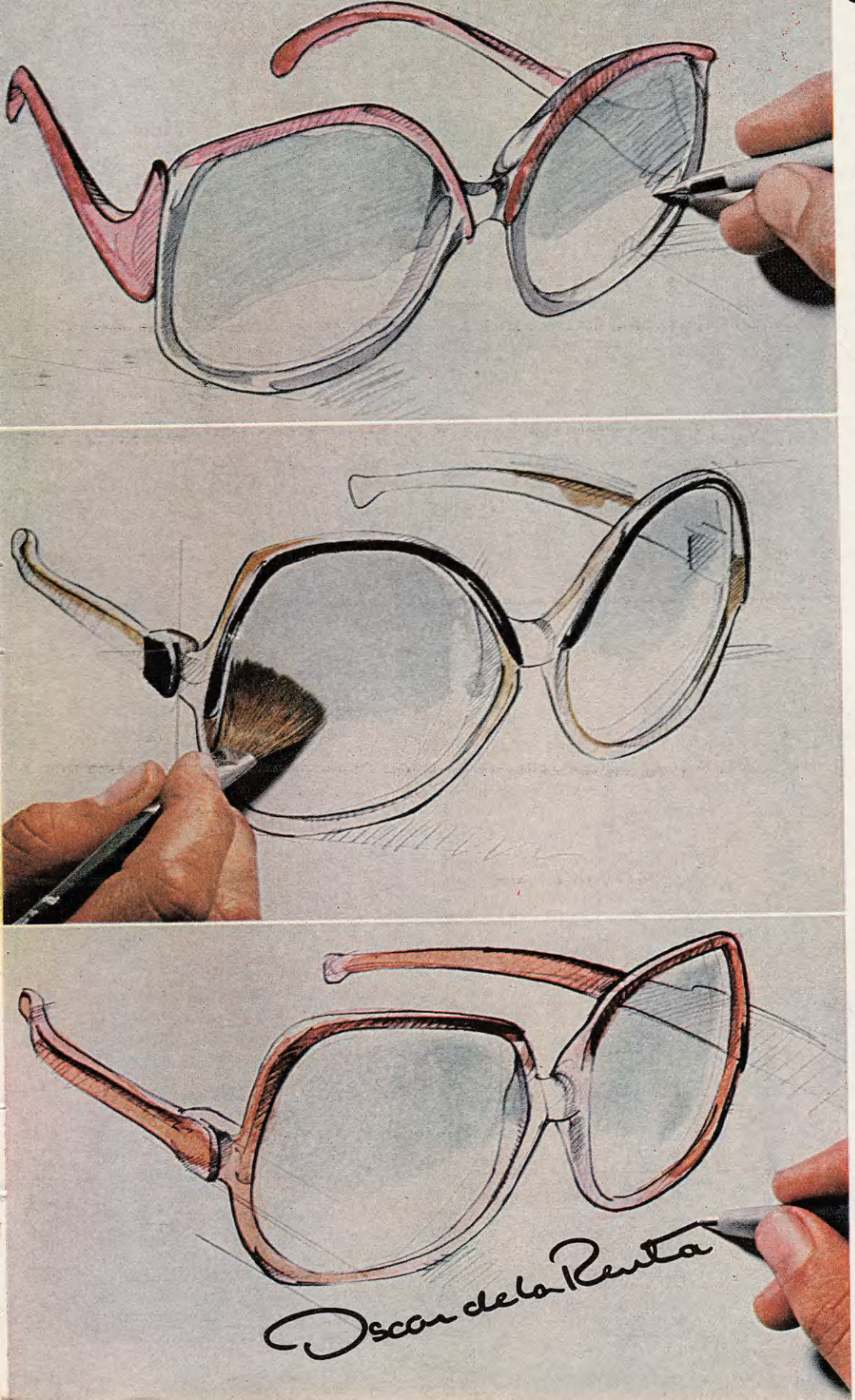

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morning. When we met again the next night, it seemed that he'd grown up completely. He just stood there and grinned from ear to ear, but this time he knew what he wanted and how to go about it. We had several glorious nights ahead. He learned to fuck, and I got the thrill of deflowering a virgin.—*M.D., Freemont, Nebr.*

Six-way celebration

It was a late April evening, and my coworkers and I had just landed an enormous account for our small advertising company. After work that day, Ted, Bill, Charles, Stan, Jenny, and I were all ready to have a drink, celebrate, and loosen up after a long campaign. All of us were young, virile men, except of course, Jenny, who was a five-foot-tall, twenty-one-year-old platinum blonde with a sexy child-woman body made to fantasize about.

As we downed a few drinks at my apartment, Jenny became increasingly unconcerned about her posture. Her already short skirt crept up around her well-rounded thighs, and her low-cut neckline bulged even lower as a snap let go. As the effect of the wine sifted through her, she also began nuzzling Stan and Bill, who were seated on either side of her.

Stan quickly caught my eye and winked as if to say, "Watch this." Without a word, Stan slipped his hand up Jenny's warm thigh until it was lost from view under her skirt. But then she turned to Stan and slowly ran her tongue across his mouth. Jesus Christ! You'd have thought someone had lit a dynamite fuse, as we all realized Jenny wanted to get fucked—and very badly at that!

From that point on, things moved very rapidly. The now visible rhythm in Jenny's hips alerted me that Stan's fingers, still inside her skirt, had located the soft spots. As Stan began fingering Jenny, Bill's mouth nibbled her ear and his hand slipped under her top to touch her nipples.

As Jenny's movements became more frantic, Stan quickly withdrew his hand from beneath her skirt, spun her off the chair, and onto his lap with her front facing us. There she was, on Stan's lap with her skirt hiked up to her waist and her legs spread wide apart. Stan slowly and tantalizingly slid his hands up Jenny's thighs until he gripped the crotch of her panties. As I watched in amazement, I could see Jenny's moistness seep through her panties when Stan pulled them up tighter until her cunt lips bulged out from the sides. We could all smell that unmistakable muskiness of a female ready to mate.

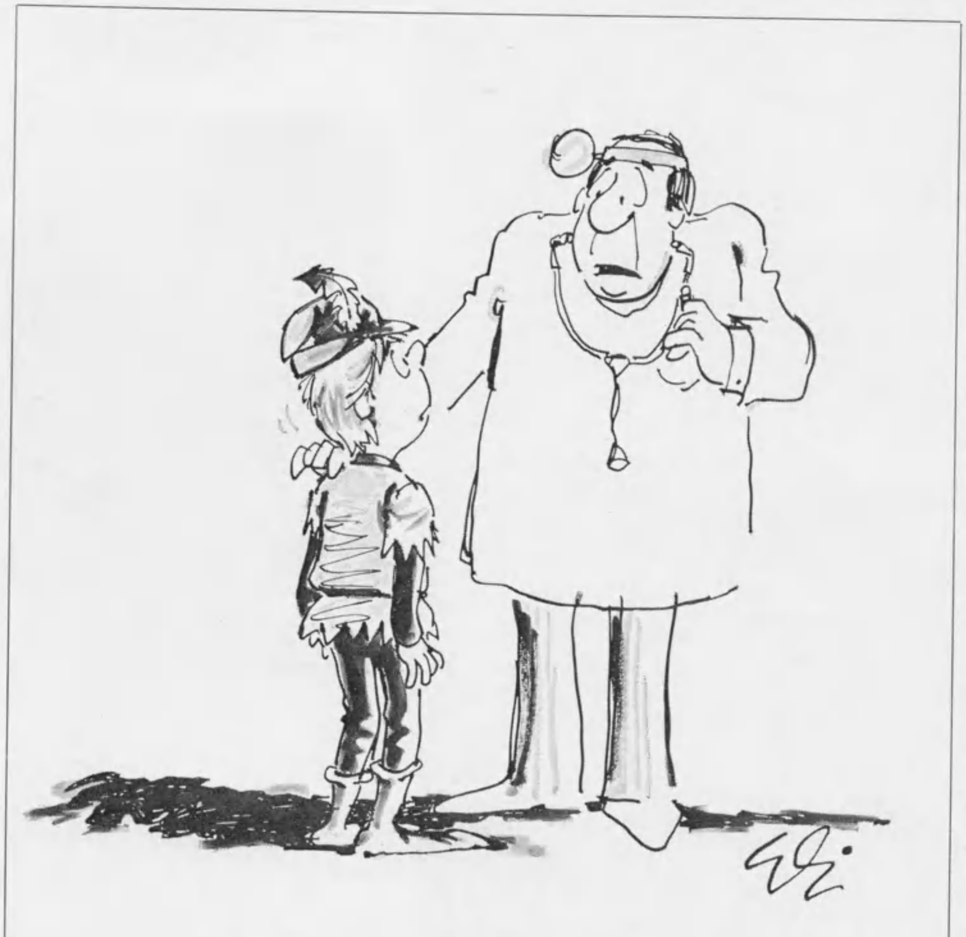
As Stan kept his mouth glued to Jenny's, Ted and Charles went to work. Both dropped to their knees and each took a leg in their hands. As Jenny began to come completely apart, Ted and Charles kissed their way up her legs, onto her thighs and finally beyond. Then Stan grabbed a knife from the table and in one swift motion cut away Jenny's dripping wet panties. She gasped as the rush of air enveloped her openness. It wasn't open for long. Quickly, Ted and Charles worked their tongues up to her inner warmth, as if they were a well-trained team. Jenny groaned, "Oh my God, please don't." But her protest was cut off abruptly by Stan's tongue, which again filled her mouth. It was almost a ballet now. As Ted and Charles spread her cunt lips apart, their tongues began to play teasingly at the outer lips. Each time their tongue tips touched her, Jenny jumped as if they were charged with electricity.

"Hold her tightly now," Ted hissed to Stan, and then they sandwiched her swollen clitoris between their raping tongues, simultaneously licking each side of her clit as Jenny thrashed around wildly. I could even see the involuntary ripples in her belly as she prepared for a bone-ripping orgasm. Her breath came so short now that she was almost hyperventilating. Then the flood gates opened. "NUGGGGGGHHHHH!" she babbled, as her hips jammed into the two faces eating her cunt. Wave after wave, jolt after jolt, passed through that perspiring, small body. Her cunt juices sweetened the mouths of Ted and Charles.

Before Jenny had the slightest chance to recover, Charles snapped, "Turn her around, and let's all fuck her. She's aching for it." The very thought of it made five rock-hard cocks bulge even more. "No—listen, please," she begged, but no one listened. Ted and Charles obscenely bent her stomach down over my round dining-room table, as if it were an ancient torture rack. Stan moved in quickly between Jenny's wide-spread legs. As I watched her decreasing struggles, the picture was one of a lamb about to be slaughtered. Then Stan imbedded nine inches of steel-hard cockmeat halfway up the squirming girl's cunt. "No, my God, you're tearing me apart!" Jenny screamed. Oblivious of all but his own lust, Stan ignored her and jammed in the final five inches. As I watched, all I could see now were Stan's balls jammed tight against Jenny's golden cunt. Traces of blood verified that he had indeed ripped her apart.

Jenny had precious little time to adjust, however. "C'mon, baby, use those little hands!" Ted commanded. Ted and Charles now had their own cocks out and were thrusting them into the ravaged woman's palms. "Come on, Jenny, jack us off," Charles urged. Slowly, almost hesitantly, Jenny grabbed the two blood-gorged members and began working them up and down with ever-increasing speed. "Oh yeah, that's beautiful, baby; just keep that up!" As Jenny pumped those two huge cocks, their pre-come liquid began oozing out and coating the muscles. The two cocks now shined and glistened in the dim light as Jenny worked them off expertly.

"Okay, baby, you've got lots of openings left," Bill said, as he positioned himself in front of Jenny's face. I could see her eyes bulge wide in disbelief as Bill deliberately unzipped his fly. Eight inches of swollen



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cock sprang into view, and Bill plugged her mouth with that large-capped member so deep that Jenny began to gag and twist her head, trying frantically to get it out of her mouth. But her motions only excited Bill more. "Good, baby, fight it, 'cause it won't do you any good. I've got three gallons of come that I'm going to pump right down that pretty little throat of yours," he promised. He then grabbed Jenny roughly by the head and held her pinioned as he pistoned his throbbing cock in and out of her mouth.

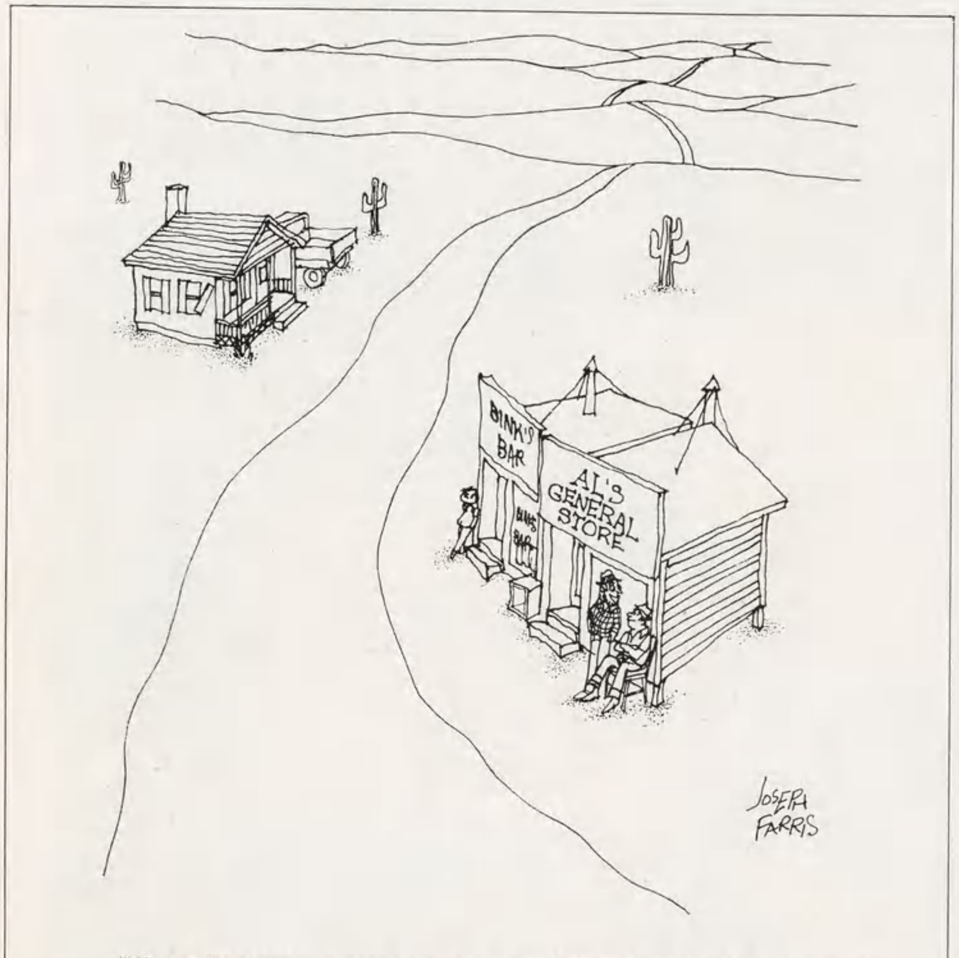
"Well, come on in, boss; the water's fine," taunted Stan. Almost mechanically, I stood up, contemplating what would be left of Jenny to violate. I didn't have to wait long. "Over here," Bill called. "She's close to coming already." It was almost more than I could stand to touch myself as I undid my pants. When Jenny saw my fully extended, seven and one-half inches approaching her head, she again tried to turn away, moaning frantically. Cautiously, I moved alongside Bill. Turning him so that our bodies touched, I pushed my swollen prick toward that soft, violated mouth. I couldn't believe that we didn't literally rip her mouth apart.

With ever-increasing speed, Bill and I slammed our cockmeats deep into Jenny's mouth. At the same time, Jenny increased the speed and pressure on Ted's and Charles's cocks as they slipped easily now back ad forth through her hands. Stan now had grasped Jenny by her thighs and was fucking her brutally from the rear. And there was Jenny—totally helpless—servicing five men at once.

We could all smell her womanness as we ravaged her. Tiny riverlets of sweat poured down her contorted, cock-filled face and out of her glistening cunt. "I'm really close," Stan said, gasping from behind her. "Let's all come in her together," Bill urged. Jenny was too lust-starved to resist all this. There were huge, hot pricks in almost every orifice of her body, and she was now loving it! Her hands increased their rhythm with Ted and Charles, and she began to move her body of her own accord for Stan and Bill and me.

"I can't hold off anymore," Stan said, gasping. "Me neither," said Bill. Then as if we had all been programmed, it happened. With one final cunt-splitting thrust, Stan buried his full nine inches deep within Jenny's cunt and held it there. We could all "feel" his hot come pouring deep within the girl's guts. At the same time, Ted and Charles came with an equally big bang. Just a fraction of a second later, it was Bill's and my turn. I could feel Bill's cock moving inside Jenny's mouth alongside my own. We erupted together. Jenny's cheeks swelled out obscenely. She tried valiantly to swallow our come, but it was just too much for her. As I watched, the hot, milklike liquid began pouring out from the sides of her widely stretched mouth.

As we all stood there, jammed into Jenny's various parts, trying to get our act together, we heard a knock at the door. So we all jerked out of Jenny at the same time. As the five of us quickly scrambled back into our clothes, I remember looking back at Jenny, still overcome with passion. My last view as we went to answer the door was of Jenny, shakily trying to stand up. All in all, I'd say that the celebration was more rewarding than the big new account we landed—and a lot more memorable.—*Name and address withheld*



"We could use some prosperity here. Let's introduce casino gambling."

No gift-wrapping needed

Stretched out in a tub of hot soapy water, I was at a loss while I pondered what to get my husband for his birthday the next day. Then I noticed my razor and thought of the perfect gift—a naked pussy. Surely it was very personal—and original for me, as I had never before trimmed my black, thick bush.

The process was very simple, and I was amazed at how delightful my mound looked and how sweet its odor was. Frankly, I was getting turned on before I toweled off.

I then put on my sexiest nightie so that all of me was revealed through a thin mist of black. Anointed with my husband's favorite perfume, I went downstairs at midnight. My sweetheart was sitting on the couch, watching the tube. I lit a candle, turned off the TV, and walked over to him, gliding between his long legs and slowly lifting my negligee inch by inch. Soon the shining surprise was glistening before him. "Happy birthday, honey."

One look and I knew I had chosen the perfect gift. I leaned forward and pressed my cunt to his lips and began unbuttoning his shirt, while he enjoyed the velvety texture and made me tingle. His excitement was growing, and soon both of us were lying naked in each other's arms. Our tongues were darting in and out of each other's mouths. He squeezed my soft breasts and sucked my nipples to hardness. I stroked his stiff cock lovingly and moved it back and forth over a juicy cunt. He then pulled me up to a sitting position so that I was straddling his chest. My dripping pussy was soon being licked and sucked in a delightful manner. By reaching behind me, I could fondle his balls and play with his hot shaft. I was so turned on that I shoved my hips forward and he drove his tongue into my honey pot.

My body was shuddering. I was sitting on his face, gyrating back and forth over his lips, mustache, and that beautiful tongue. I was coming over and over again, and my love juices drenched his face. Slowly, I moved down his chest, kissing his nipples and caressing his long, muscular body. I licked and sucked all the skin I could get; his stomach, his thighs, his knees, his ass. I licked his bum hole until he shivered and then worked up around his balls until I could manage to take his throbbing cock down my throat. I took my time licking, kissing, and sucking that magnificent penis, hoping to prolong his enjoyment.

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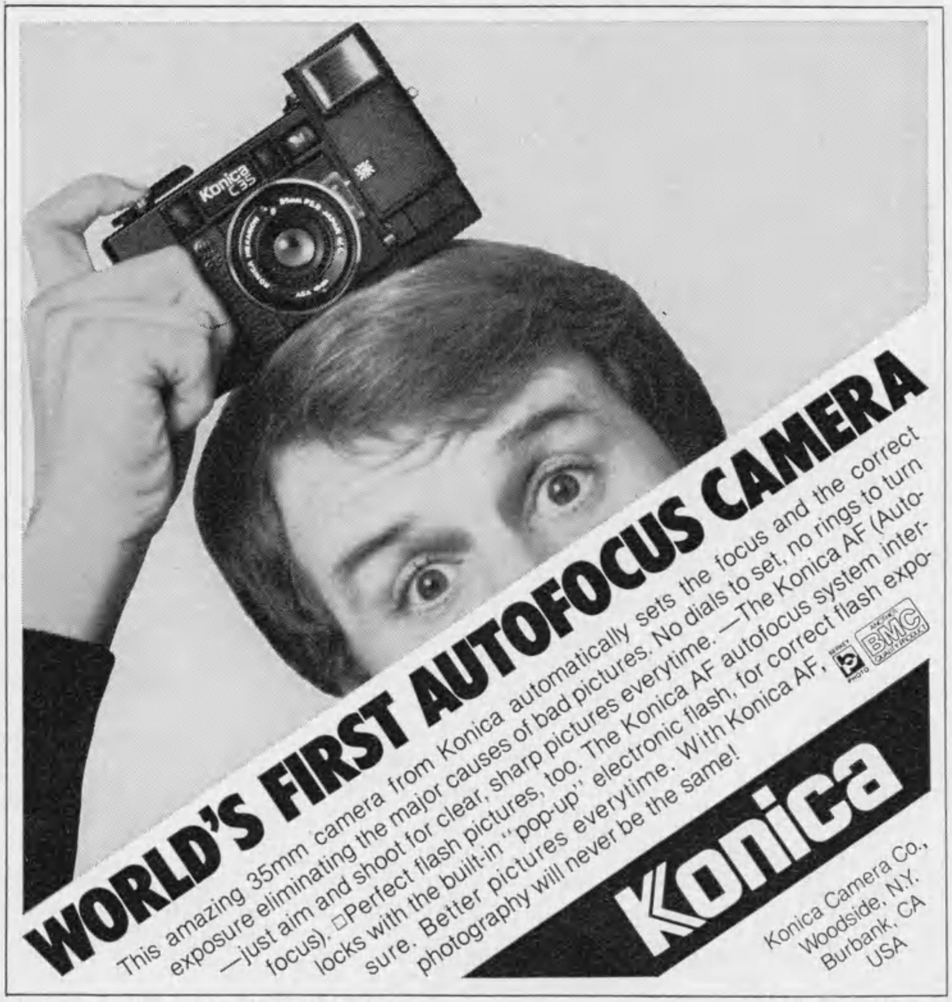
My tongue could feel the pressure surging in his love shaft; so I straddled him again, aiming his arrow into my swollen and oozing cunt. We were soon fucking rapidly, and the sight of my naked, dripping pussy and his thrusting, thick-veined cock all slick with my juices was a terrific stimulant. Our rhythm increased, and he grabbed my ass and pulled me down to meet his thrusts, which were deep and strong. I was so hot that I was dizzy, and at that moment when all went black, he bucked into me and our bodies screamed together.

Lying next to each other again in the melted-down candle's glow, my husband told me that this was the greatest present I could have given him. I guess I know what to give him next year!—*Name and address withheld*



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Stocking up

As I write this, I'm wearing a beautiful pair of extrasheer, extralong black nylon stockings. Also, I have a sheer nylon encasing my long, hard shaft, which is tingling from the pleasure of indescribable bliss. The gorgeous nylons are pulled tight by a six-garter, open-bottom, brief lace girdle.

The nylons are so long that the stocking tops brush the bottom of my balls, which creates even more excitement. Tonight, the strange sight of my legs and the nylons shining in the light from the dresser was so great a turn-on that I almost lost my wad. Then I slipped on a black silk slip and panties and soon came in gushes from the feel of the silk and nylon all rubbing together.

Even though I may dress up alone at times, I must mention that my wife also enjoys dressing in long, black stockings and a very sexy garter belt when we make love. We've been doing this for eight years, and each time seems better than the last. We find nothing kinky in it.

There's one night in particular that I'll never forget. My wife and I were out to dinner, and she wore only a silk slip and garter belt and nylons under her dress. We were secluded in a booth well hidden from any casual observer, and I kept slipping my hands under her dress, occasionally getting a touch of the soft, moist clit. On the way home, I again began sliding my hands up her long, sexy legs, this time finding that her pussy was dripping. While I was still driving, she undid my belt and slipped my pants down to my ankles, then bent down to take my throbbing shaft into her mouth. We stopped for a while in a forest preserve, and I licked the love juice off her cunt and thighs, even off the tops of her nylons, while she brought me off in her mouth. I still remember the silky nylons and undergarments and the musky smell they gave off. When we got home, we finished with a beautiful session in bed, my wife giving me yet another blowjob while she stroked my nylon-clad legs with both hands.

I hope you print this, for I know there must be many males who experience the same delights. You can be all man and still love stockings as much as your woman does.—*Name and address withheld*

Outside help

My wife, Karen, and I are in our mid-twenties. We've been married four years and have an excellent relationship going. We've tried S&M and a little bondage, but we found that we both enjoyed the passive role best. My wife has a riding crop, but we both prefer the receiving end.

About two years ago, we moved into our present apartment and, shortly thereafter, my wife became friends with a thirty-three-year-old neighbor named Marie, a nurse who worked in a doctor's office. Marie is a very attractive, brunette divorceé, about five foot seven and busty.

From listening to Marie and my wife talking during her visits, I could tell that Marie is a very forceful woman, one who would take no lip—not even from her doctor employer.

As Marie became more and more of a fixture around the house, she started giving Karen some free medical advice. On one particular evening she offered to show Karen how to examine her breasts for lumps. Before long, Karen was sitting on one couch, nude from the waist up, and Marie was examining and fondling my wife's breasts. After Marie left, Karen told me that she was wetting her pants when Marie was touching her, and that night we enjoyed tremendous sexual fulfillment.

The next night I told Karen that I had an idea about how we could get Marie to go further with us. So, after we took off all our clothes, I got Karen's riding crop and proceeded to raise a few nice welts on her glowing ass cheeks. She nicely reciprocated and did likewise to me. We then got dressed and put phase two of my plan into action. I had Karen call Marie and invite her over for coffee. At this point, I told Marie that Karen wasn't feeling well and that she refused to go to a doctor. I suggested to Marie that perhaps we could examine Karen in our big living room. She put down her coffee and led Karen into the living room. At this point, I told Karen to remove all her clothes so that it would be easier for Marie to examine her. As Marie and I watched, Karen began to strip. But she hesitated when she was down to her panties until Marie shouted at her, "Get those panties off too, Karen."

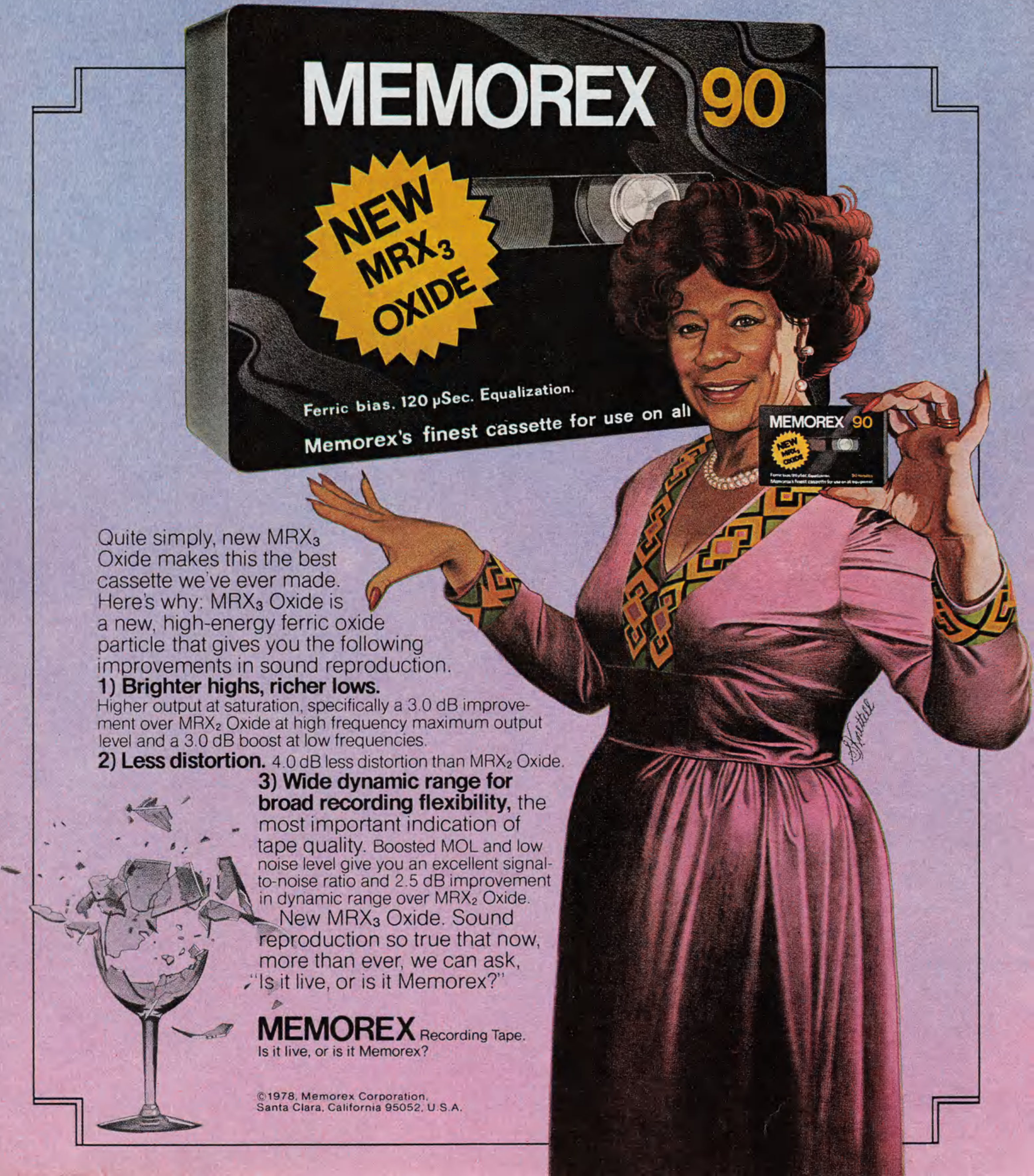
Marie soon spotted the welts and questioned Karen, who told her I gave them to her during our last screwing. Marie told me that I was mean and deserved the same thing, and Karen told her I already had them. I went over to Marie and unbuckled my pants, letting them fall to the floor. She grabbed my underwear and pulled them down, revealing my own enormous hard-on and the red welts on my cheeks.

At this point, Marie ordered me to remove all my clothes, which I did. She finished examining Karen and said that except for the welts, she was fine. She then called me over to her and examined me very closely, paying particular attention to my cock, balls, and ass.

By now Marie's forceful nature had come

CONTINUED ON PAGE 182

Why now, more than ever, we can ask, "Is it live, or is it Memorex?"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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse* — its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Philadelphia story

With great sadness I read Greg Walter's article "Living in Fear in Philadelphia" (May 1978). As a nineteen-year-old student attending the University of Pennsylvania, a West Philadelphia–based school, and a lifelong resident of suburban Philadelphia, I have witnessed much of the police violence in my city. Mr. Walter's article efficiently exposes much of the terror in Philadelphia. Unfortunately, no explanation is given for this police behavior. I believe I can perhaps tell the readers of *Penthouse* why.

Philadelphia is a very ethnic city. Unfortunately, great prejudices are in abundance among the city's citizens. Sadly, like most American cities, Philadelphia has its designated ethnic neighborhoods. North and West Philadelphia are predominantly black and Hispanic, while South Philadelphia and the Northeast section are white areas, with an Italian base. These white people are terror-stricken because of the black population in general, with the Italians having a longtime, inexplicable hatred for the blacks. As an Italian, Mayor Frank Rizzo has promised the people of the city "to keep law and order." The mayor has accomplished this. The crime level in Philadelphia is the lowest of all cities in our country. But what are the costs? The mayor has instructed the police force to "joy ride" through black neighborhoods intimidating and harassing these residents. Occasional showings of strength and force (such as the assault and battery of innocent black men) are initiated to "keep the blacks in their place and their neighborhoods." This bigotry is the cornerstone of the Rizzo administration. "Elect Frank Rizzo and you will be safe!" Ben Franklin, where are you?—*M.F.B., Narberth, Pa.*

"The law—the honest ones carry it hard and clean all their lives. Behind their backs, the others buy it, sell it, dirty it, tie it into knots." Those lines were spoken by Robert Ryan in the movie *Lawman*, but, after reading Greg Walter's article, they could, in truth, have been spoken by millions of Americans who are disillusioned with the law officers of this country.—*T.W.G., Ohio*

Undoubtedly, you will receive many letters in response to the Greg Walter article on the Philadelphia Police Department. As a Philadelphia policeman for fourteen years, I'm not going to attempt to explain, justify, or deny any parts of the article, but I'd like to point out several errors of omission.

First of all, did he mention anywhere that in the early seventies he enlisted the aid of two whores in an attempt to compromise two plainclothesmen so that he could have a nice, juicy story to write? The plan failed when the whores were arrested. His story was not printed by a local magazine, and this further griped him. Perhaps this is where he got his hard-on for Philly cops, which will allow him to write only one side of the story. A columnist for one of the major dailies here did an in-depth investigation into several of the incidents mentioned by Walter, and with both sides of the story presented, things look a little different from what he would have us believe.

In the very first paragraph of the article, he neglected to mention that Leon Harasimowicz not only *attempted* to kill a Philly policeman but also was successful in that attempt.

In the West Philly incident he mentions, the tree limb was being swung from side to side, but he fails to say that it was being swung violently as the police, who were attempting to do just what he said most decent cops would do, took him to the hospital. But is someone to be helped at the expense of your, or someone else's, life?

In the José Reyes incident, Walter would have us believe that Reyes was innocently smashing his car with an axe, when the nasty cops came up and killed him. Granted, Reyes *was* smashing his car, but before he "spun on his heels and raced toward his small row home," he threw the axe at the windshield of the police wagon. Now, if we follow Walter a bit further, he wants us to believe that poor, defenseless José Reyes was shot on his steps, where he lay after having tripped while running from the police. In truth, he had gone into his home and was then coming back toward the door with a long, iron rod, which, it appeared, he was preparing to throw at the police, like a spear. Why didn't Walter mention these two facts? They played a very important part in the decision of whether or not to take a life. What would Greg Walter have done in these circumstances? It's a good bet he would have: (a) wet his pants or (b) resigned. Remember that you must make the decision instantaneously, bearing in mind this fact: this nut has already thrown an axe at me; what'll he do next?

Now let's look at the statement that "no cop was ever able to discover who had done the damage" to the house of the special prosecutor, which was paint-bombed twice in the early hours of the morning. Graffiti cover a majority of buildings in some sections of the city, but the reason is not that we don't care. The graffito artist is a

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WITH WHAT MINOLTA KNOWS ABOUT CAMERAS AND WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT YOURSELF, WE CAN MAKE BEAUTIFUL PICTURES TOGETHER.

If you've considered buying a 35mm single lens reflex camera, you may have wondered how to find the right one out of the bewildering array of models and features available.

And with good reason, since the camera you choose will have a lot to do with how creative and rewarding your photography will be.

What you pay for your camera shouldn't be your only consideration, especially since there are some very expensive cameras that won't give you some of the features you really need. So ask yourself how you'll be using the camera and what kind of pictures you'll be taking. Your answers could save a lot of money.

How automatic should your camera be?

Basically, there are two kinds of automatic 35mm SLR's. Both use advanced electronics to give you perfectly exposed pictures with point, focus and shoot simplicity. The difference is in creative control.

For landscapes, still lifes, portraits and the like, you'll want an *aperture-priority* camera. It lets *you* set the lens opening, while *it* sets the shutter speed automatically.

This way, you control depth-of-field. That's the area of sharpness in front of and behind your subject. Many pro photographers believe that depth-of-field is the most important factor in creative photography.

At times you may want to control the motion of your subject. You can do this with an aperture-priority camera by changing the lens opening until the camera sets the shutter speed necessary to freeze or blur a moving subject. Or you can use a *shutter-priority* camera, on which you set the shutter speed first and the camera sets the lens automatically.

Minolta makes both types of automatic cameras. The Minolta XG-7 is moderately priced and offers aperture-priority automation, plus fully manual control. The Minolta XD-11 is somewhat more expensive, but it offers all the creative flexibility of both aperture and shutter-priority automation, plus full manual control. The XD-11 is so advanced that during shutter-priority operation it will actually make exposure corrections you fail to make.

Do you really need an automatic camera?

Automation makes fine photography easier. But if you do some of the work yourself, you can save a lot of money and get pictures every bit as good.

In this case, you might consider a Minolta SR-T. These are semi-automatic cameras. They have built-in, through-the-lens metering systems that tell you exactly how to set the lens and shutter for perfect exposure. You just align two indicators in the viewfinder.

What to expect when you look into the camera's viewfinder.

The finder should give you a clear, bright view of your subject. Not just in the center, but even along the edges and in the corners. Minolta SLR's have bright finders, so that composing and focusing are effortless, even in dim light. And focusing aids in Minolta

Minolta makes all kinds of 35mm SLR's, so our main concern is that you get exactly the right camera for your needs. Whether that means the advanced Minolta XD-11. Or the easy-to-use and moderately priced Minolta XG-7. Or the very economical Minolta SR-T cameras.

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XG 7
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XD 11
minolta
SR T 201

minolta
AUTO 200X
minolta
XG7
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MD ROKKOR-X

Automatic sequence photography is easy when you combine a Minolta XD-11 or XG-7 with optional Auto Winder and Electroflash 200X.

viewfinders make it easy to take critically sharp pictures.

Information is another thing you can expect to find in a well-designed finder. Everything you need to know for a perfect picture is right there in a Minolta finder.

In the Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, red light emitting diodes tell you what lens opening or shutter speed is being set automatically and warn against under or over-exposure. In Minolta SR-T cameras, two pointers come together as you adjust the lens and shutter for correct exposure.

Do you need an auto winder?

You do if you like the idea of sequence photography, or simply want the luxury of power assisted film advancing. Minolta auto winders will advance one picture at a time, or continuously at about two per second. With advantages not found in others, like up to 50% more pictures with a set of batteries and easy attachment to the camera without removing any caps. Optional auto winders are available for both the Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, but not for Minolta SR-T cameras.

How about electronic flash?

An automatic electronic flash can be added to any Minolta SLR for easy, just about foolproof indoor photography without the bother of flashbulbs. For the XD-11 and XG-7, Minolta makes the Auto Electroflash 200X. It sets itself automatically for flash exposure, and it sets the camera automatically for use with flash. An LED in the viewfinder signals when the 200X is ready to fire. Most unusual: the Auto Electroflash 200X can fire continuously in perfect synchronization with Minolta auto winders. Imagine being able to take a sequence of 36 flash pictures without ever taking your finger off the button.

You should be comfortable with your camera.

The way a camera feels in your hands can make a big difference in the way you take pictures.

The Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, for instance, are compact, but not cramped. Lightweight, but with a solid feeling of quality. Oversized controls are positioned so that your fingers fall naturally into place. And their electronically controlled shutters are incredibly smooth and quiet.

Minolta SR-T's give you the heft and weight of a slightly larger camera, but with no sacrifice in handling convenience. As in all Minolta SLR's, "human engineering" insures smooth, effortless operation.

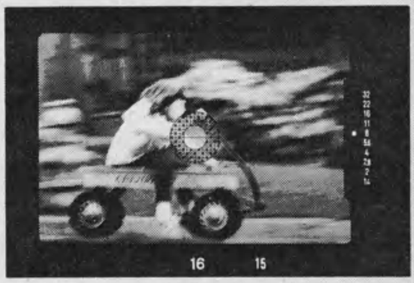
minolta
SRT 201
MD ROKKOR-X

Are extra features important?

If you use them, there are a lot of extras that can make your photography more creative and convenient. Depending on the Minolta model you choose, you can get: multiple exposures with pushbutton ease (even with an auto winder). A window to show that film is advancing properly. A handy memo holder that holds the end of a film box to remind you of what film you're using. And a self-timer.

What about the lens system?

The SLR you buy should have a system of lenses big enough to satisfy your needs, not only today, but five years from today. The patented Minolta bayonet mount lets you change lenses with less than a quarter turn. There are almost 40 Minolta lenses available, ranging from 7.5mm fisheye to 1600mm super-telephoto, including macro and zoom lenses and the world's smallest 500mm lens.



The electronic viewfinder: LED's tell you what the camera is doing automatically to give you correct exposure.

B 1 2 4 8 15 30 60 125 250 500 1000

The match-needle viewfinder: just align two indicators for correct exposure. Because you're doing some of the work, you can save some money.

What's next?

Think about how you'll use your camera and ask your photo dealer to let you try a Minolta. Compare it with other cameras in its price range. You'll soon see why more Americans buy Minolta than any other brand of SLR. For literature, write Minolta Corp., 101 Williams Drive, Ramsey, New Jersey 07446.
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45
50Hz
60Hz
33
45
size
17
25
30
R 0 1

Technics
o-repeat
2 3 4 5 6
Technics
Frequency Generator Servo
Automatic SL-230
stop
art
cueing

hard person to catch, and when he is caught, unless he goes before one of a few certain judges in the city, his chances are better than even of leaving court without even paying a fine.

As far as suburban parents dreading their children going into Philadelphia for fear that they will be "pounded to a pulp by one of these assholes" is concerned, I'll let the citizens of our city make their own judgments. It is quite possible that the one person quoted by Walter had received a traffic ticket in Philadelphia at one time or another and was enraged and saw his chance to get even when Walter talked to him.

Finally, we come to the Ortiz incident. Greg Walter would have us believe that the police just wanted to kick someone's ass and just walked up to Ortiz's door and started kicking away. What Walter fails to mention is that Ortiz had been fired from his job earlier that day and had spent the day drinking. Police came to his house, not to kick his ass, but in response to calls from neighbors about a disturbance in his house. Walter conveniently forgot to mention this. I wonder why? Could it be that if all the facts had been known, the story would have been very dull; and that, instead of Walter getting the notoriety he seems to be longing for in this exposé of police brutality—or, rather, alleged police brutality—he would have wound up with a very boring story, which would not even have rated two lines in the back section of any newspaper, and which would have been an account of one more normal occurrence in the daily life of a cop?

But the best part is still to come. Walter wants us to believe that one of the cops involved in the Reyes incident was also instrumental in the Ortiz incident. What he fails to tell us is that this officer could not have participated unless he came in from home, in the early morning hours of his day off, got a police car, which would have to have been called in from patrol, and then had the officer assigned to it obtain a different assignment so that he could have the car. This would take the approval of the sergeant or lieutenant, who would want to know why he was there on his day off anyway. All of this trouble, just to satisfy the urge to kick ass. Incredible! It is awfully hard to believe, isn't it? Maybe that's the reason why it was left out of the story. With the type of "investigation" conducted by Greg Walter while researching a story, he must think that we are all mushrooms, for all he wants us to do is keep us in the dark and feed us bullshit.—*William Palmer, Sergeant, Philadelphia Police Department*

Greg Walter replies:
I am not surprised that Sergeant Palmer would continue to pursue the police versions of the killings of Harasimowicz and Reyes and the tree-limb-swinging victim of police gunfire mentioned in my article. Nor am I surprised that he would cling to the department's view of the brutal beating of Ortiz.

Fortunately, the office of the United States Attorney for Eastern Pennsylvania is not quite so closed-minded. It is continuing to investigate all these cases and has, as of this writing, made no determination of fact. Witnesses in the Reyes and Ortiz cases, however, continue to indicate that the same police officer was involved in both.

Sergeant Palmer's credibility suffers in the first part of his letter as well. I at no time "enlisted the aid of two whores" to compromise two police officers. I acted on the information of a number of informants, who told me that at least a dozen cops were splitting as much as $470 a month from a hooker who wanted to run a "house." Before that investigation could be completed, an informant was arrested and allegedly beaten to the point where she suffered a miscarriage. I myself was arrested on charges of wiretapping, only to be exonerated fifteen months later.

If cops would spend the same amount of effort trying to change things from the inside as they do trying to shoot the messengers of bad tidings, the department could be helped. But, as was the thrust of my article, it is my opinion that nothing will really change unless Mayor Frank L. Rizzo's influence on the department is brought to an end.

Taking Godwin to task

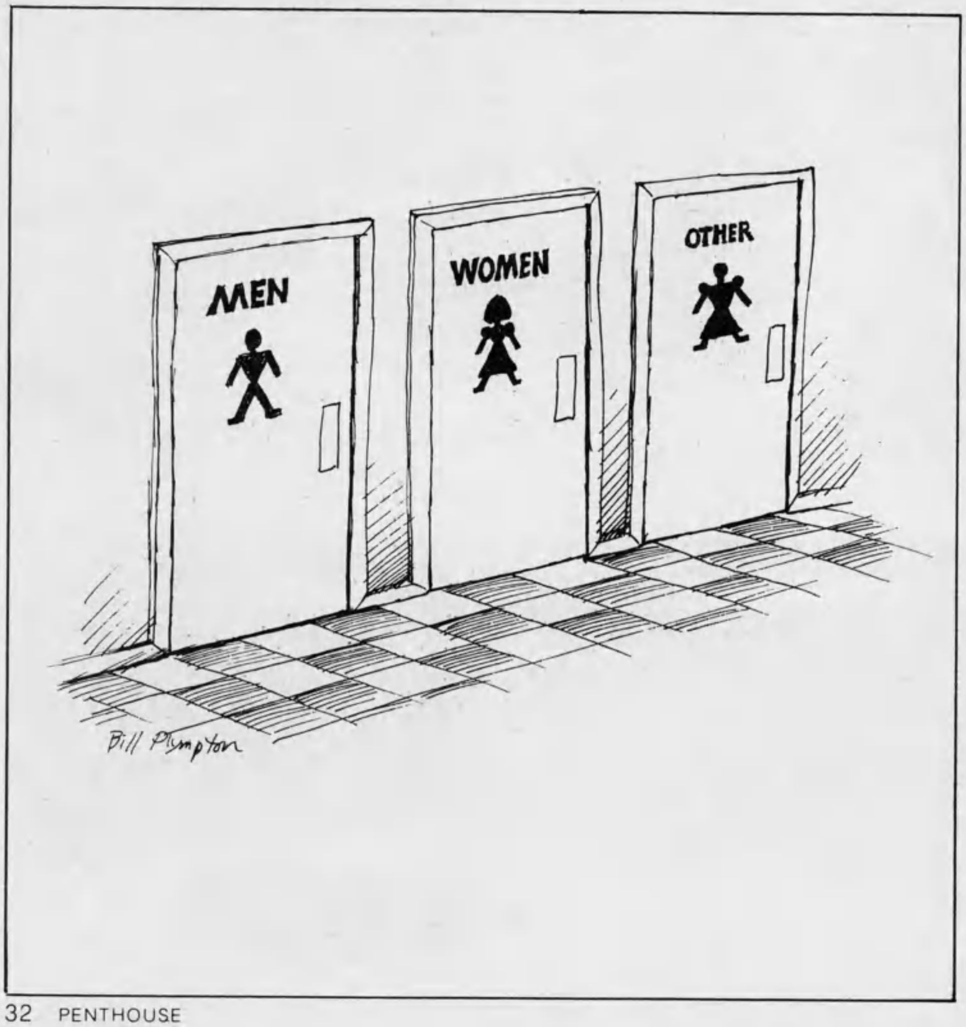
The article by John Godwin, "The Failure of American Justice" (May 1978), conveys the impression that his writing was the culmination of painstaking documentation and research. His presentation of facts, figures, and examples, all so exactly depicted, allows for no other logical conclusion. Unless one considers that the author might be impossibly naive or voluntarily ignorant, one might assume that considerable research was done.

Therefore—and assuming that Mr. Godwin is not impossibly naive or voluntarily ignorant and that he did indeed research his subject matter prior to his writing—I must then conclude that he is a knowing and unmitigated liar. Furthermore, owing to the content and subject matter, I must believe that the author's lies were written to falsely influence and prejudice an otherwise unaware public into believing and accepting his personal and political views on American justice.

I do not wish to contest Mr. Godwin's opinion or his right to voice that opinion. I only wish to rebut his falsifications of facts and figures and denounce his bigoted cry for justice for the honest people of the nation while he himself is being dishonest.

I somehow find it difficult to believe the quoted statement of Judge Harry V. Peetris: "The reality of this is that because of credit time already spent in custody—450 days—Biehler would be eligible for parole in five years and ten months from today." The reason why I find this statement so difficult to believe is that as I sit here in my

CONTINUED ON PAGE 174



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❛Many young women
say that older men are better lovers.
Do these girls ever stop
to think that older women are probably
better lovers than they?❜

XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM

XAVIERA'S LETTER OF THE MONTH

Is it unusual for a woman to be virtually obsessed with penises? I have always thought that, through a kind of narcissism and concern for identity, men, more than women, are preoccupied with their cocks as the focus of sexuality. But my girl friend, Ellie, is so fascinated with my penis that it raises questions about women in general and our relationship specifically.

We met in modern-dance class, and I was immediately attracted by her sensuality. Ellie's body is long and slim, with large, firm breasts above a tiny waist and long, elegant legs. Her dance movements ooze with sex. It's obvious she's proud of her body, and it must have been obvious that I was captivated by her. Moreover, I was sure she was paying more than casual attention to me, as I often saw her staring at the conspicuous bulge in my dance pants. She seemed to be checking out my cock and balls right through the skintight material.

One morning after class, Ellie and I were talking of how we ought to get to know one another, and she invited me over to her place for coffee. Across the kitchen table at her apartment, we talked frankly about our attraction to each other: she had all along been crotch watching, and I had been fantasizing about her luscious body, tantalizingly encased in clinging tights and low-cut leotards that both hid and accentuated every curve. Agreeing that it was time to make our own dance, we stood up and glued our bodies together.

My probing tongue had barely found hers when Ellie's hand began groping for my stiff prick and aching balls. I slipped off her leotard and gasped at the sight of her breasts. They were large but stood out perkily, with only a faint crease; her nipples, wide and pinkish brown, were centered high, giving the firm breasts even more of an upswept look. My hands were on them instantly, squeezing and caressing. I sucked and licked her hard, ruby-tipped nipples. When I raised my head, we pressed our bellies together, grinding our crotches against each other in a slow but fierce rotation.

We moved into her bedroom, where I slipped off the rest of Ellie's dance outfit and she undressed me. When she pulled my leotard and pants down, she dropped to her knees and took my cock in her hands. The eagerness and passion with which she stroked the shaft and licked the head and the expertise of her lips and tongue as she took my whole cock in her mouth made it clear that Ellie knew and loved what she was doing. I couldn't wait to fuck her.

Then, to my surprise, as I lay back with my hard cock straining in anticipation, she picked up a hand mirror with a magnifying lens and knelt over me, straddling my hips. I held my cock straight up, and she held the mirror next to it so that she could watch the enlarged reflection of her wet, enveloping pussy as it slid slowly down on my erection. My cock disappeared into her warm, moist flesh by quarters of inches. We relished the excruciatingly gradual penetration, and Ellie licked her lips as she savored the mirrored image. Then we screwed with wild abandon. But even as she was coming, Ellie was staring at the reflection of my cock plunging into her, her eyelids flickering, her mouth open and emitting squeals and moans.

That glorious fuck only seemed to double Ellie's sexual energy. In one slithering motion, she climbed off me and slipped my flaccid prick into her mouth. She proceeded to lick my balls clean of the come that had drenched us both.

I was thoroughly spent, but Ellie was thoroughly entranced. She went to the bathroom and brought back a warm, wet washcloth, draped it over my exhausted penis, and gently bathed it, treating it

---

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send to
Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.
Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

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like a precious object and handling it like she wanted more. It took about fifteen minutes of Ellie's patient washing, caressing, and massaging—not to mention sucking with her voracious mouth—to bring my cock back up to a full erection. She bent over me and brushed her swaying tits over my prick, tracing their hardened tips around my balls and up and down the shaft. I sat on the edge of the bed and pulled her, kneeling, toward me. I cupped my hands around the sides of her breasts and squeezed them around my extended prick. She moaned and pressed her hands over mine, rolling her resilient globes into a fleshy womb for me to fuck. The exquisite sensation of being swallowed up in her warm, quivering tits soon brought me to another climax.

Over the next few days, we made love in every conceivable position. Ellie's most intense turn-ons literally emanate from my penis. She sucks, fucks, massages and measures it, finger paints and plaster-casts it, and takes instant photos of it—wrinkled, semierect, hard, and sleek—entering or lodged in every orifice she can provide. Sex for Ellie usually involves giving head, and she comes up with some of the most inventive blowjobs imaginable. After dance class, she often pulls down my pants and sucks me off right through the leotard. The stretchy nylon allows her to get her mouth over the head of my cock, and she usually manages to suck most of my come through the material. It's a great sensation, and I go down on her the same way, lapping her through the wet material.

Ellie loves to stroke me in public places: in movies, in the car, under the table in every restaurant we've been in. We're rarely together more than ten minutes before her hand is in my pants. She also likes to do a very sensual, ritualistic striptease and dance in front of me while I masturbate—her trancelike stare never strays from my erection. Ellie admits she's obsessed with my cock. And I have to admit I really don't mind, because we share the most satisfying and satiating sex I've ever experienced.

We've been together eight months now, but when we're apart, a few things bother me. With such an intense preoccupation with penises, can Ellie remain fascinated by mine alone? And what does it mean for our romantic and emotional relationship that my lover's attachment to me appears most obviously to be tied to the ways she can attach herself to my cock?—D.H.W.

Your story reminds me of the movie *The Turning Point*. Maybe there are other readers who would enjoy dance classes. Obviously, it has become the chicest way to get laid. In your case you caught a real hot potato, who indeed seems to care more for your balls than for your brains. I guess it's entirely up to you to discover if she's into you or your cock. Maybe both—who knows? I'd say she's just interested in your cock if you can't communicate out of bed. I mean, you *do* spend time out of bed, don't you?

THREE'S COMPANY

I'm thirty-two years old and married to a very attractive blonde named Laura. We have a wonderful sex life and have been married for thirteen years. Laura is fantastic in bed, and we have tried just about everything two sexually active people can enjoy. One of our biggest turn-ons is to relate our fantasies to each other. We both seem to have one fantasy in common and that is a threesome with another man or woman.

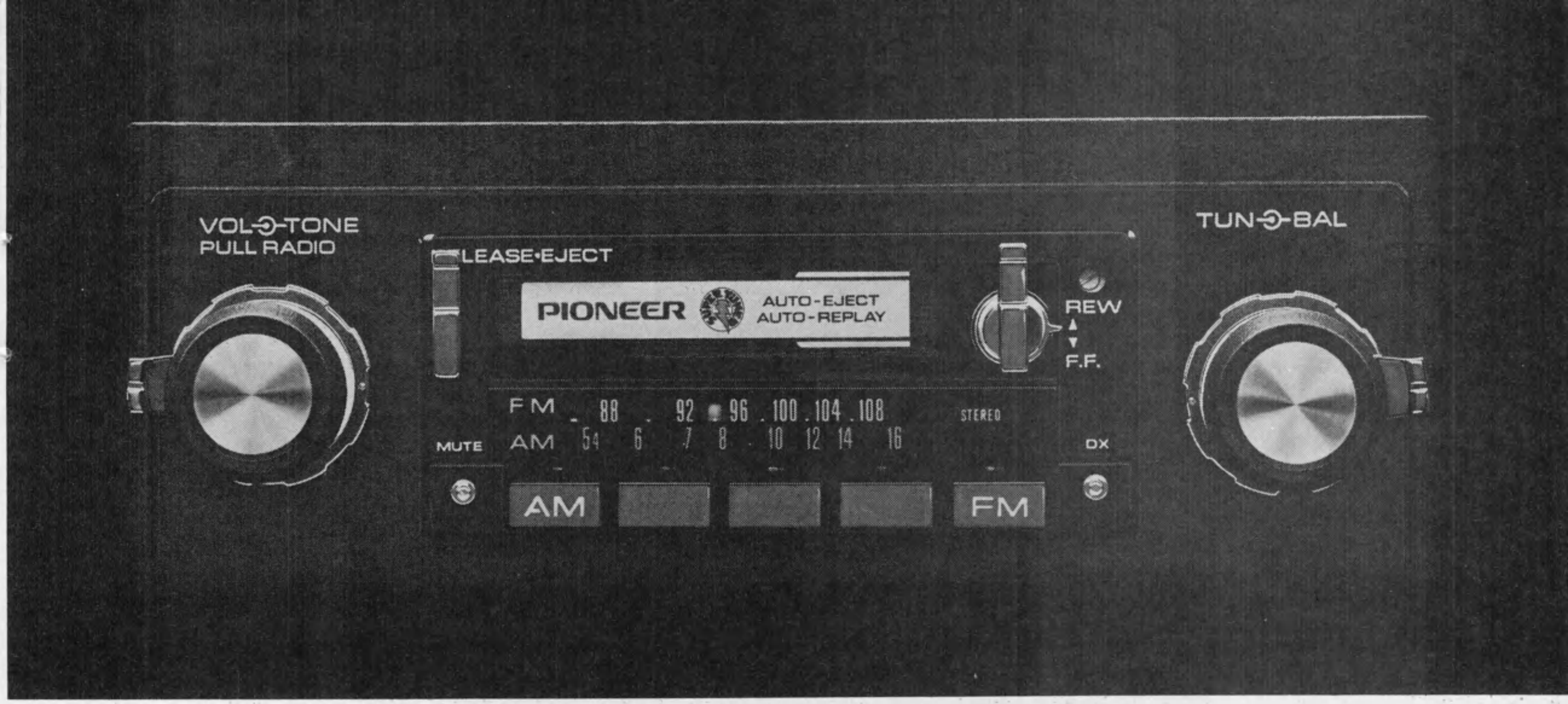
Last summer we went on a cruise aboard a large sailing ship to the Bahamas. This was a free-spirited trip in the company of about fifty other couples, who all seemed to be sexually inhibited. We thought this might be a chance for us to live out our number-one fantasy. Laura said she would try to find a young, unaccompanied single who might like the chance of a lifetime.

During the bon voyage party held by the ship's captain, Laura danced with a young man named Bruce, who was quite attracted to her. Laura told me that she just couldn't come right out and ask him to swing with us, but she felt that if she could seduce him, she could ask him while they were intimate. Laura and Bruce slipped away from the table and went to his cabin, where they stayed for what seemed like hours. When she returned to the party, she told me that she had asked Bruce about swinging, but he wasn't into it and wanted more time to think about it.

The next morning we awoke early. Laura sucked me off, as she usually does before we get out of bed. Then we screwed while Laura told me every detail about the night before. After we had both come twice, we went for a swim. We were paddling around the pool when Bruce came by. He waved, and Laura got out of the water to talk to him. He said he had enjoyed the time he spent with her but was afraid to enter into a threesome. When he asked if he could see her again, Laura refused.

One night we were having a drink with another couple, and the woman whispered to me that her sex life with her husband was hopeless and that she had noticed how close Laura and I were. One thing led to another, and we wandered off to a secluded section of the ship. I felt that since Laura had had her fun and that as long as this was a chance for a possible threesome or even foursome, I might as well play my hand out. Well, just as we were about to get it on, Laura came along. She was furious, and we had some angry words. I told her it was nothing she had not done, and she said she had gone with Bruce for us both and not out of a selfish, individual desire. I guess she was right, and we made up and spent the rest of the trip making love only with each other.

Shortly after returning home from the cruise, we were in bed, talking about sex, when Laura said she had something she had wanted to tell me for a long time. She confessed that a couple of years ago she had enjoyed a sexual relationship with a mutual friend, Elaine. They had been lovers for about a year—and Laura still loved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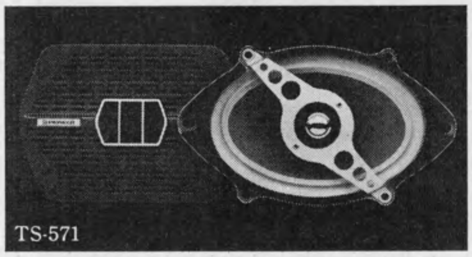
TS-571

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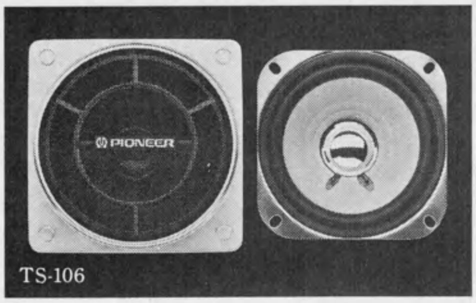

TS-106

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Elaine very much—but when I had moved to another city, Laura had decided to move with me rather than stay with Elaine. I was surprised (to say the least) to learn that my sweet wife had been seriously involved with another woman, but I was also excited to learn about her freewheeling attitude toward sex. Laura said she had wanted to make a threesome between the two of us and Elaine but could never bring herself to tell me of her old relationship.

Then, one night after work, Laura told me that there was a new department head at work. He and I supposedly looked enough alike to be brothers, and Laura thought she might be able to interest him in a threesome. So Laura and Don met one night for a few drinks and talked openly about sex. Laura told him how, ever since he had joined the firm, she had wanted to sleep with him. Don said he'd felt the same way and would sometimes almost come just looking at Laura's legs while she sat at her desk. Don told Laura that he had some sexual problems and that his wife wouldn't perform oral sex because she was so inhibited. Laura said she could easily relieve all his frustration and told him that she wanted to have sex with him and me at the same time. Don apparently thought it would be too embarrassing; so Laura invited him into the car to "cure his problem." The two of them ended up fucking on a deserted airstrip. Laura said she had about four orgasms while Don was sucking her, but that he couldn't remain hard long enough to satisfy her. She came home around three in the morning, and she and I fucked until dawn. After a number of unsatisfying and frustrating occasions, Laura finally gave up on Don as a possible partner for us.

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Then, at a party a few weeks later, I met a gorgeous blonde and decided to seduce her. I guess it was out of resentment that Laura seemed to be having all the fun. Laura saw us together and flew into another rage. We ended up in a huge fight, almost coming to blows.

Now we still make love and talk about our fantasies, but Laura resists any chance to act them out. She thinks that I get upset when she makes it with another man and that I'll use her actions as an excuse to enjoy the sexual favors of other women.

How can I help satisfy this sexual desire we both have and keep from having the problems we have run into in the past? We live in the Southeast and can't find anybody who's into our type of sex. How can I get Laura to understand that it's important to act out our fantasies? After that problem is solved, how do we go about finding suitable partners?—Joel.

It's clear to me that your wife is something of a female chauvinist pig. Okay, you both have this fantasy, and you're both dying to materialize it. But don't you think it rather strange that she's the only one to have experienced extramarital sex? Why should she fly into a rage when you desire another woman? After all, she's fucking her brains out with other men and women. It's selfish behavior. Also, from what you relate in your letter, it seems that she really doesn't dig other chicks, even though she claims that she's had a lesbian relationship. If she is bisexual, I can't understand why she doesn't materialize this fantasy.

Obviously, she doesn't want a threesome, just some quick sex on the side. If she's playing it "straight" right now, I'd say she's doing so out of self-protection. She apparently realizes that you'll not sit back much longer if she continues her games. Perhaps you'd just better sit on this fantasy for a while. It doesn't seem as though your wife really wants to play the game, at least your game.

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE

Recently, a woman wrote to you to say that intercourse was painful and that she thought the reason was that her lover was too large. I think your answer was incomplete.

I was married to a man who was larger than average. Jed wanted to make love several times a day. I never refused, but it was always extremely painful. After a while I not only hated sex but also feared it to the point of hysteria. Jed never knew, and I thought all along that there was something wrong with me.

The divorce was a blessed relief to my insides, for I'm now married to Steve, an average-sized man. At first I always used a lubricant with him, because my fear of more pain made my insides hurt just out of tension. In time, I learned to enjoy making love. Now it is the exhilarating highlight of my life. My husband makes me climax like crazy by inserting only half of his penis. After I finish, he enters me completely to come himself. Sometimes I still hurt a little, but Steve is kind and careful. A doctor's exam showed me to be smaller than usual inside. By the way, I've had a child—a difficult birth because I wouldn't "stretch."

So, there are women who are built small. I'm five foot nine and weigh 140 pounds—in stature quite large. The girl who wrote to you who experienced pain will also be fearing intercourse, and no amount of foreplay will alleviate that fear. She should always use a lubricant, and her lover should be considerate enough not to penetrate completely or, if he does, to stroke slowly and carefully. There are some of us for whom pain is definitely not a turn-on. It's an old myth that every woman wants to take in a big penis.—S.F.V.

Thanks for your reply. "Small" men the world over will also be grateful to hear that penis size is not everything. Indeed, in some cases it means nothing at all.

TIGHT SQUEEZE

I am a nineteen-year-old woman and have been sexually active for four years. I like sex but have a problem. Women should be able to have sex without pain. I can't.

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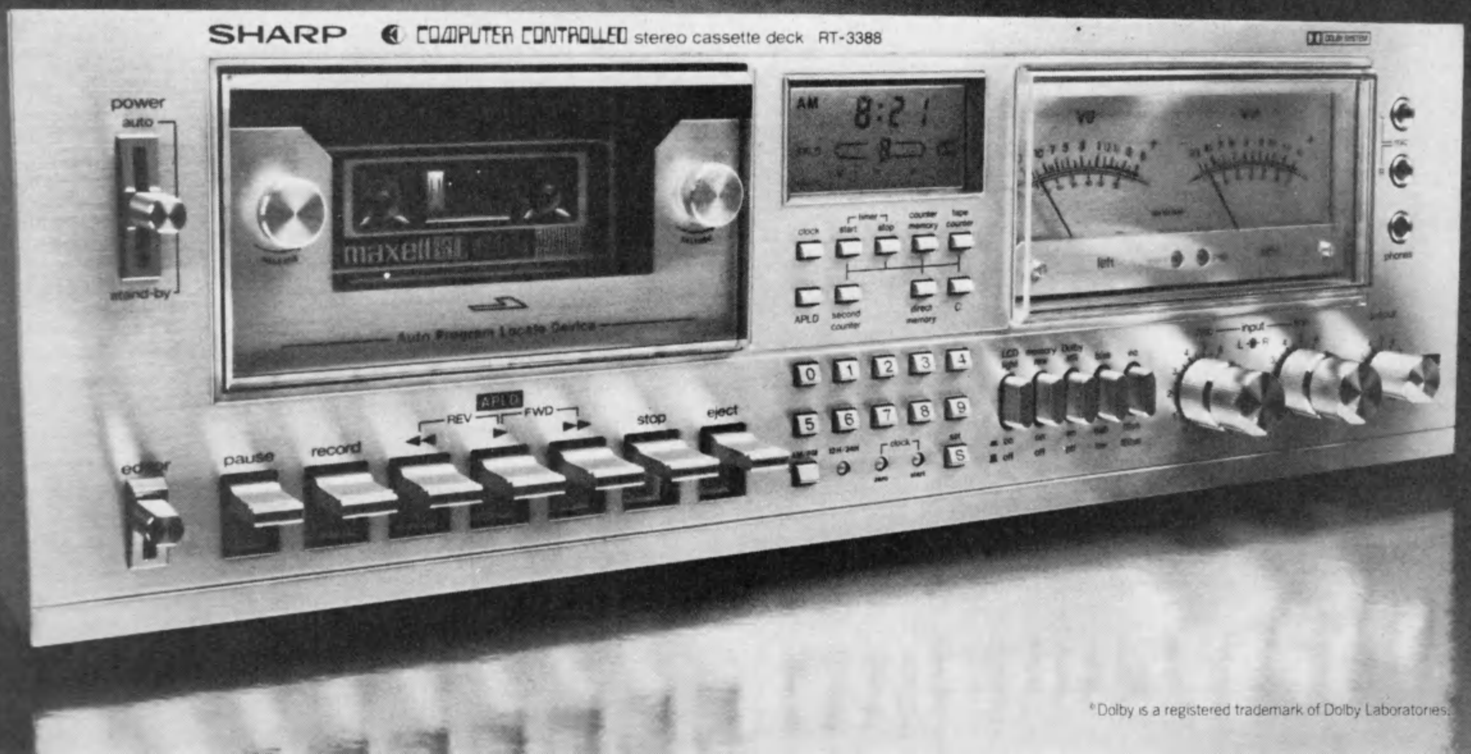
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My man, Lon, and I used to think it was my size—I'm five foot one and 97 pounds while my man is six feet and 245 pounds. After an exam I discovered I was okay physically. Then I thought it might be a mental block, but although I have made an appointment to see a psychiatrist, I don't feel guilty about having sex at all.

Am I abnormal? I worry about it from time to time. Only once did I really have a good time in bed. It was the most wonderful night of my life. I was with Lon in a hotel room and was able to really let loose. He was sweet and strong, and I felt really good. It was also the first time I let myself have sex with the lights on. We took a shower together, and later I was even the one on top. This feeling of release hasn't happened again.

I think sex is great, but I don't abuse it. My mother is very open and knows everything but the pain part of it. Sometimes I think I might be a failure as a woman. I'm on the Pill and can reach orgasm through oral sex or masturbation, but I don't even get close during intercourse. Do you think you could help me? I've used Vaseline, and it hasn't helped. All my men have been average sized (although I didn't measure them); so I don't think it was the fact that they have been too large for me that has caused my problem.

Could it be possible that I'm really a lesbian? I've never had any sexual encounters with other women. Please help me correct my problem.—A.H.

I find it interesting that you write: "Only once did I really have a good time in bed . . . and later I was even the one on top. This feeling of release hasn't happened again." The fact that you were on top is probably the reason you had the orgasm: it was probably the first time you really could feel the base of his penis rubbing against your clitoris. Generally speaking, the penis does not stimulate the clitoris in intercourse when the man is atop the woman (on his knees). Also, when you're sitting on the man, you're in control. You can maneuver your crotch in such a way that your clitoris does come in contact with the base of the erection. In sex there's one good rule to follow: if it works once, it will probably work again.

BRIEF ENCOUNTER

Every time I read your column, I see people talking about cocks that are eight, nine, ten, even eleven inches long. This has made me feel really inferior and has added to the problems I already have. My cock is six and a half inches long at full erection. It seems that women can't get off on anything less than eight inches. As a result, I've turned myself into a hermit, and a bitter one at that.

When I masturbate, I imagine myself as having an eleven-and-a-half-inch penis. For this reason it seems that the first time I go to bed with a woman (and that has been only twice in my twenty-four years), I'm so nervous and pent up that I can't get it up to save my life.

I don't believe that I'm the only one with these problems. It has been close to three years since I've had sex with or so much as kissed a woman. If some female should smile at me or show encouragement, I freeze up and look for the nearest exit. As I said, I've had actual intercourse two times with the same girl. I still feel like a virgin, because it seems like it happened a million years ago. Help!—P.J.M.

If you've read the two previous letters, you must realize that cock size is not so important as you think. Besides, six and a half inches is quite adequate, and—if this makes you feel any better—it's actually somewhat above the average. I hate to say that, since you do seem to be hung up about the size of your organ. What now? Will you think yourself a superstud? Listen: good lovers are not measured in inches.

COMING HOME

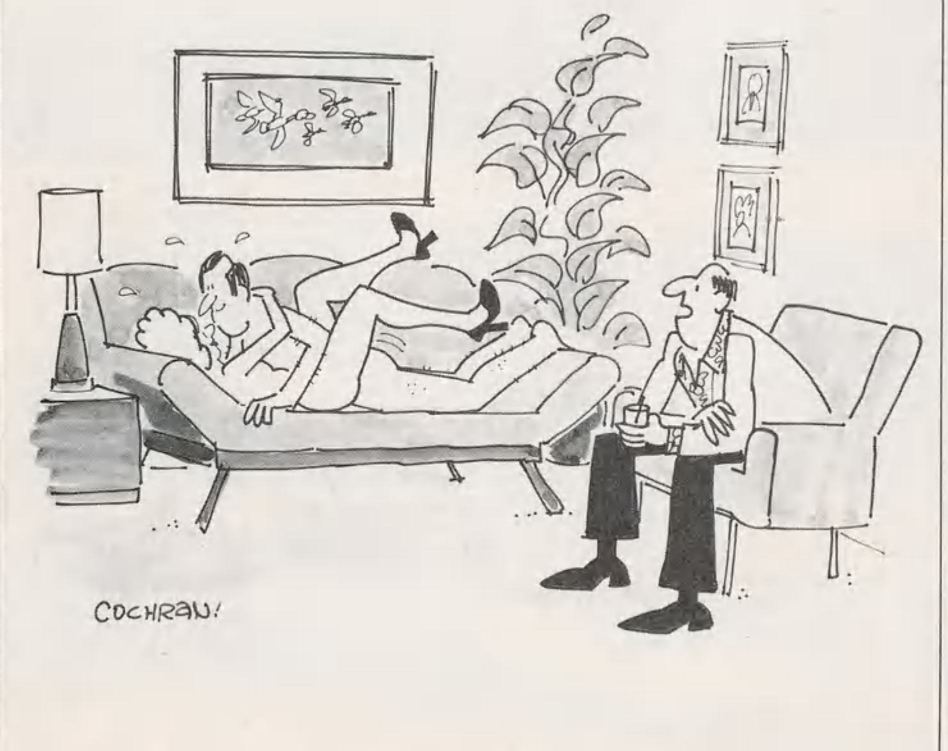
I've been having sex with the same wonderful man for thirteen years, and it gets better all the time. Jeffrey's also the only man I've had sex with, but I know there just couldn't be a better lover for me. He initiated me into the delights of lovemaking when I was seventeen and he was eighteen. Jeffrey has always claimed that he was a virgin before he met me, but I find that very hard to believe. That man sure knew how to please a woman right from the beginning! I'd always been taught that sex was something dirty, but he was so gentle and patient with me that he released feelings that I thought were only written about in stories.

Ever since the first time, I haven't been able to get enough of him. He calls me his "little nympho," but I want only him. Jeffrey has a beautiful eight-inch cock, and he really knows how to use it. We used to park in the car for the first couple of years, and I'd really look forward to jumping on his pulsating organ. I've always experienced multiple orgasms (once Jeffrey made me come ten times). Sometimes I'd almost pass out with pleasure.

We didn't have oral sex until about a year after we started dating. At first I gave him head only to repay him for all the pleasure he'd given me. But now there is nothing I like better than getting down on my knees and taking his hot, thick shaft into my mouth.

A few years ago we broke up for a couple of months. During that time he turned to other women for sex. I couldn't blame him, as he is such a horny guy. One of these women supposedly gave the best head in town, but he told me that she couldn't compare with me in any way. Naturally, we got back together when we realized we were made for each other in every way. We've been married now for ten years, and our sex life keeps getting better and better.

I think about Jeffrey all the time when he is at work and soak right through my panties. I feel sorry for other women who can't have him. When we make love, I know I am



"Level with me, Sue Ellen. You and Arnold are more than just friends, right?"

the luckiest woman in the world. We don't need gimmicks or other partners. Everytime Jeffrey licks or fondles me, he does some little, different thing that drives me crazy. You'd think that after all these years he'd have run out of ideas, but he seems to invent different ways of pleasing me time and time again. I have all I want or need with my handsome and virile husband.—C.J.L.

How unique! A married couple who actually enjoy their sex— *together!* This phenomenon has become so rare it may become a new sexual kink. What shall we call it—"monogamy mania"? Please, let's hear about other such experiences from other readers. It's time you happily married sex maniacs came out of the closets. I'm sure there are more of you. Don't be afraid. I won't reveal your names or addresses.

OLDER AND WISER AND BETTER

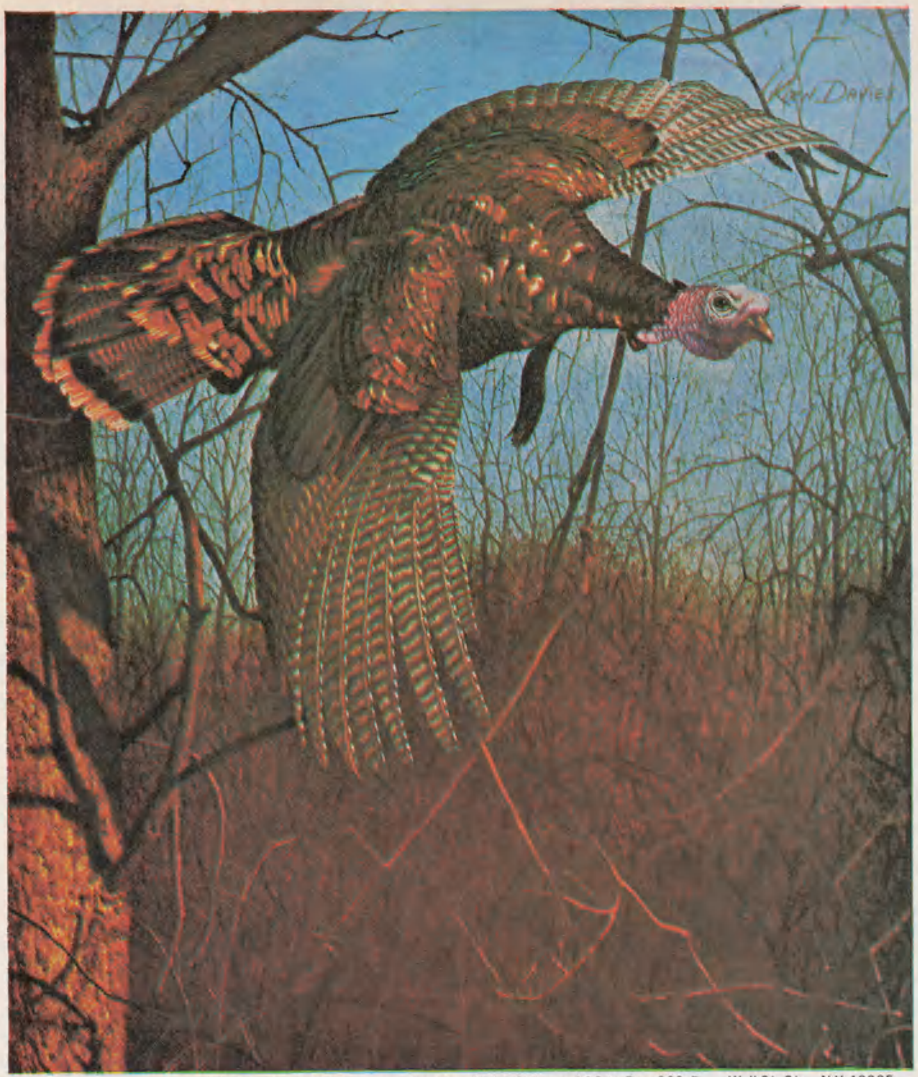
Ever since I was old enough to enjoy the female form, I've had a special interest in older women. A classy-looking woman who is anywhere from her late thirties to her late fifties gets me hornier than young girls I've ever known.

When I was eighteen, a woman of about forty-five years made rather obvious gestures to me while we rode on a city bus. She sat down beside me, even though the bus was empty except for one other rider. She pressed herself firmly against me, shifting about until she was all but on my lap. When I looked at her face, she had a tight smile on her lips. Her hair was long and wavy, her skin tanned and smooth. Her blouse had been undone enough to reveal a full, wide pair of breasts. Her stomach was flat, and she had a slender waist enhanced by full, rounded hips. Her legs were near perfect under a snug-fitting pair of white slacks.

When my eyes came back up, they were met by a sensuous pair of green eyes. "What naughty thoughts have you got on your mind?" she asked. I tried to swallow but nearly took in my tongue—only my heavy breathing prevented it from going down my throat. Finally, I said, "If we weren't on this bus, I'd show you what was on my mind." Not the greatest answer, but it showed I wanted her and yet left the next move to her. Apparently, she took my cue, because she reached into her purse, pulled out a business card, introduced herself as Naomi, and told me to meet her at her office at 9:00 P.M.

That night, as I walked toward her office door, Naomi came out to meet me. We drove off, intending to find a secluded place. In the car I moved closer to her and slid my hand up under her blouse as she spread her legs enough for my fingers to ease under her panties. She moaned loudly as I began a slow, easy finger-fucking movement within her. By the time I had brought her to a grinding climax, she had driven to the northern outskirts of the city and onto a dark gravel road. Then Naomi undid my pants, took out my cock, and teased me to a very long orgasm, never once taking my shaft into her mouth until I

CONTINUED ON PAGE 178



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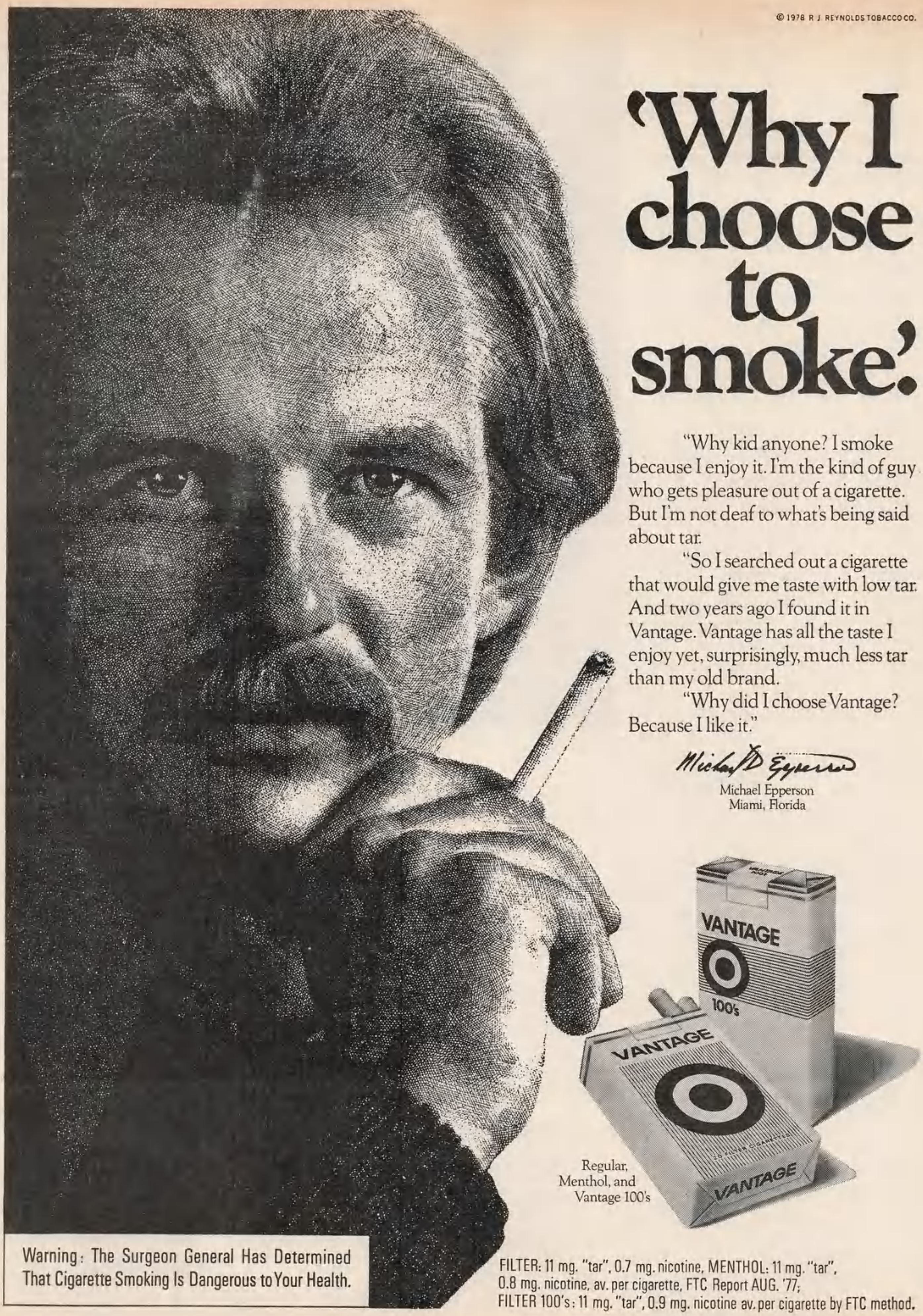

'Why I choose to smoke'.

"Why kid anyone? I smoke because I enjoy it. I'm the kind of guy who gets pleasure out of a cigarette. But I'm not deaf to what's being said about tar.

"So I searched out a cigarette that would give me taste with low tar. And two years ago I found it in Vantage. Vantage has all the taste I enjoy yet, surprisingly, much less tar than my old brand.

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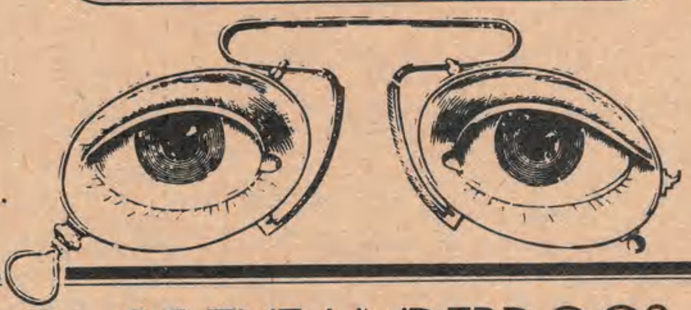
FILTER: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '77; FILTER 100's: 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

VIEW FROM THE TOP



RACE OF THE UNDERDOGS, '78

BY MARILYN STASIO

For a nation of thumb-suckers who worship heroes and winners, we sure do get excited when a loser scrambles to the top. We take pride in the exploits of the Dallas Cowboys and the mighty Yankees. But who among us doesn't nurture a secret desire to see the great ones bashed by the Washington Senators and the lowly Toronto Blue Jays? It's the same streak of perversity that some people say elected Jimmy Carter.

Like every other national quirk, this impish urge to cheer on the hopeless underdog inevitably makes itself felt in the popular arts. We get off when big-hype projects like *Lucky Lady* bomb and little *Rocky* sweeps on home. There is something deeply satisfying when a lovable mongrel personality like John Travolta overtakes the big and the beautiful on the popularity charts.

This mysterious affection for the oddball personality, the off-the-wall property, will get some exercise this season when a large number of nonformula movies, plays, and books are released (or, as some would have it, are allowed to escape). The producers of these little oddities would like us to think that they are becoming more innovative in their approach to mass-market entertainment—but don't buy that hustle. Publishers may indeed be publishing more first novels by unfamiliar authors, and movie companies may indeed be featuring more unknown performers, but it's not because the entertainment industries are taking daring artistic chances. It's because nobody wants to miss out on the next Sylvester Stallone or Erica Jong.

When we track some upcoming projects, it looks like a queer collection of specimens from Doctor Moreau's island of lost souls. But nobody should laugh or sneer too fast. Some of these potential dogs of the 1978–79 season might turn out to be next year's Oscar winners and bestsellers. After all, *somebody* made Tiny Tim a star.

Movie companies are turned on by the damndest things. Among its current and future releases, United Artists includes *Convoy* (ode to a truck), *Corvette* (ode to a car), *International Velvet* (ode to a horse), *The Black Stallion* (ode to a ditto), and *Revenge of the Pink Panther* (ode to a panther). But for sheer suicidal instinct, nothing—not the screen romance manufactured for Lily Tomlin and John Travolta in *Moment by Moment*, not even Bette Midler as Janice Joplin in *The Rose*—can compete with *Hitler's Son*, a comedy starring Bud Cort as "Willy" Hitler.

The Hitlerian number does get some strong competition, admittedly, from *Up in Smoke*, an up-from-the-underground comedy featuring those raunchy vulgarians, Cheech and Chong. The bizarre project sounds like Paramount's up-yours answer to Universal's *National Lampoon's Animal House*.

Less spectacularly aberrant projects usually fall into two basic categories: movies that pursue eccentric themes and movies that star people nobody's ever heard of. With the success of *Rocky* resounding in their ears, movie companies are less wary these days of bankrolling films starring relative unknowns, even strangers. John G. Avildsen, the director of *Rocky*, has another "intimate" movie due in *Slow Dancing in the Big City*, starring Paul Sorvino and Anne Ditchburn as a journalist and a dancer, respectively, who romance each other in New York. The modest-sounding movie could ring bells for Avildsen, or it could turn out to be another trend movie whose train has already pulled out of the station, like the ill-timed *Exorcist II*, *Audrey Rose*, and *King Kong*.

In the ranks of exotic-subject movies, Columbia thinks it has a contender in *Nightwing*, a big-budget suspense thriller about vampire bats. Fox thinks it's being pretty daring with *Butch and Sundance: The Early Days*, which predates that other movie in subject chronology and thus is one of movie history's rare "prequels."

Columbia is busily building *Ice Castles*, which the company describes as "the touching, contemporary story of two youthful lovers, set against the background of a young girl's desire to reach for the impossible in the competitive world of figure skating." The movie was filmed in metropolitan Minneapolis and at selected ice rinks near you. It stars eighteen-year-old Lynn-Holly Johnson as the ardent, ambitious heroine whose fondest dream is to skate with Charles Bronson some day.

Sometimes a movie sounds like a sure candidate for the boneyard because it is genuinely trying to break through some established traditions. "I would say that *The Wiz* is definitely one of movie history's longest long shots," says its producer, Rob Cohen. In order to pay off, Cohen acknowledges, the Universal spectacle will have to overcome certain built-in risks. The film is a musical, in the kiss-of-death company of such predecessors as *Camelot, Sweet Charity, Star!, Mame, Paint Your Wagon*, and the immortal *Doctor Doolittle*. It's a black musical in search of a white audience. It plays around with people's indelible memories of the children's classic, *The Wizard of Oz*. It was shot in New York (hiss, boo) and "stars" the metropolis as the Emerald City. It casts grown-up Diana Ross as Dorothy. And it cost over 20 million bucks.

"Listen, this movie was not made

by a bunch of sharpies," Cohen exhorts the skeptics. "It was made by people who believe in the peculiarly American message of the original story, that you can be whatever you want to be in life. We haven't changed that message, and we haven't fiddled around with the essential component parts of its ritual appeal. We're just reinterpreting them. The only thing we're changing is the convention. But we're a culture that thrives on change; so, in a way, that's the movie's strength."

If *The Wiz* becomes the "landmark musical" Cohen hopes it will be, and if it reaches his expectations "to sell like *Star Wars*," the Hollywood handicappers will all have to eat their silver (*not* red—read the book) shoes in humiliation.

Peculiar projects are no novelty to the Broadway theater, which has a tradition of building new productions out of improbable raw material. (Didn't it do *The Wiz*, after all?) Recent theater history is strewn with the corpses of monstrosities that range from a mod-musical *Hamlet* to a futuristic space fantasy called *Via Galactica* that predated *Star Wars* by five years.

UPI

John Houseman in "Paper Chase."

On the other hand, some of Broadway's biggest hits have been forged from the most promising of sources. *Dracula* is a remake of a musty 1927 melodrama, *Annie* had its origins in a durable comic strip, and *Grease* evolved out of somebody's old high-school scrapbook.

Broadway's long-shot gamblers are flinging their chips with their customary abandon this season. Two forthcoming musicals are based on the lives of Helen of Troy and Quasimodo, the Hunchback of Notre Dame. Edward Albee is turning *Lolita* into a comedy, and Harold Prince and Stephen Sondheim are musicalizing *Sweeney Todd*, the story of the murderous eighteenth-century demon barber of Fleet Street who did some unmannerly things to patrons who dropped into his shop for a shave and a haircut. We are also intrigued by *The Boys of Autumn*, a play starring Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas as Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn.

AP

Travolta and Tomlin.

Making book on the publishing industry's entrants for the new season is unusually risky this year. As expected, the fall publishing lists bulge with the usual safe bets for best-sellerdom: fiction sagas, self-help manuals, revisionist biographies (catch *Mommie, Darling*, by Joan Crawford's little girl), and the latest Herman Wouk. But the phenomenal spin-off payoffs from such dark horses as *The Thorn Birds* (paperback rights went for a sweet $1.9 million, and Warner Brothers paid a princely sum for the movie rights) have encouraged the publishing houses to gamble on the occasional long-shot property. Such calculated risks are not to be confused with the assorted insanities that invariably creep into otherwise sane companies' publishing lists. For reasons that defy analytic logic, publishers always make room in their hearts (and on their lists) for the occasional grotesquerie. Among these anomalies are *The Adirondack Park: A Political History; Visions of Glory: A History and Memory of Jehovah's Witnesses;* and *Golden Bats and Pink Pigeons*, a story of the wildlife of Mauritius.

Nancy Nicholas, an editor at Knopf, says that when publishers talk about chancy projects, they are usually referring to first novels by unknown authors. "A so-called first may turn out to be another *Fear of Flying*. Or it may turn out to be a dog. It's always a chance venture."

In the publishing trade, a nontrendy, nonformula book can sometimes indicate a future trend that hasn't quite exploded. On the basis of over thirty recent nonfiction books about homosexuality, major publishing houses are beginning to take the big plunge into homosexual fiction. Doubleday is riding hard on the future of *Dress Grey*, about the murder of a homosexual cadet at West Point. Morrow is presently publishing *The Beauty Queen*, a *roman à clef* featuring a character who is a redoubtable Anita Bryant type, while Random House has its hopes high on *Faggots*, a high-expectations novel that one editor contends will be "as important as *Lolita* and *Portnoy's Complaint*."

Knopf thinks it has a promising comer in William Wharton's *Birdy*, about a young man who fantasizes that he has turned into a bird. His delusion allows for a romantic relationship with a female bird, but Nicholas insists that the novel is not the cracker-barrel project that it sounds. "It is absolutely *sui generis*," she admits. "Certainly it's the most unusual, the most original novel we've published in years. But this is a lovely, serious book. It's about sharing somebody's obsession, and it appeals on some deep, subconscious level."

TV owes its life to the tried and true, the previously tested commodity, the spin-off, the remake, and the rip-off. Spurred on by the triumph of "Charlie's Angels," the networks are scrambling all over each other to give us such genre variations as "The American Girls," "Flying High," "Coastocoast," and, in the wings (according to *Advertising Age)*, "California Girls," "El Paso Pussycats," "Legs," "The Cheerleaders," "Sorority 162," and "Hee Haw Honeys."

Under the circumstances, there's nothing newsy about "new" shows like ABC's "Battle Star: Galactica" (a *Star Wars–Close Encounters* rip-off), CBS's "Mary" (Mary Tyler Moore's latest reincarnation), NBC's "W.E.B." (MTM's latest imitator), or any of the networks' well-touted news-magazine programs. If any or all of them take off, it will only be a tribute to the networks' enduring skill at warming up cold hash.

The *true* odd-balls of television-land are those few shows that show a glimmer of quality. Given the medium, these are the real long shots, the potential ratings dogs. From the new series, we rather like (and therefore fear to the health of) ABC's "Taxi," a comedy about lippy New York cab drivers and CBS's "Paper Chase," a series based on the movie about life at law school and starring veteran John Houseman in his Oscar-winning portrayal of an authoritarian professor. As an intelligent, civilized, grown-up program (suitably scheduled against the heavyweight "Happy Days"—thanks a lot, CBS), "Paper Chase" shapes up as the long shot of the season.

For a real winner, we pick "Mork & Mindy," an ABC comedy about a guy from the planet Ork who takes up with a beauteous female earthling. Some people might call this one a genuine freak, but it sounds so moronic that it can only be a hit.

Place your bets here.

Battle Star's *Richard Hatch*.

ABC

SCENES

CHEAP TALK

I knew a professor of philosophy and frequenter of peep shows who thought of Socrates as the original Johnny Carson and of Plato as his Ed McMahon. The professor is now under heavy sedation, but his conceit must not be discredited, for the sake not only of Hellenic glory but also of post-Socratics like Joey Bishop.

It must be admitted that our talk-show hosts do not, as Socrates did, have the poet Agathon or the playwright Aristophanes to explore the britches of wisdom with. But then, Socrates had no Dom DeLuise. Yes, the nature of metaphysics has changed since the days when Plato stepped forth and, sucking on an olive pit, announced, "Here's Socrates!" There is surety now and commitment. The nature of love, the nature of death . . . blah, blah, blah. Socrates was a talker, all right, but he never had the answers, and he never took a stand. Merv Griffin *knows* that Ricardo Montalban is one heck of a guy; he *knows* that *Rabbit Test* is one heck of a movie.

Although future histories of philosophy may devote nothing more than a footnote to Les Crane and his shotgun mike, the true titans of our era will, I am sure, be given their rightful places, as Socrates was given his, in the annals of blather. And NBC shall be our Athens, because it was she who nurtured, and it is she who rules still.

The oldest talk show, perhaps in more ways than one, is "The Today Show," which debuted in 1952. It was not long before NBC realized that anyone who was awake at such an ungodly hour would swallow anything, and the show has proceeded in a manner befitting this realization. (The present host, Tom Brokaw, is said to disagree, but it is widely assumed that the young master is suffering under delusions of intelligence.)

Nighttime was a different matter. As early as 1950 NBC had experimented with late-night talk shows—"Broadway Open House," "7 at 11," "The Left Over Revue"—but the network failed to capture an audience. When "The Tonight Show," which started as a local New York program in the summer of 1953, went national the following year, the tide, to coin a metaphor, turned.

Steve Allen was the first host of "The Tonight Show." In Mr. Allen NBC found a man with whom those who were sitting at home at night, instead of lusting in public places, could identify. He possessed a wit so quick that sentience, it seems, had long quit trying to catch up with it. Jack Paar took over "The Tonight Show" in 1957. The new host was sophisticated. However, he was sophisticated in the same sense that Steve Allen was witty. I saw the show many times in the five years during which Jack Paar hosted it (and I have the only honorable excuse for this: I was too young to be out chasing pussy), and all I remember of my evenings with Mr. Paar is the occasion when he stooped to stroke the leg of Zsa Zsa Gabor, commenting—in the voice of a man who believed that the heart of civilization might be contained in a nasal inflection—"You're not wearing any hose this evening." And then I grew up.

In 1962 came Johnny Carson. One thing that must be considered as a factor in Carson's success is that he always seems smarter than his guests—even Charo. I recall seeing him truly overwhelmed only twice: when Peter O'Toole, in the throes of boredom, nodded off while Carson was talking to him; and when Lee Marvin simply refused to speak.

The first magazine article on Johnny Carson, published in *TV Guide*, September 3, 1955, spoke of "the inevitable comparison of Carson and Gobel." One should keep in mind, however, that George Gobel has never been caught in the act of conversation with Fernando Lamas.

ABC began its war on "The

Camera 5

Tonight Show" in 1963 with the two-hour "Jerry Lewis Show." One unkind observer has said that Jerry Lewis only appears to have talent when he plays against kids. In any case, the show lasted less than three months. Next came "The Les Crane Show," which beat Lewis's run by a month. Crane seemed to have been sired by an Air-Wick freshener. He resurfaced in 1971 with a recording, *Desiderata*, and has since returned to his source. "The Joey Bishop Show" happened in 1967 and lasted all the way to 1969. With Joey you got the impression that all the guests thought it was cute to rub Sammy Davis, Jr.'s head for luck at the crap tables. After Bishop there was "The Dick Cavett Show." Cavett, who now has a talk show on educational TV, was the thinking man's host. He held a note pad in his lap (a pose learned, no doubt, by watching William F. Buckley's paramilitary talk show, "Firing Line") and grinned like he was bumped on smoke. In praise, it must be said that Dick Cavett also was never caught talking to Fernando Lamas.

There are the bush leaguers, too: Mike Douglas, who behaves as if he masturbated to Keely Smith records; Merv Griffin, who behaves like a silly auntie, biting his lower lip in menopausal mock-primness whenever a guest (as talk-show guests, for a reason that passes all understanding, are prone to do) refers to tits or asses; and Phil Donahue, the provocateur of housewives on amphetamine, a sort of gossipy Les Crane. Virginia Graham must not be forgotten. I shall not forget her screwing up her ponderous, bovine face (which I always believed to have been the result of male-hormone shots in the neck) and screeching, "What! Let me get this straight. You two go to a party, and she goes off into a room with another girl's husband, and you go off into a room with someone else's wife. I just don't know what to say. We'll be back in a moment."

As Plato said in the *Apologia*, looking back over his career: "It's tough, you know. Everybody wants to be the star. People don't believe, don't have the remotest idea about the work that goes into something like this. But then, every once in a great while, you are lucky enough to meet somebody like Shecky and it's all incredibly worthwhile. You know? Really! It's true! Really!" I'm sure Merv Griffin would agree. He always does. *—Nick Tosches*

FILMS

IN ANOTHER COUNTRY

Rainer Werner Fassbinder has been called a phenomenon so many times that it may not hurt to call him a phenomenon once more—the most distinguished German filmmaker, who is also the fastest gun in Western Europe, with thirty-three movies to overmatch his thirty-one years of age and such speed in working that he'll probably have finished another between the time I write this and the time you read it in print. ***Despair*** could be Fassbinder's make-or-break movie, the first one in his prolific life's work to have an international starring cast. English-language dialogue, and a budget of an order (several million dollars) that Fassbinder has never had to live up to before.

Traditionally, this is where the European art-film director meets his master—though I could name you a number of European art-film directors, from Lubitsch and Lang to Milos Forman, who have met the master without much embarrassment. But *Despair*, even in this context, represents quite a bundle. Based on a book by a great expatriate Russian novelist, Vladimir Nabokov; adapted by a brilliant English playwright, Tom Stoppard; performed by an English leading man, Dirk Bogarde, and a French leading lady, Andréa Ferréol—it would seem about as foreign to Fassbinder's previous work as any film he made in Germany about Germany could be. Actually, much of the "foreignness"—the use of Nabokov, Stoppard, etc.—was Fassbinder's own choice. It turns out to be a very good choice. This is his least Germanic but most perceptive film about his country. And it is some of the most successful risk taking I've ever seen.

Despair takes place in Germany in the early 1930s. It concerns an elegant Russian émigré named Hermann Hermann (Bogarde), married to a sweet, plump, and scatterbrained woman (Ferréol) who adores her husband but nevertheless continues an affair with her "cousin," an incompetent artist who is something of a personal traitor as well. Hermann runs a chocolate factory where all the candy wrappings and all the walls and all the employees' uniforms are a pale lavender. And he lives in a sumptuous Art Deco apartment full of glass dividers and mirrors, where the surfaces keep breaking up into a sort of cubist multiplication of images.

Since Hermann Hermann, as his name suggests, is already on the way to splitting in two, it is not so surprising that he should devise a scheme for changing his life by creating a double—from an unemployed worker he thinks is a look-alike—with whom he can switch identities and whom he can then conveniently kill. The plan fails. The double fools nobody. The treacherous lover betrays the hero. And Hermann finds, not a new identity, but rather the ultimate failure of all the elaborate visual strategies by which he's lived.

I've only scratched the surface of the story, which is very complex, elegant, playful, and maybe profound. Anyone who has read Nabokov's most famous and scandalous novel, *Lolita*, will recognize similarities, especially between the urbane Russo-German Hermann Hermann and his spiritual cousin Humbert Humbert, who pursues his fatal nymphet, Lolita, across the map of America. The controlling metaphor behind *Lolita* is in large part the history of American literature. The controlling metaphor behind *Despair* is something more like the history of movies. Hermann sits outside his own life and sees it often as a movie, starring Hermann—a clever idea in a novel and, because it is all too easy, a very dangerous one for the medium of film.

Fassbinder proves equal to the dangers, having devised a style of filming every bit as fancy as Nabokov's superingenious style of constructing a novel. The movie keeps perching—or swooping and swerving—outside its material, all the while delighting in it, decorating it, and finally seeing straight through it to the terrifying emptiness just beyond.

Dirk Bogarde's Hermann begins in artifice—perfect clothes, dyed-black hair, perhaps a touch of makeup—and ends, as he believes he is completing his disguise, with the face and soul of a middle-aged man laid bare. It is a fabulous performance, but like the movie that it exists in, also somewhat detached from and bemused by the character it brings to life.

Because it is such a clever and thoughtful adaptation, Fassbinder's fanciest movie may also be his most modest: his self-effacing homage to a talent, Nabokov, more important than his own. Whether audiences like *Despair* or not, whether it makes its millions back or not (there's some chance it won't), the man behind it has emerged, at least for the present, as the major filmmaker of his generation.

Dirk Bogarde and Andréa Ferréol.

Rainer Werner Fassbinder.

No sooner must he leave his adopted Switzerland and go home to Italy—because he's lost a job or committed some very un-Swiss indiscretion like peeing publically in a city square—than Nino (Nino Manfredi) knows he doesn't *want* to leave. And so he turns back to find another job, or outwit the immigration authorities, or just make himself momentarily blond and suitably non-Italian. Several times this happens; Nino accepts the inevitable and boards the train, only to realize he can't go back to the sun and the love songs in place of ambition—until it becomes for him a kind of pattern. What looks like plucky determination the first time or the second time finally reveals itself to be an unresolvable quandary. And that seems the central point about the human condition in Franco Brusati's half-sad, half-hilarious, wholly admirable ***Bread and Chocolate***.

The problem of the Italian worker in Switzerland (it *is* a problem, and it comes up regularly in newspaper stories and socioeconomic studies) isn't exactly new to the movies. In their own cinema, it is one of the things the Swiss tend to feel guilty about—along with making fine watches and being clean, prosperous, and peaceable. It is the subject of at least one superb fiction movie, Alain Tanner's *The Middle of the World*, and of some serious documentaries. But *Bread and Chocolate* is different because it was made by an Italian and from the point of view of one who doesn't have to prove that Swiss virtues are vices, or even hard work, lawfulness, or that long-limbed, exotic blondness toward which every Italian in the movie pathetically yearns.

Nino's particular problem is that he not only yearns; he also aspires to fit into that lovely country, with its lakes and trim parks and so much money to pay a laborer from the south. He almost makes it—in one guise or another—until his effusiveness, or his ineptness, or his sloppiness, or his absurd fastidiousness, or even his rather intelligent self-awareness gives him away. He is never merely ridiculous. Sometimes he is gallant and truly masterful. When he has the opportunity, he can be very kind. He wins the sympathy of a beautiful, highly educated Greek woman (Anna Karina) and her young piano-virtuoso son—another illegal alien, whom she must

keep hidden in her apartment all day. He would win her love as well, except that he has a wife back in Italy. And she must save herself for a man who can help her in the Swiss immigration office. It is altogether typical of the movie that even that fellow, for the thirty seconds we spend with him, turns out to be a good sort as well. *Bread and Chocolate* belongs to the mode of disillusioned comedy. But in fact it keeps uncovering the most unexpected sources of delicacy and decency. And this, along with a whole appealing subculture of the nonblond and the nonlong-limbed, amounts to a continuing redefinition of Swiss-Italian relations.

Some of the notices describe Nino Manfredi's performance as "Chaplinesque." The funniest passages recall Chaplin, though the movie works for a gentler, less corrosive sense of character. Manfredi belongs to the Italian tradition of suavely handsome burglars, from De Sica through Mastroianni—a tradition that owes a lot to Chaplin but allows for a broader range of focus, beyond the sharply ridiculous and the touchingly sentimental that were Chaplin's fortes.

Manfredi in Bread and Chocolate.

It's a potentially clichéd character type, and Manfredi falls into some of the clichés. That doesn't much matter, because his real gift is for inhabiting those clichés, making them funny all over again and responsive to his own sense of the life they contain.

Bread and Chocolate almost twists an arm to make you call it "bittersweet," but at its best it comes closer both to despair and to hilarity than such a small-scale term of appreciation allows. I can't pretend just mild enthusiasm for a movie that sometimes had me flattened in my seat in laughter. It's the best screen comedy of the season, a triumph for Manfredi, Karina, and especially director Franco Brusati.—*Roger Greenspun*

WORDS

THE KITSCH OF DEATH

Murder mysteries are back in force again. This year butlers will be neatly inflicting puncture wounds with a stunning array of ice picks, carving torsos according to Amy Vanderbilt's rules of etiquette, severing, bludgeoning, disemboweling, slicing, dicing, and chopping to the confoundment of the local dicks. Of course, if you've been reading the papers lately, every other sickie is trying to get into the act, too. To keep up with the changing times, butlers have decided to swing (in print) with any number of consenting psychopathic killers in a mutual fantasy for eluding the cops. The variations are simply frightening.

Aside from the usual stream of brash detectives and damsels in distress who frequent mysteries with all-too-surprising regularity, the most terrifying aspect of the new wave is the number of real cases on which they are based. Yesterday's headlines become today's best-sellers without the slightest hint of discretion. In this genre, New York City police detective Sonny Grosso (who was responsible for the famed French Connection bust), along with Philip Rosenberg, has written an unsettlingly "fictional" account of an unsolved case in ***Point Blank*** (Grosset & Dunlap, $10). Based on an occurrence of a few years back wherein hundreds of pounds of heroin and illicit cash actually disappeared from police custody, it reveals a shady world of dishonest cops and foreign drug importers involved in back-room deals and murder. Grosso himself becomes one of the book's revolving characters, fading in and out of this complex whodunit with catlike agility.

Along the same line, although not half so engrossing, is ***.44*** (Viking, $9.95), by Jimmy Breslin and Dick Schaap, a lifeless jaunt into the Son of Sam case. Breslin was, in fact, the reporter with whom the *real* killer made initial contact, but the intrigue and tension here are not so strong as they were in his previous newspaper accounts. This has little to do with the writers' abilities; instead, the book suffers from both lack of distance from the well-publicized event and too little fictional muscle to hold the reader's attention.

A gleaming gem amidst these semiprecious stones is ***Till Death Us Do Part*** (Norton, $10.95), by Manson-family prosecutor Vincent Bugliosi and Ken Hurwitz. (One begins to wonder why celebrated gentlemen cannot write these books on their own.) Bugliosi has exhumed one of his early court inquisitions about a psychotic spoiled brat who becomes involved in a spate of insurance murders—including one involving his own wife. In doing so, Bugliosi has painted a caricature of a mentally unbalanced person so subtly and skillfully as to hold the reader in the palm of his hand until the last, sweaty page. Don't read this one alone.

Death, humor, and police intrigue collide head-on in Dan Greenburg's ***Love Kills*** (Harcourt, Brace & Jovanovich, $7.95). The best of a slew of similar books, it follows the unfolding dilemmas of Detective Max Segal, a young, cheeky cop—who might best be described as being Garment Center Chic—among a police force of damaged goods. Segal is hot on the trail of a sex-crazed misogynist who is, with comic abruptness, methodically knocking off New York's most eligible single secretaries after sampling their wares. Segal is not amused, especially after discovering the next victim is to be his *shiksa* girl friend, Babette. Steven Whitney's ***Singled Out*** (Morrow, $8.95) is uncomfortably analogous in content, although an unidentical twin as far as entertainment goes. Here cop Brian Palmer sifts through the killings with all the toneless humor and flexibility of a CPA at tax time. He fares better than the reader, however, who is forced to sit through the stiff vignettes of gratuitous violence and still come up with nary a clue as to motivation. ***The Random Factor*** (Doubleday, $8.95), by Linda LaRosa and Barry Tannenbaum, has not one but four (count 'em—*four*) pernicious butchers, who form a club to stalk the citizenry of Manhattan. (Killers

never pick some wholesome city like Cincinnati—it's *always* the Big Apple.) Soon, a pattern develops, and the whole bloody affair is left to "brilliant criminologist Noah Aikman and his lawyer-daughter" Alexa, who pit their storybook radar devices against these grim reapers. Strictly cat-and-mouse.

For good, old-fashioned, page-turning fun, there is ***Fletch's Fortune*** (Avon, $1.95), a continuation of the adventures of Gregory MacDonald's roguish agent, Fletch, who has as many scruples as a Watergate defendant and about as many friends. This time out, I.(rwin) M.(aurice) Fletcher is blackmailed by the CIA into attending a convention of the American Journalism Alliance and, after planting listening devices in the rooms, eavesdropping on his former colleagues. Of course, what would a collection of drooling news hounds be like without a murder on their hands? And McDonald provides one, along with an astounding number of motives. Fletch sets out to discover the killer's identity and does so with a flair that has been absent from novels of this sort since the days of vintage James Bond.

For nostalgia mystery buffs, ***Murder on The Yellow Brick Road*** (St. Martins, $7.95) aptly resuscitates the 1940s' hard-boiled detective in a setting equally wistful. Author Stuart Kaminsky—whose earlier *Bullet for A Star* allies detective Toby Peters with Errol Flynn in tracking down a blackmailer—now pits Peters against the killer of a munchkin on the set of *The Wizard of Oz*. Kaminsky's blending of fact with fiction is absolutely delightful as he involves young Judy Garland and a full galley of studio executives in the well-plotted investigation. The classic ***Trent's Last Case*** (Perennial, $1.95), by E. C. Bentley, is another sentimental whodunit. First printed in 1913 and only now reissued in softcover, it was supposedly the first piece of detective fiction to show the sleuth as a human being with mortal frailties. The story follows the case of a murdered millionaire through the eyes of Phillip Trent, who, with positively heroic deductive reasoning, pegs the culprit in the nick of time from a mammoth cast of likely suspects.

Today, most of those fast-talking, punch-drunk detectives like Philip Marlowe and Sam Spade have evolved into three-piece-suited logic experts having degrees in criminology from U.C.L.A. The New Mystery Story thus resembles a psychological study into the homicidal mentality and its ensuing effects on society. Some people don't have any fun anymore.

Perhaps the most "intellectual" author-criminologist today is Janwillem van de Wetering. Mr. van de Wetering is a master of detail, and in ***The Blond Baboon*** (Houghton Mifflin, $7.95), with a portraitist's eye for the microcosm and a Hitchcockian knack for creating suspense, he investigates the seamy, gray world of a murdered nightclub singer. But if you're after psychopathic police thrillers with more grit, you would do well to ingest the Martin Beck series, by the devious team of Maj Sjowall and Per Wahloo. The coauthors are best known for the films made of their books *(The Laughing Policeman, Man on The Roof)*. However, ***Murder at the Savoy*** and ***The Terrorists*** (Vintage, $1.65) utilize more intriguing plot lines and pace, leaving the reader hanging until the final, terrifying scenes.

No matter which mode of literary mayhem you ultimately select to keep you guessing, never trust a cheap blonde with a wad of bills, and keep your eye on the butler.—*Robert Stephen Spitz*

SOUNDS

AT HOME WITH THE BLUES

Contrary to numerous reports, the blues is not dead. It isn't even dying. In fact, the blues is as healthy as it can be and still be blues.

Consider the evidence. Willie Dixon, a veteran blues bassist, surprised the Berlin Jazz Festival this year by bringing over a group of talented young blues musicians, most of whom were in their mid-twenties. Alligator Records, a scrappy Chicago label run by a resourceful young entrepreneur named Bruce Iglauer, has been unleashing a series of memorable blues albums and backing them with tours. Iglauer's hottest property, blues guitarist **Son Seals**, recently turned thirty-five. "The guys I used to play blues with in Arkansas got off into disco for a while," Seals says, "but now a lot of them are back with the blues. I see guys who are younger than I am sitting in around Chicago all the time."

And in one of the most dramatic career reversals in blues history, **Muddy Waters**, the dean of electric bluesmen, has become a pop star. His albums *Hard Again* and *I'm Ready* (Blue Sky), produced by the white blues-and-rock guitarist Johnny Winter, have sold hundreds of thousands of copies—more than Waters sold even at the height of his popularity, in the early fifties.

A few years ago none of this would have seemed very plausible. The blues revival of the late sixties was gone with the wind. English rockers who once played (mostly) blues had rethought their options and were into either softer rock or heavy metal. Chess and the other great blues labels of the fifties and sixties were out of business. Disco and the mellow sound were king. But as many blues

Marc Pokempner

Son Seals.

musicians have insisted, the blues never die. You could still hear blues any night of the week in any one of a dozen taverns in Chicago, the undisputed center of blues activity. You could hear it at college blues festivals and on occasional album releases by such never-say-die blues labels as Delmark, Testament, and Arhoolie.

All that was needed was a new audience, and now the audience is there. It seems to consist of young, white rock fans and, surprisingly, some young blacks. During the sixties and early seventies, black listeners rejected the blues because it smacked of the old days. They wanted to hear "Sing It Loud, I'm Black and I'm Proud," not "Sing It Low, I'm Black and I'm Poor." But attitudes change, and while most younger black record buyers and concertgoers still prefer funk or jazz, a surprising number have been turning up at blues concerts for a taste of their roots.

The new bluesmen come out of the same culture that produced the blues masters: either they were born and grew up in the rural South or they surfaced in the midst of recently transplanted southerners in Chicago's ghetto. Their sound reflects the times. Instead of the loping shuffle rhythms favored by fifties blues bands, they play urgent, funky rhythm patterns. They sing about contemporary concerns, as bluesmen have always done, but their relationship to blues tradition is usually deep and direct. **Johnny B. Moore**, the remarkable twenty-five-year-old lead guitarist in blues-shouter Koko Taylor's band, grew up with Chicago blues musicians and remembers being bounced on the knee of Magic Sam, a seminal guitar bluesman of the fifties. Son Seals's father ran a juke joint in Osceola, Ark., where Son heard Sonny Boy Williamson and other blues greats before he was old enough to walk.

Of all the younger blues musicians, Seals is the most exciting. His second Alligator album, *Midnight Son*, burns from beginning to end, with raw, metallic guitar runs and darkly passionate vocals, all wrapped in a brilliant Alligator production that adds contemporary rhythms and bright horn parts without cutting Seals's grease and grit. A forthcoming album, recorded live in Chicago, promises to be even more rewarding.

Raymond Ross

Muddy Waters: the dean of electric bluesmen.

Seals is still young, still growing. He could be playing disco, and occasionally he does throw in a soul or funk hit, but only if he can make it suit his style. "When I was a teenager," he explains, "guys like B. B. King and Junior Parker would come into Osceola on weekends and call me, get me to play with 'em. I was learning the guitar, but mostly I was playing drums. I was drumming behind Robert Nighthawk when I was fifteen. So for me, it's the blues."

Most of the other young bluesmen in Chicago feel the same way. They grew up with the music, they value it, and they want to keep it going. They are flattered by attention from the outside world, from American whites and from European or Japanese fans. One Chicago blues musician, a veteran of the fifties, read about himself in an English blues magazine and went around town telling people, "You know, I'm an important transitional figure between the blues and rock 'n' roll." But basically blues musicians are concerned with their own culture, the blues culture. "I went down to a club here in Chicago the other night, and they had a group of real young guys playing the blues," Son Seals relates proudly. "People haven't heard about them yet, but as long as they're coming up, the music has a chance of staying alive."

In Chicago, which attracted more black families from the blues heartland of Mississippi and Arkansas than did any other city during the massive migrations of 1910–1950, a white blues fan can hear some of the finest blues musicians alive without leaving the bustling North Side entertainment district. On a recent evening, **Otis Rush**, whose Delmark album *Cold Day in Hell* includes some of the most passionately expressive blues performances on record, was holding forth at the Wise Fools Pub. The Fools is so tiny that Rush had to make his way to the bandstand by pushing between two crowded tables, but once he plugged in and began playing and singing his tough, deliberate blues, he had each listener in the palm of his hand. A few blocks down the street at a larger club. Elsewhere, **Jimmy Rogers** and **Walter Horton**, the seasoned guitarist and harmonica player from Muddy Waters's fifties recordings, were on the stand, playing a gentler, older, but still assertive brand of blues. Muddy himself was on the road, playing to packed theaters full of young rock fans.

For a music that has long been considered the *sine qua non* of soul by rock musicians, the blues has proved unusually resistant to white interpreters. Some white musicians do make convincing bluesmen—**Jerry Portnoy** and **Bob Margolin** of the Waters band come to mind—but blues is a subtle language whose nuances and inflections are absorbed consciously and unconsciously, almost from birth, by black bluesmen, and they remain its most effective interpreters. It may seem ironic that the Windy City, which can be a cold, forbidding place indeed, should have become the home for a music that was born in the sun-drenched cotton fields and still, moss-hung cypress swamps of the southland. But **Eddie Boyd**, the blues pianist, spoke for many of the city's blues artists when he told an interviewer from the magazine *Living Blues*, "The most enjoyment I ever had out of life in America was in Chicago. It wasn't peaches and cream, man, but it was a hell of a lot better than down there, where I was born."—*Robert Palmer*

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BITTER H

Photograph by James R. Smith

Betrayed by the first farmer since Thomas Jefferson to become

PART ONE: THE DESTRUCTION OF THE AMERICAN FARMER

Things will be better for those farmers who can survive.—James Earl Carter, Jr., at a meeting with farm leaders in 1978.

On January 20, 1977, the oath of office was administered to James Earl Carter, Jr., of Plains, Ga., and he became the first farmer to assume the presidency since Thomas Jefferson of Shadwell, Va., did so on March 4, 1801. That distinction was the most prominent feature in the day's extensive press accounts of the new chief executive's life.

Ironically enough, as a young man, Jimmy Carter hadn't really wanted any part of farming. When Carter abandoned Georgia for the United States Naval Academy, he had clearly decided to leave turning red dirt to those whose dreams could fit inside the confines of tiny (population 683) Plains. His couldn't. Carter figured that his younger brother, Billy, would be old enough to take over the family's farm and wholesale peanut shed whenever his father, James Earl, Sr., was no longer able to run the business. It took a family tragedy to get Jimmy Carter back from the navy and on the farm to live. In 1953, when brother Billy was still sixteen, James Earl, Sr., died suddenly of cancer and Jimmy cut his military career short to return to Plains, intent on saving his family's business from financial collapse.

In his first year back, the future president grossed around $90,000 and out of that netted something in the neighborhood of $200.

Although the benefits didn't show up in his 1953 ledgers, Jimmy Carter had returned in the middle of a transformation in the peanut industry. This transformation grew out of two parallel developments. The first of these was mechanization. Picking machinery, which let farmers multiply their acreage to more than six times their previous practical size, was introduced into Georgia during the fifties. Other technology proceeded to modernize quickly the drying, shelling, and sorting end of peanuts as well. Jimmy Carter followed the technological advance and bought his first peanut

HARVEST

BY DAVID HARRIS

president, farmers struck for the first time in American history.

sheller late in the 1950s. The Carters finally replaced that first sheller with the latest model during the year before Jimmy won the presidency. The new machine is the size of half a city block, cost more than $1 million, shells 2,400 pounds of peanuts an hour, and has electric eyes that sort out the culls. The addition of the first sheller had let the Carter family business deal directly with such processors as Best Foods and Procter and Gamble, instead of selling through a middleman commercial sheller. The profits from that advance into the market paid for the new machine. The peanut market the Carters dealt in had proved consistently rewarding.

This stable market was the second development in the continuing transformation of the peanut industry, and the federal government is largely responsible for it. Government support for the peanut industry takes two basic forms. The first is the control of supply. The total tonnage of peanuts available to U.S. buyers is limited by both import restrictions and a federal program which requires that a farmer possess one of a limited number of government allotments in order to plant and harvest peanuts legally. The second form of governmental support is a system of federal purchases designed to ensure demand. Any peanuts not wanted by processors can be sold to the U.S. Department of Agriculture. The year Jimmy Carter began his run on the presidency, the USDA purchased 30 percent of the domestic peanut crop. During the month Carter accepted the Democratic party nomination, the government was paying $415 a ton for peanuts that were selling at $250 on the world market.

With that kind of help, wholesaling peanuts became a hard business in which to lose money. The Carters had done well by Plains's standards. In 1976 candidate Jimmy's net worth was estimated at $600,000. By then, the bulk of the Carter family business was concentrated in buying and selling peanuts, and the family simply grew seed peanuts on the side. The Carters' 228-acre peanut allotment was sharecropped by Leonard Wright, a black man who lived down the road.

Even so, it was as a farmer that Jimmy Carter became known to the rest of the nation. His projected image of farmer was a key element in his success. Although farmers make up only 3.8 percent of the nation's population and have relatively few votes, they are the living repositories of some of our central cultural myths and images. Since few urban voters actually know any farmers, the role has receded into a set of distant yet responsive chords in the electorate's mind, ideal material for advertising purposes. Farmers get up early, feed the chickens, eat well, practice traditional and patriotic virtues, and don't have smog. In noisy, nervous, and alienated urban and suburban America, a farmer seemed reliable, honest, and, above all, safe. Atlanta ad man Gerald Rafshoon's campaign commercials showed Jimmy Carter in jeans and work boots, striding through the red clods of Georgia toward a far line of pines. Jimmy's peanut became a symbol of virtue and the common person.

Jimmy Carter continued to seem the farmer on the day of his inauguration. Instead of riding in the president's armored limousine, the Carter family walked down Pennsylvania Avenue to the White House. The farmer's morning stroll was the lead on the evening news and was seized upon as a brilliant stroke of rural style, not to mention its being a goldmine of video opportunities.

At the time no one thought to consider this stroll an omen of things to come. In the middle of that winter, it was too much to imagine that one year later a crowd of more than 10,000 angry farmers would take the same route along Pennsylvania Avenue. They would call for a national agricultural strike and say nothing but bad things about the farmer who had preceded them the year before. Before the last wave of farmers finally left in April, they would stand outside the cast-iron White House fence, screaming that Jimmy Carter should never call himself a farmer again.

There are as many reasons for the farmers' political showdown as there are farms, but the farm that Jimmy Carter left behind had as cogent a collection as any other farm did. When Carter left for Washington, Leonard Wright was given full use of the Carter land without having to share the profits. Wright proceeded to plant corn and peanuts. That spring corn was selling at $2.50 a bushel. By June 1977 it was clear that Georgia was in the midst of the worst drought since 1954. At harvesttime Wright's cornstalks came up only as high as his knee, and the peanut yield was poor. By then corn prices had fallen to $1.80 a bushel, far below Wright's cost of production. Wright wouldn't say exactly how much money he had lost, but he did admit that he'd have to go back to the bank for refinancing in order to continue farming. By October 1977 Leonard Wright was considering applying for a federal disaster loan.

James Earl Carter, Jr., of Plains, Ga., the thirty-ninth president of the United States, had picked the right time to get out of farming. The bottom was rapidly falling out of the business.

Although the publicly buttressed and relatively tiny peanut industry had been slow to feel the effects of the worst farm depression in four decades, it had been brewing for three years when Jimmy Carter took office.

According to USDA statistics, the United States had some 2.7 million farms in the beginning of 1977. Altogether they were the single biggest industry in the economy. Ninety-nine percent of those farms remain family operations, although their sizes vary greatly. Nineteen percent of them produce 78 percent of total U.S. agricultural output. By far the largest number of farms (1.4 million) grow wheat in the wide belt of prairies between southern Montana, northern Texas, eastern Colorado, and the Oklahoma-Arkansas border. Corn and soybeans are the next most common crops and are grown all over the Midwest and South. From a total national investment of $564 billion in 1976, agricultural producers netted only some $20 billion. At that rate of return, an average of 1,000 farmers a week went out of business. After we make adjustments for the bloat in the dollar over the years, we find that 1976 was the worst year in real farm income since 1936. Within four months after Jimmy Carter's inauguration, it was clear that 1977 would be even worse and would approach 1934 in terms of total agricultural disaster. There was little relief in sight. In June 1977 *Fortune* magazine estimated that the total net farm income in 1978 could drop as low as $17 billion, a return to the depths of the 1929 depression in rural economies.

> “After Carter had been president for a year, thousands of farmers stood in front of the White House screaming that he should never call himself a farmer again.”

Rising production expenses were obviously eating agriculture alive. In five years costs of fertilizers had risen by 253 percent. Diesel tractor fuel that cost seventeen cents a gallon in 1972 cost forty-three cents a gallon in 1977. One expensive 1972 tractor costing $16,000, unchanged in design except for a new door latch and a different seat, sold in its 1977 version for $32,000, a 100 percent increase in five years. During that same period farmers' prices have traveled in the opposite direction. In 1949 one Kansas farmer sold his wheat at $1.90 a bushel. In 1977 a bushel of wheat sold for $1.64. It cost the average 1977 wheat farmer $3.55 to raise a bushel of grain. The price paid to farmers for that same bushel never rose above $2.80 and dropped as low as $2.03. Stated in simple terms, by the time Jimmy Carter became president, most of the nation's farmers had spent several years paying cash out of their pockets for the right to spend eighteen hours a day, six days a week, feeding the United States and a good portion of the rest of the world.

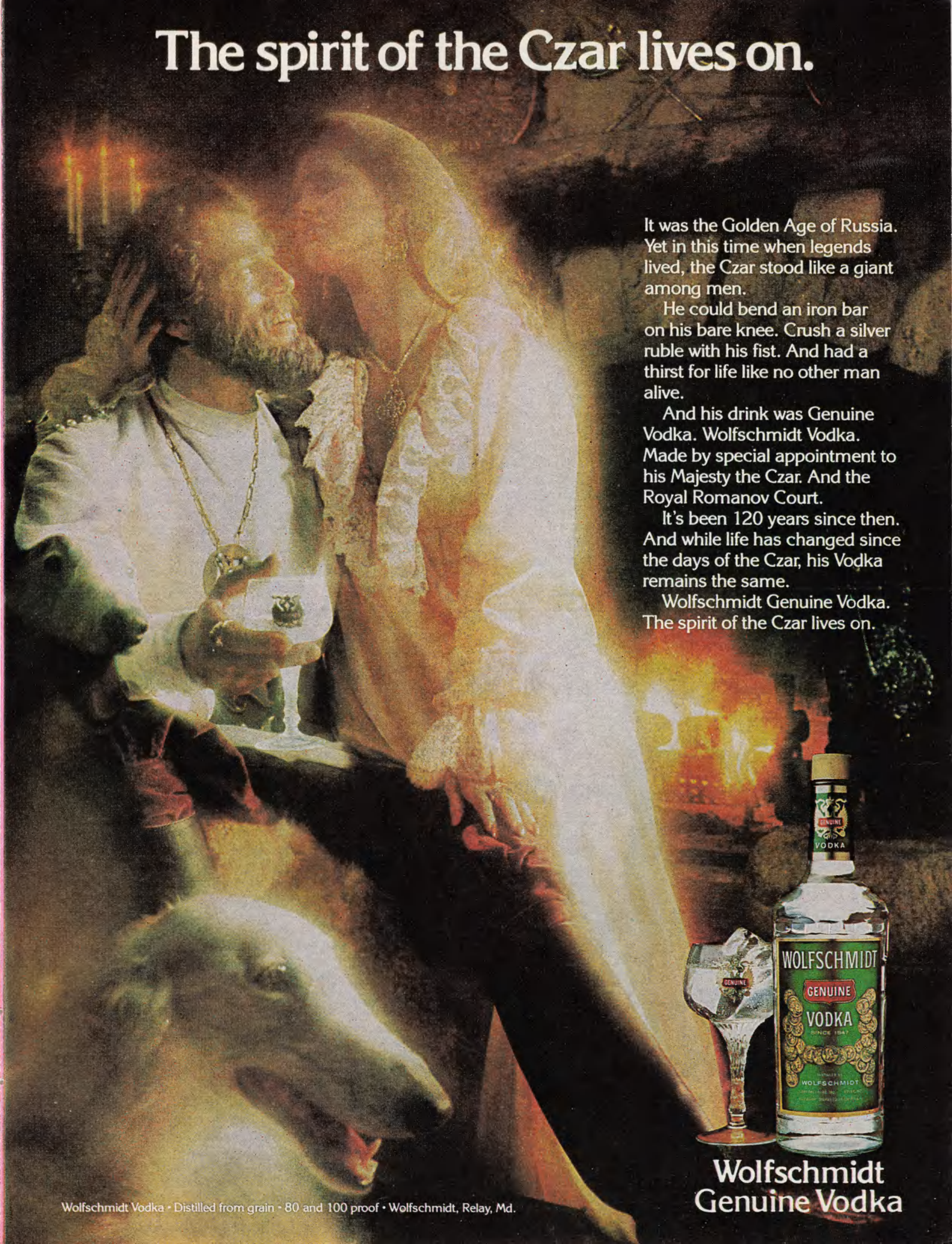
The only return that farmers were getting on their efforts took monetary form in the value of the land they farmed. Since 1972 the average worth of U.S. farmland has risen between 15 and 35 percent a year, while farm income has remained basically untouched and sagging. To gain access to that wealth, farmers either had to sell their land or had to borrow on the basis of it. The first option was an anathema to most farmers. More than a business, farming was their culture. Plowing ground, raising crops, living in small towns, and going to church—this was the way they thought people ought to live, but it was an impossible proposition without their land. Taking their capital gains, moving to the suburbs for a job in a tractor plant, and becoming someone else were things they did only when there was no other choice.

As a result, most farmers mortgaged their inflated equities in order to continue farming at a loss. Total farm debt between 1960 and 1977 increased 400 percent, and more than half of that increase has occurred in the last five years. Interest payments as a percentage of farmers' net income have risen from 20 to 40 percent in the same five years. By the time Jimmy Carter took his oath, the farmers were reaching the limits of their capacity to support this debt structure, and it had begun to totter.

One of the ironies of the increasingly disastrous economics of farming is that the family farm has always been pointed to as one of the greatest of American institutions, clear proof of the correctness of our "system." Although 144 of the United Nations' 150 member nations can't feed themselves, this network of small, family-farming businesses produces consistently bountiful portions of food at by far the lowest prices in the world. Attempts to replace family farms with corporate enterprise have, aside from accruing tax advantages, proved a failure. The secret to the system's acclaimed success is that, unlike wage workers or a nationalized proletariat, well-equipped people who work their own land will invest all their energies in it. They go out in bad weather and don't take holidays. Out of pride in themselves, they nurse food along, calling on the lessons learned by four and five generations.

Most of the present forces propelling farmers toward bankruptcy arose from the position of extreme disadvantage they occupy in relation to their suppliers on the one hand and their market on the other. By 1977

The spirit of the Czar lives on.



It was the Golden Age of Russia. Yet in this time when legends lived, the Czar stood like a giant among men.

He could bend an iron bar on his bare knee. Crush a silver ruble with his fist. And had a thirst for life like no other man alive.

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the nation's 2.7 million agricultural producers were caught in a vicious "free market" sandwich. In order to farm, they had to buy supplies from a set of agricultural service and manufacturing industries that have been described by a number of economists as "shared monopolies," an arrangement whereby a small number of companies effectively controls an industry and acts in unspoken agreement in order to mutually milk the market. Two corporations, Deere & Co. and International Harvester, sell 57 percent of all farm machinery. Four firms supply 74 percent of all agricultural chemicals, and another four sell 67 percent of all farm petroleum products. More than half of all hybrid seed sold in the United States is sold by either Dekalb or Pioneer seed companies. The huge size of these agribusiness suppliers gives them an overwhelming advantage over the farmers.

The same difficulties characterize the farmers' attempts to pass on to others their constantly rising costs in the marketplace. Grain farmers are typical. The grain farmer's customer and immediate link in the food chain is the commodity merchant. This merchant in turn sells the grain he purchases to an agricultural processor, who sells to a food manufacturer, who sells to food merchants, who in turn sell to grocers, who sell to the consumer. Since 90 percent of the world's exportable grain supply is produced in the United States, virtually all the trading of the world's commodity merchants is centered in either the Minneapolis, Chicago, or Kansas City Boards of Trade. The bidding on the floors of those boards sets the farmers' prices through a process so elaborate and instantaneous that few farmers a thousand miles away on their tractors can even keep steady track of it, much less participate in it. Thousands of merchants pass paper on the board, trying to buy low and sell high, but as usual, the giants dominate the pricing. Cargill Inc. and Continental Grain Company alone control 50 percent of all international grain trade. As a result, grain prices have had a long habit of reflecting the economics of commodity merchants rather than that of farmers.

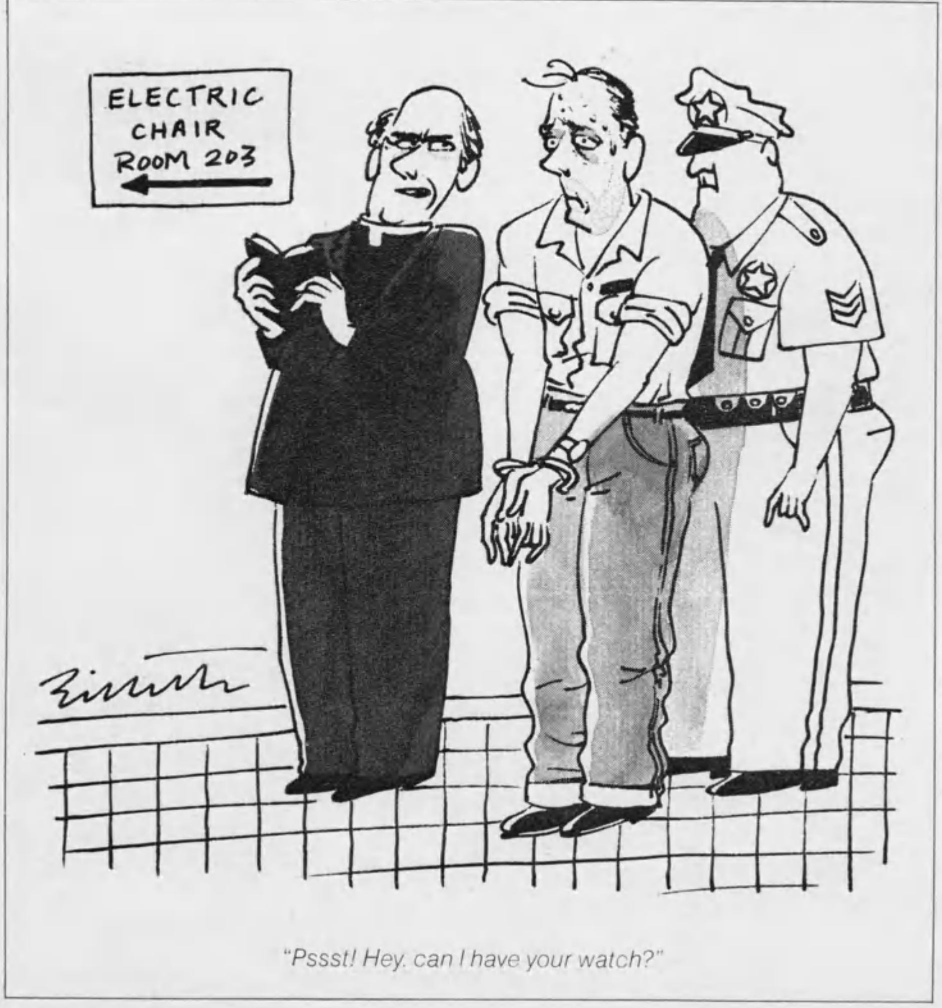
The only potential weapons the farmers have for wresting control of their pricing structure is either withholding their product from the market or producing less. The first option is currently relatively useless, since only a minority of farmers have access to the necessary storage capacity for any longer than a year and even fewer have cash flows enabling them to continue without harvest income sufficient for paying the prolonged storage charges involved in waiting the Board of Trade out.

Producing less, the second option, is the source of farming's biggest dilemma. Farming is one of the few occupations in which the success of the entire membership is a collective disaster. When things are going well in banking, each banker prospers. If all the nation's autoworkers are working at their maximum, successfully producing cars, each of them is obviously succeeding. However, if every farmer has a good harvest, every farmer goes broke. American agriculture is enormously productive, easily surpassing the appetites of the world's best and most cheaply fed people. In years when weather and pests fail to cut out large chunks of the world harvest, the Board of Trade is glutted and prices hit the basement. Only shortage will bring them up again. For example, when summer hailstorms sweep across a county whose farmland is rich in soybeans, the few farmers in the neighborhood whose plants haven't been reduced to pulp stand to make a lot of money out of the community's misfortune. Pitted against each other as they are, farmers have a history of acting as separate individuals, and cooperative efforts to hold down production have traditionally failed miserably.

For fear of being among those whose harvest is destroyed by hail, most farmers prefer to plant as much as possible and are often swamped in the resulting glut. When evaluated according to its precision and reliability as a means of planning both our own and the world's food supply, the farming end of the food chain closely resembles the early World War I fighter plane, whose pilot randomly fired his machine gun through the path of his own spinning propeller, hoping that he wouldn't hit a blade, disable the engine, and fall 4,000 feet straight down, without a parachute.

Since World War I, military aviation has developed to the point where it has weaponry that can be aimed dead center on a target traveling twice the speed of sound and invisible to the pilot's eye. The only thing farm production planning has added during that same sixty-year period is the parachute.

Ever since the great farm depression of 1924 culminated in the stock market crash of 1929, the federal government has played the role of breaking agriculture's fall. Franklin Roosevelt's administration, in its working analysis of the causes of depression, gave agricultural failure a key role. The precipitating problem, it was argued, was that extremely low agricultural prices and income were out of synch with the rate of reward in the rest of the economy. The resulting massive farm failure was eventually catastrophic to the entire nation. Attempting to determine a level of subsidy that would bring rural and urban economies back into balance, Roosevelt's Agricultural Adjustment Administration eventually struck on the years 1910–14 as a model. That period of U.S. history had been characterized by a healthy balance of prosperity. Thus a mathematical formula was developed that would translate present prices into farmers' 1914 economic power. That model was called "parity," and all subsidies were set at a percentage of the "parity index." Percentages of parity were used as agricultural-subsidy yardsticks until 1973, when the subsidies were



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phased out by Earl Butz, Richard Nixon's secretary of agriculture.

Since then, the great bulk of government agricultural programs has relied on two thrusts: low-interest, nonrecourse USDA loans and a system of target prices set by Congress and adjusted at the discretion of the secretary of agriculture. In the first program money is lent with future crops placed as collateral. The loan is keyed to a "loan price" that theoretically sets a bottom on the various commodity markets. Whenever the market price falls below the loan rate, the farmers enrolled in the program can forfeit their crops to the USDA and their notes are fulfilled. The loan rate on wheat in 1977 was around $2.30 a bushel, $1.25 below the cost of production. The system of USDA target prices pays the enrolled farmers a direct subsidy that will make up for the difference between the market and target prices at the end of the year. In early 1977 the target price of wheat was $2.47 a bushel, $1.08 below farmers' costs. If 1977 prices were set at 100 percent of parity, wheat would have brought farmers $5.05 a bushel.

In the past farmers had obviously gotten a lot more from Congress, but these days the political numbers are running in the opposite direction. The total percentage of the population engaged in farming has dropped steadily for the last sixty years, sinking from 80 to 3.8 percent. With the exception of a few select products, this has meant a steady reduction of political influence for most farmers. At the same time, the American consumer movement came into maturity, and politicians were quick to pit the one constituency against the other. Farm prices, it began being argued, should be kept down in order to help consumers. Richard Nixon gave *de facto* recognition to this new political pecking order in 1973, when he froze beef retail prices in response to a housewife boycott, knocking the bottom out of the cattle market in the process.

There are two primary ironies in the pitting of farmers against consumers. The first is that farmers are the biggest consumers of all. An enormous amount of America's domestic industrial production is consumed by agriculture. In 1977 farmers owned millions of trucks, tractors, combines, corn pickers, and assorted implements, valued at $72.3 billion. Their family cars alone cost more than $7 billion. Every farmer is serviced by ten merchants, and every agricultural dollar makes seven more before it is finished circulating in the economy.

The second irony is that shopper's prices bear little relationship to farmers' income. Over the years the processing, not the production, of food has come to dominate the consumer price structure. When buying cornflakes, the consumer pays the grocer thirty-seven dollars a bushel for corn the commodity merchant bought for somewhere around $1.80 a bushel. If cotton farmers donated their crops to the shirtmaking industry, the cost of a ten-dollar shirt would drop only thirty-five cents.

Ironic or not, this political opposition between the two extreme ends of the food chain has characterized American food policy throughout the 1970s. As a presidential candidate, James Earl Carter, Jr., the peanut farmer from Plains, Ga., pledged himself to stand up for farmers in the conflict.

"I will," he promised during a harvesttime visit to the corn belt in 1976, "support prices equal to at least the cost of production." Like most of Carter's promises, it was clear and simple. The problem with the future president's pledge was that farmers remembered it, even after Jimmy Carter apparently considered it ancient history. Eventually, the widening gap between Carter's promise as a peanut farmer and his performance as chief executive was filled with an angry rush of men and tractors that splashed across the nation's front pages and TV screens under the heading of "The 1977 Farm Strike."

The 1977 farm strike was basically a reaction to both the collapsing farm economy in general and the inadequacy of Jimmy Carter's 1977 farm bill in particular. When the bill was finally passed by Congress in August 1977, its biggest effect was that 1977 wheat-support prices were raised to $2.90 a bushel, which was still sixty cents a bushel under the cost of production. Agriculture Secretary Bob Bergland, a former farmer and Minnesota congressman, said that the bill was full of new "benefits," but farmers, especially those in wheat, tended to disagree. If they were going to survive, they needed a lot more than Carter offered. By September 1977 the national press was full of reports about the president's sagging farm support. Bergland denied them.

"My own soundings vary," he told the *New York Times* on September 24, "but I don't see any farm revolt brewing at this point."

In fact, the agriculture secretary had just received strong indications to the contrary. On September 23, the day before Bergland's statement, he had attended a scheduled meeting with farmers in Pueblo, Colo. Three thousand wheat and milo producers showed up from as far away as Oklahoma and Kansas, and they were all angry. A number had brought their tractors along. The huge machines were parked out front with signs on them urging farmers to stop production until they received a fair price for their product. Inside the Pueblo Memorial Hall, whenever Bergland tried to defend the Carter farm policy, he was shouted down. Most of the farmers in the audience were part of what they called the "American Agriculture Movement" (AAM). Bergland had never heard of the group before, but he would hear a lot more of it soon.

AAM had no elected officers and no formal organization to speak of, but all its

CONTINUED ON PAGE 104

"Congratulations, Bernie, on being made a trustee."

NANCY

“Women complain about
being sex objects, but all of us are,
and we should be grateful
for it, not suppress it.”

❛Men tell me
I have a green thumb,
but they're
also talking about
the way I
make them grow.❜

GARDEN OF EARTHY DELIGHTS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MALINOWSKI

"I like to pamper men as much as I do my plants," nineteen-year-old Nancy Conway says, referring to the dozens of hanging plants, potted palms, and assorted flowers that flourish in her cozy San Diego apartment. "But I have to admit," she adds, "that plants are a whole lot more predictable! Lots of people, especially men, tell me I have a green thumb, and I do. But I somehow think the men are also talking about how I make *them* grow . . . you know, physically. It's second nature with me now."

"There's a season for everything, and I intend to enjoy my personal prime to the fullest. Women complain about being sex objects. But all of us are—men, too—and we should be grateful for it. . . not suppress it. I'm quite domestic, and I'd like to have a child someday. . . But right now the only thing I want to hold against my breast is the boy I'm going to fall in love with."

“I’d like to have a child, but right now the only thing I want to hold against my breast is the boy I’m going to fall in love with.”

Nancy works part-time evenings in a florist shop near the college she attends as a sophomore, majoring in music. "I think most things are intuitive," she tells us. "Feelings are just like music, and they matter, in a way, more than facts do, but certain facts help us understand each other better. I'd like to be a teacher one day, but even if I decide to marry and settle down instead, this kind of knowledge will help me relate in a much deeper way to the people I really care about."

Does she feel that
she's fully developed as a person?
"Well, I guess I am *physically*,"
she smiles. "And I'm glad I've been blessed
with a body that men want to
touch. I think I'm still pretty unsophisticated
in a lot of ways, but I'm
willing to learn, and I'm anxious to grow."

"But emotionally I think I need to find a really strong, mature man who can satisfy me in bed, and who'll encourage me to cultivate our relationship as carefully as I do my garden… Then," Nancy concludes, "I'll really be in full bloom."

Warning: Prolonged exposure to athletic training can be dangerous to your children's health.

THE OLYMPIC NIGHTMARE

BY ROBERT STEPHEN SPITZ

The coach paces the length of a tiled catwalk flanked by twenty-five nervous children. Their frightened, five-year-old faces stare at trembling feet while jet streams send new water rushing into the half-acre of blue below them. The intense Utah sun does little to soothe their trepidation.

"Goddamn it—into the pool!" sputters the coach, blowing on the whistle tied to his neck. "Now!" Only four pink bodies break rank; the rest stand frozen in oblivious mutiny on the pool's edge.

"In-to-the-pool," he screams, pushing four more bodies from behind in time to his angry words, his wrath accompanied by four delayed splashes. "Now, the rest of you . . . the rest of you are obviously not the kind of heroes your parents claim you to be. You're babies! And you don't belong here. You belong in cribs and diapers, but you don't belong in the company of the boys and girls who will someday win U.S. Olympic medals. I want you to go home and tell that to your parents; go home and disappoint them like you've disappointed me and all your friends."

As he turns his back to consult a clipboard, a clamor of splashes shatters the silence. He gives it another fifteen seconds before turning around again, and soon all twenty-five children are in the water, grasping the drain spout for life. He gives a short toot on his whistle and tries not to smile but cannot help himself. It works every time.

Two thousand miles away a similar incident is taking place on a renovated New Jersey farm. Sixteen boys between the ages of seven and eleven are attired in cotton track suits bearing the name of the sponsoring dairy company. Their blank stares seem to augment the sense of abandon they are feeling as they look at the three ominous metal hurdles in the middle of the field. Their coach, a forty-two-year-old gym teacher, addresses them at great length, asking for volunteers to make the first flying leap over the metal pilings. No one moves a muscle.

"You mean to tell me there are no men here?" he sneers. "You're all a buncha fairies? How am I gonna tell the Olympic judges that my team would rather play with dolls than take hurdles with the other men? You—Michaels and Janowski—you're elected."

Two boys not much taller than tree stumps climb halfheartedly to their feet. The looks on their faces signify executions are about to commence.

"Get ready . . . ," the coach shouts, preparing them; then, clapping his hands together, he yells, ". . . Go!"

Almost in union, they charge the metal hurdles, spring for clearance, and fail miserably. Janowski, a fifth-grader with Olympic ambitions, clasps his knees to his chest in pain as his coach turns away. "Next two!"

Welcome to Olympic boot camp, the place where young girls and boys train to become the athletic heroes of tomorrow. There are a number of these establishments across the United States where organized misinterpretation of Olympic training flourishes quite well. Compared with the teams of other participating nations, the U.S. Olympic team is about as loosely constructed as a summer-camp stage revue, and so there is a virtual absence of supervision for the detached kid who wants in on that dream of participating. Trying to get an answer out of the U.S. Olympic Committee on the point of national guidelines for a trainee is about as easy as finding your own way through the Pentagon: it's impossible to determine which way to

turn, and nobody wants to tell you. "Well, gee, I don't know what to tell you," says Olympics Director of Public Relations Bob Paul when asked where kids are training. "They're all over, I guess. We don't monitor these kids." Which is precisely the problem. Is it too much to ask that the U.S. Olympic Committee make periodic, unannounced visits to the private training institutions to monitor the relationship between child and coach? A simple system of checks and balances seems so little to ask to ensure that these kids walk away from this so-called beautiful, competitive experience with their sanity intact. But the Olympic Committee does nothing, allowing its influence to be usurped by corporate sponsorship. The kids need money to get them to qualifying meets, and business readily molds their beneficiary role into a respectable write-off.

The children's Olympics crusade runs something like this.

- Most of the children who participate in the "popular events" (swimming, skating, track and field, gymnastics) are recruited before the age of *eight*. They are segregated from other school friends—often family—and are shielded from anything that might deter them from absolute 100 percent efficiency. Many train in school-sponsored group programs. Those training alone become the spoiled children of "selfless" coaches who shelter them like puppies and guide them through their association on a leash of expectations. Their world revolves around their specialty. Whistles, stopwatches, stat sheets, videotaped practices—their education is a latter-day version of "Beat the Clock." But Bud Collier would be horrified if he were around to see it played by these rules.

- Whether coaches want to admit it or not, the majority of Olympic contenders are, in some manner or another, slaves to stimulants, be they as insignificant as an around-the-clock schedule of vitamins or as dangerous as pumping their muscles full of steroids. We're raising an army of adolescent pill-poppers. Adding weight is a priority stressed so often that some coaches attend dinners with their flock just to keep an eye on their plates. Diets are regulated with about as much controlled effect as that of a sinkerball: sometimes you get the desired result, and sometimes the objective goes wildly out of control. You make your best pitch, and you pray that it will go over the plate.

- Because of the stringent training schedules, the kids experience physical strain and mental fatigue on an all-too-frequent basis. Upper respiratory ailments, bone fractures, flu, and exhaustion invade these tired athletic shells with frightening regularity. As one track-and-field trainee put it, "If I win a gold medal for my effort, I plan on saying, 'I owe it all to my physician, who managed to keep me alive during training.' Then I'll have to figure out a way to pay him for the enormous medical bill I'm building up." The kids' days consist of training, school, training, sleep, training, and dreaming about training. It's a wonder that anybody lives to tell about the Olympic experience.

- Retirement is rarely planned for. All time and energy is expended on whipping the body into shape and setting and achieving certain goals. It's an assembly line of productivity, and only the winners are provided for. Few get coaching assignments; even fewer get by on endorsements. Unlike the similar devotion that some children give to preparing for ballet, absolute dedication to the Olympic goal prepares children for no such career. It leaves them high and dry with only a few pictures to show their kids. Thanks for the memories.

Meanwhile, the dream passes on to the next generation. Corporations support entire communities dedicated to turning out little contenders who resemble muscular chimpanzees. Psychologists are placed on retainer, their role being to motivate and prepare a child for winning at an age when most parents are more concerned with bed-wetting. Clothing manufacturers provide coaches for teams in return for endorsements of their newest swimwear. With big business behind the Olympics, no wonder that today more Americans are resolutely training for a shot at the Olympics—roughly 250,000, according to U.S. Olympic Committee estimates—than ever before.

> "You're babies!" screams one swimming coach. "I want you to go home and tell that to your parents; disappoint them like you've disappointed me."

Mission Viejo, Calif., is the ultimate corporate community, and its inhabitants are firmly dedicated to the proposition of Olympic supremacy. It used to be a dry-gulch town—one of the many desert ranches carved out of the Mission Indian Reservation that were loosely strung together between Los Angeles and the Mexican border. Today it is the Eden of Orange County, a company in itself, owned and operated by the Philip Morris Corporation. All residents are affiliated with the Mission Viejo Company, as are most community facilities, and the once-parched earth is a bedrock of split-level splendor and affluence.

Not so ironically, the town has spent hundreds of thousands of dollars cultivating a force of Olympic-potential swimmers. In 1976 it was represented in Montreal by multi-medal winners Shirley Babashoff and Brian Godell and by Casey Converse and Maryanne Graham. Last year alone, it spawned the top five women's world champions and sent squads as far as East Berlin in the name of détente. It takes a lot of cigarettes to keep this group afloat. Mission Viejo vows to maintain its stranglehold on the top swimming talent and anticipates that a solid delegation of its members will be representing the United States in Moscow. The trouble is that getting there ain't half the fun it used to be.

Mark Schubert, the Mission Viejo Natadores' coach, is a statue of Aryan determination. With his steel-blue eyes, his closely cropped blond hair, and his body a sawed-off barrel of pure muscle, Schubert paces in front of his team like an angry DI on maneuvers. It has been pouring for most of two days; so the team has been restricted to the weight room in the community center clubhouse—at least for the time being.

"Okay, people," he says, snapping them to attention. Nobody breathes. They wait. "I've got some bones to pick with you. You don't talk to me about your personal lives; you don't confide in me. Who's going to help you get to the Olympics if you don't come to me?" Sixty eyes burn with guilt. "Think it over. How many of you did I say needed to lose fifteen pounds last year? Well, those same people *still* need to lose fifteen pounds, dammit! Now get to work, *and I mean work*!"

Thirty young bodies collide in their mad scramble to get to the weight-station apparatus and to begin their preswim workout. For the next forty minutes, this group of youngsters spends two minutes of vigorous, unrelenting exercise at each of the twenty-four stations, pumping iron as Mark works on them psychologically from the sidelines.

The sight and sound of the human assembly line is startlingly reminiscent of the manual sweatshops in a Jacob Riis photograph: machines grinding away in proportion to the tensing of flesh, the toning of muscles, the suffering of endurance. Near the end of the rotation, a small Mexican girl, no older than eleven, is groaning with physical pain but spurred on by her will to compete with those able to handle the test. Everyone's face is bent in intense concentration at the weight stations. This is sheer determination. They are all competing with one another.

After the weight exercises, Mark takes the group through sixty jackknife Marine sit-ups and thirty-five pushups, a detail that leaves the entire group groaning on the floor. "Come on, you bunch of sissies," Mark prods them. "Let's see what you're made of. Get your suits on."

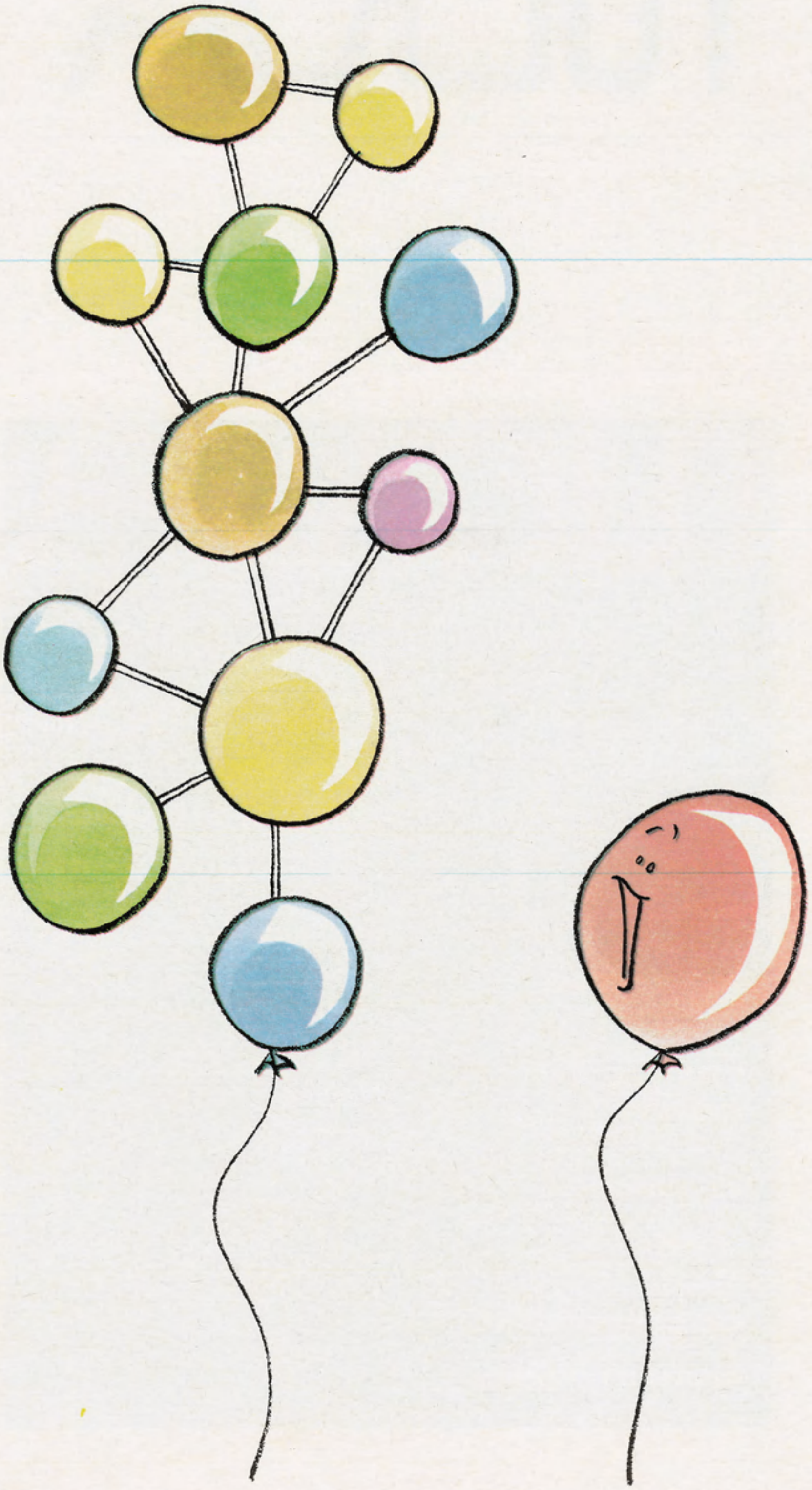
Outside, rain is stinging the heated pool water. It is fifty-one degrees—freezing cold in comparison with the usual Southern California heat—and random lightning lights the kids' terrified faces.

"This is so-o-o-o ridiculous," one lithe girl whispers to a friend perched on the side of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 146

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



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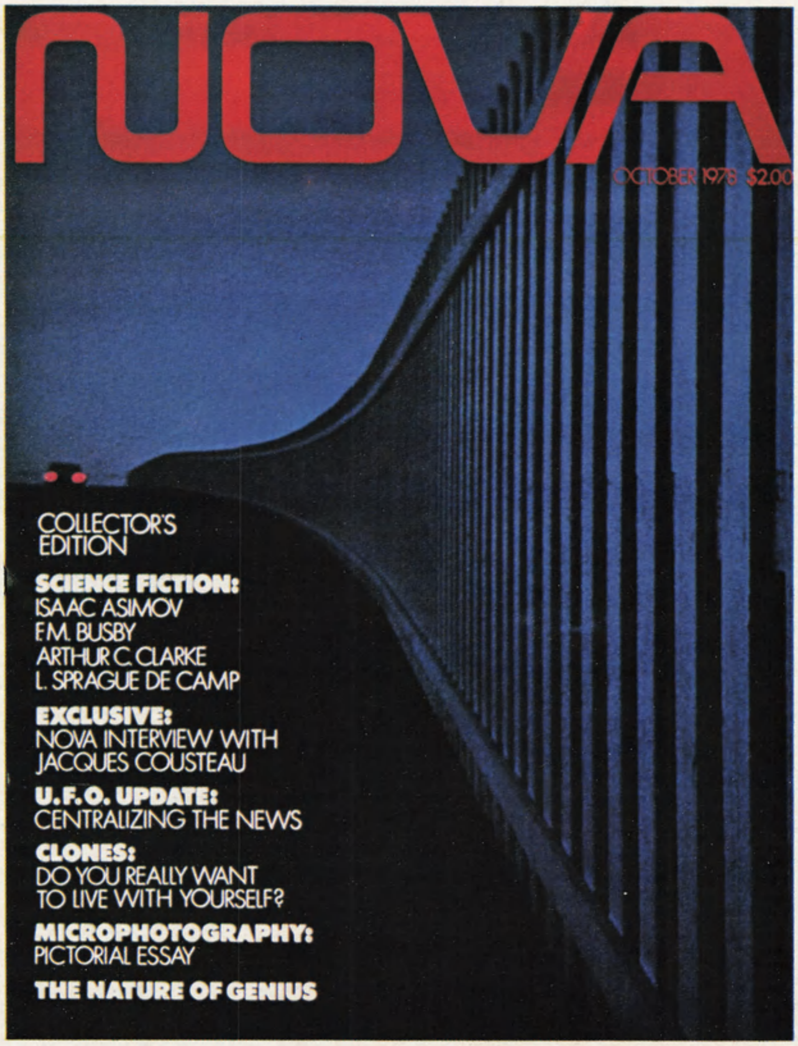

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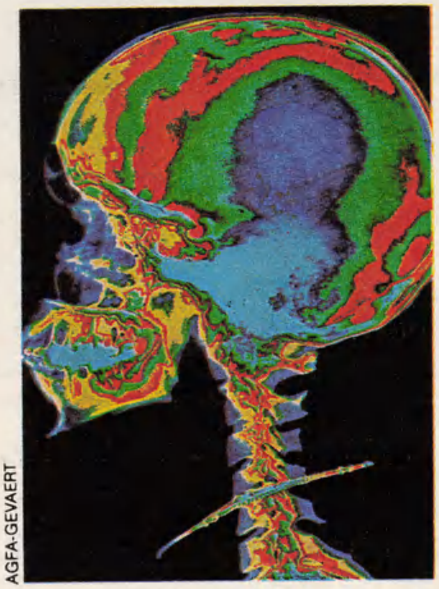

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AMTRAK BLUES

The unspeakable bureaucrats
who created the world's worst passenger
railroad and who strive daily to
keep it at an all-time low find that failure
is *rewarded* in Washington, D.C.

BY JOHN MAYBURY

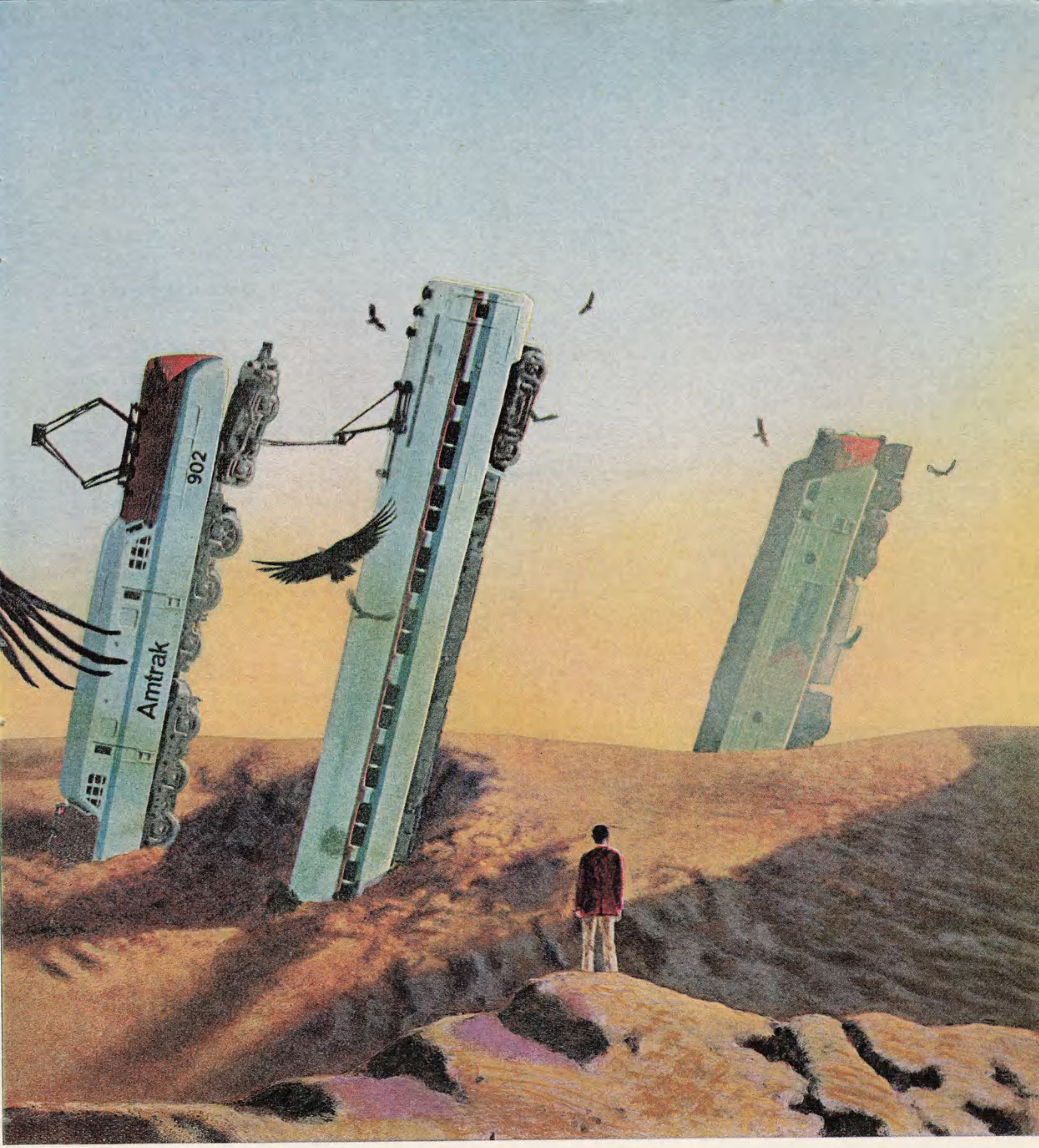
Things that go bump in the night, derailments, missing first-aid kits, filthy dining cars, service cutbacks, management martinets, and passenger horror stories—is this any way to run a railroad?

Amtrak has the blues.

"The richest country in the world has the worst passenger railroad service in the world. Amtrak is an abominable failure. Its trains run late. The ride is dangerous and uncomfortable," says James R. Holmstrom, Berkeley, Calif., municipal-court judge and member of a longtime railroading family.

The failure of Amtrak seems not to have rubbed off on the bureaucrats who run the "National Railroad Passenger Corporation," as Amtrak is formally called. Paul Reistrup quit as Amtrak president on June 1, because, according to the *New York Times*, he "felt underpaid." His salary was a mere $85,000.

The government is not so generous when it comes to hiring lower-level employees. The Federal Railroad Administration has only twenty-seven signal and train control inspectors, the same



number that it had back in the 1930s, despite a trebled work load. The deterioration of Amtrak tracks and equipment was responsible for thirty-nine derailments in 1976 and thirty-six derailments in 1977. All told, Amtrak has had thirteen passenger deaths since its inception in 1971.

Harold C. Crotty, president of the Brotherhood of Maintenance-of-Way Workers, believes that "nothing less than a massive restoration of track will permit effective revival of rail passenger service."

After a particularly bad crash that killed 1 and injured 101 in Kansas, the National Transportation Safety Board (NTSB) laid the blame on broken rails and weak bolts. Only two days before the accident, a veteran track inspector had failed to note the stressed condition of the Santa Fe track.

NTSB investigators also found dangerous, injury-causing features inside the train: fixed coat hooks, protruding ashtrays, and loose furniture. Amtrak was ordered to install windows that can be opened from the outside and to instruct rescuers how to open them. Another defect noted was the absence of a single emergency exit or sign in the train.

Burlington Northern Railroad, another Amtrak carrier, once had an enviable safety record: it had the best track in America and for five years in a row (1956–61) was winner of the coveted National Safety Council "Public Safety Award."

Indian scouts who selected the Burlington Route as the path of least resistance across the Midwest between the Missouri and Mississippi rivers would not believe the Burlington's present condition. Today the main line between Denver and Chicago is plagued with crumbling roadbeds and deteriorating tracks. The San Francisco Zephyr, which runs on Burlington track, has derailed four times in five years. Veteran porters on the Burlington run pray for deliverance and tell nervous greenhorns: "You're in the good Lord's hands now."

Bumpy Burlington's "Rocky Road" reaps profits in excess of $80 million a year, mainly from freight operations and absorption of smaller lines. Big Brother Amtrak and Big Business railroads compute cost-benefit figures to determine "acceptable limits" to train-wreck casualties. If this policy sounds ominously like Herman Kahn and the Pentagon, remember that the train Electra was not shut down until fatal accidents brought public pressure to bear on government and industry.

Riding Amtrak will not be safe until the media covers passenger train smashups with as much concern as they now reserve for airliner mishaps.

NO BAND-AIDS

Amtrak is a disaster waiting to happen. Imagine the scenario: crossing the Continental Divide on a trestle linking steep canyon walls, a train topples into the chasm, a sheer drop of several thousand feet. Hundreds of bleeding, dying passengers scream in the twisted wreckage.

Such a catastrophe could happen. Amtrak trains do not carry oxygen tanks or other emergency lifesaving gear. Crews are not trained in paramedical procedures, although the trains traverse remote and high-altitude wilderness areas, miles from medical aid.

When porters report fire axes and first-aid kits missing, yard personnel claim that there are none in stock.

INSPECTORS OUT TO LUNCH

Lax federal enforcement of safety regulations perpetuates the crisis. A multitude of rival regulatory agencies (Food and Drug Administration, Federal Railroad Administration, Occupational Safety and Health Administration, Interstate Commerce Commission) tangles over jurisdictional boundaries while dirty, unsafe trains continue to roll.

An exception to the rule is Federal Railroad Administration inspector Don Sheets. Formerly in the San Francisco office, Sheets did one helluva job, interviewing dozens of kitchen crewmen and examining fifteen different dining cars.

Sheets discovered grease dripping in food from hood vents, a propane toaster leaking gas fumes, grease-clogged filters and broken fans failing to clear the air of eye-stinging smoke and carbon monoxide from the charcoal-burning stoves, rotting garbage, excessive heat, ninety-decibel noise, and unstable stoves that can break loose in an accident and pin passengers and crew to the bulkheads.

Sheets attributed safety-and-health problems to lack of communication between Amtrak and the railroads contracted to operate, clean, and maintain the trains. Sheets blew his top when Amtrak "hid" a car he wanted to check for reported violations.

For his trouble, Sheets was transferred to a supervisory job in Portland. Several observers guessed that Sheets's superiors kicked him upstairs for being too tough on Amtrak, just as the Pentagon requited efficiency expert Ernest Fitzgerald for his watchdogging of their pet project, the C-5A.

> ‘One woman passenger had to ride nude from Chicago to New Orleans after the lights and air-conditioner failed in her private compartment.’

ROLLING STOCK: LAUGHINGSTOCK

Amtrak "rolling stock" is a hodgepodge of cars purchased from different railroads that abandoned the passenger business in the late sixties and early seventies. Randomly mixed Amtrak trains often cannot be serviced by railroad mechanics unfamiliar with other lines' equipment and lacking appropriate spare parts.

This sort of tragicomic ineptitude is the legacy of a historically wasteful, selfish private-enterprise railroad system. The old robber barons never agreed to standardize.

Ground crews stock cars with wrong-size headrest covers, paper towels, dispenser cups, and toilet tissue rolls, to the intense aggravation of both crews and passengers.

Suppliers once issued paper pillow slips that shredded on contact, filling the cars with a snowstorm of lint. Porters, despite their loud protests, were ordered to sweep up every shred of lint with their standard-issue toy brooms and long-handled dustpans. It was a task fit for Sisyphus.

Passengers and crew beg Amtrak to scrub and deodorize the coach interiors, where the ripe odor of day-old tuna fish sandwiches, socks, diapers, and other human effluvia permeates the upholstery and carpeting.

Scenery watching and picture taking, two of the better reasons for taking the train, are denied the passenger on most Amtrak trains: the soft, plastic Plexiglass in the dome cars and windows is scratched and usually dirty. Ordinary glass didn't work out, because there are too many rock-throwing, gun-toting vandals.

On-board recreation is nil. There is nothing in the way of games, exercise, or entertainment that will alleviate the boredom of long-haul, cross-country travel. An Amtrak club car's uninspired liquor dispensing leaves a lot to be desired.

In fairness, however, it must be noted that the new Amfleet equipment—as exemplified by the Metroliner express that runs on the Boston to Washington corridor—is a vast improvement over the bulk of Amtrak's dilapidated rolling stock. Unfortunately, the superior Amfleet cars on the Eastern Corridor have to travel over wretched tracks and roadbeds—so passengers still end up having bumpy rides.

AMTRAK RIGHT-OF-WAY

Amtrak passenger trains are routinely sidetracked for freights, a violation of traditional and federal law regarding right-of-way. This occurs over 25 percent of the time, Amtrak says.

What is the result? Late trains. And Amtrak found in a survey that the largest single passenger complaint was the carrier's failure to maintain the advertised schedule, despite the fact that the schedule is heavily "padded" to allow for delays and catch-up time and despite the fact that millions of dollars are paid to the operating railroads as an incentive to improve performance.

No wonder taxpayers and train riders are bent out of shape!

PASSENGER HORROR STORIES

Amtrak patrons endure a variety of humiliations and deprivations.

Bernadette Carter of Rushville, Ill., boarded the westbound Zephyr at Galesburg, Ill. The train was thirty minutes behind schedule. An automatic vestibule door jammed, delaying her arrival in her private room. The heater didn't work, and the sliding door wouldn't latch; so she spent the night shivering from cold and fear of intruders. Next morning, because the dining car had lost power, the passengers were served sandwiches. That night the air-conditioner stuck on "high." Passengers stampeded the blanket supply; many people wound up with none. Arriving in Oakland, Calif., the stoical lady told friends how much she admired the crew for "doing its best under the circumstances."

San Francisco Chronicle reporter Ralph Craib took his family on a train trip to Seattle. First the air-conditioner went on the blink during a ninety-degree heat wave. Then the train derailed in a ditch. When officials failed to explain rescue procedures to passengers, Craib hauled out his

VHF radio and monitored communications to and from the cab. The train was delayed for five hours. During this time some of the crew got drunk and were later very abusive to the passengers.

The Sunset Limited bound for New Orleans pit-stopped at Pomona, Calif., stranding a score of passengers waiting to reboard the train.

Cyclist John Herring of Pasadena, Calif., called Amtrak to find out if he could take his bike on the train. Knowing from past experience about Amtrak's "funny ways," Herring phoned twenty different clerks. Incredulous, he tabulated eleven yes and nine no responses. (Note: the correct answer is yes.)

Mary Thomas, a secretary, said that she "would rather have ridden in a cattle car" after she was forced to ride nude from Chicago to New Orleans when the lights and the air-conditioner failed in her private compartment.

Laura Anne Welch described her Amtrak trip from Philadelphia to Chicago this way: "There was a party going on. The dogs were doing their thing. It was terrible. Two dogs and a Siamese cat ran loose in the aisle, leaving their calling cards everywhere. Then the ventilation broke down, and I found the conductor and the porter hiding in the club car."

Surely the train-riding public deserves better than this.

ROLLING SWEATSHOPS: A SOCIAL DISEASE

Adverse working conditions directly impinge on passenger service. This correlation is crucial; haggard, overworked crews cannot possibly provide decent service.

DINING-CAR MADNESS

Amtrak serves "fast food"—literally. As the name suggests, there is no such thing as a leisurely meal. Because of 50 percent cutbacks in cooks and waiters on dining cars, there is usually a waiting list of passengers to be seated; then, once inside, they are unceremoniously hustled through a quickie meal by weary, surly waiters and stewards. Oftener than not, the charcoal-fired ranges are putting out so much radiant heat that the dining car drips condensation and has the people wiping their brows.

"Fast food" it is, too, in the sense of "junk food." Crew members concerned about high blood pressure and cholesterol avoid the company meal, preferring to nibble from their private stash of sprouts and juices. Except for an occasional fish entrée, Amtrak's meat-and-starch menu is stolidly Middle America: hamburgers, steaks, chili, ham, turkey, American cheese, apple pie, sweetened and refined and deep-fat-fried suicide food. The cooking oil is synthetic, and the raw materials are artificial, processed, and chemicalized.

Pressure-cooker speedups, combined with understaffing, cause heartburn, hypertension, ulcers, and other Amtrak occupational diseases. The dining car workday may last eighteen hours in the

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Once we start aging Beam's Sour Mash there isn't much to do. Mostly, we take it easy while this slow, careful, uncompromising process turns out the Sour Mash Whiskey we've been looking for.

We're not sure why, but slow-aging for over 8 years seems to be the secret of this whiskey. Something else we discovered. Charcoal filtering after aging assures even more mellow smoothness.

At 90 Proof, this is the Kentucky Sour Mash of truly exceptional taste. Beam's Sour Mash. As close to perfection as anybody's going to get.

Enjoy it without hurrying. Savor it the same way we make it. Slowly and leisurely.

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90-Proof. Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey.
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hectic summer season. Hordes of hungry passengers with no place else to go must be fed three times a day. There are no relief teams.

Antiquated, crowded, and slippery kitchens full of sharp-cornered cabinets threaten the health and safety of cooks and waiters, especially on rough track, of which Amtrak has no shortage. Flying, hot grease and spattering food burn the crew and turn the walls, counters, and floorboards into a sticky, foul-smelling compost.

Few of the kitchens have dishwashing machines. Washing dishes by hand for hundreds of people is a slow, tedious, and unsanitary procedure. Dirty silverware soaks in pans of greasy water later used for rinsing potatoes.

Amtrak has a social disease. No one gets along with anyone else. Waiters steal each others' tips. Cooks burn waiters with hot plates. Porters harass waiters walking through the coaches to the dormitory.

Such hostility stems from brutally dehumanizing conditions, physical and psychic battering, crowded quarters, exploitive bosses, and quarrelsome passengers. Like prison road gangs, the crews engage in public backbiting and browbeating, destroying any semblance of a pleasant atmosphere for dining and sightseeing.

"This is no job; it's a disease," grumps a disenchanted crewman. "Amtrak preaches service to the public, but it treats us so shabbily that we end up squabbling with each other and snarling at the public."

"What goes around comes around" is an old railroad truism. Cynicism fosters incompetence, and defeatism is contagious. In the end, passengers are the victims.

THE GLORY HOLE

Cooks, waiters, and coach porters (if they can hoodwink a brakeman to "cover their stops") "sleep" in "the glory hole," their unloving reference to the crew car. Six hours in that hellhole are worse than no sleep at all; most of the crews spend the time drinking, getting high, and gambling.

The crew cars are converted World War II army hospital cars with three claustrophobic tiers of bunks. Lights, power, ventilation, heat, and air-conditioning seldom work. Poor suspension creates noise and sway. Showers, if available, generally don't work at all or sporadically, spurting icy or scalding water while the victim slips and slides around in the stainless-steel cubicle without handgrips. Towels and bedding are usually missing from the linen closet or are thrown in a heap on the floor, where everyone walks on them, leaving muddy foot or shoe prints.

Fumigators frequently spray the crew cars with toxic DDVP vapona, the same insecticide used in pet flea collars, and then forget to air out the cars. Chemical residue coating the interior aggravates skin rashes and coughing fits.

Sleeping-car porters remain in their own cars, usually occupying the bumpiest bedrooms right over the wheels. If "bumped" out of their quarters by revenue-yielding passengers, the porters have to curl up in broom closets or on lounge sofas or wander the corridors all night.

The whole point is that service workers need to get a good night's sleep in order to smile convincingly in the morning light and keep from stumbling over passengers. Amtrak fails to provide this important benefit; again, the big loser is the passenger.

Even the layover-city hotels that Amtrak books its crews into (in double rooms) contribute to the fatigue dulling the workers' service edge. One night in a sleazy, roach-ridden firetrap and bordello means surly service in the morning.

MORE AMTRAK HORROR STORIES

Inadequate numbers of personnel are causing long lines, frayed tempers, and lost luggage all over the Amtrak system. Checked baggage and porter service is unavailable on some trains, including the San Joaquin, which connects Bakersfield and the great central valley of California with San Francisco. Elderly and handicapped passengers with suitcases have to struggle alone up and down the steep train steps. Along the way, several of the stations are unstaffed and dirty. Ironically, Amtrak is supposed to be the official carrier for the 1978 Special Olympics for the handicapped.

"We wish Amtrak would take its own advertising claims seriously. It claims to make the trains worth traveling again, but the level of service is rapidly going downhill because of job cutbacks," says Joel Parker, chairman of the Brotherhood of Railway and Airline Clerks local in Oakland, Calif. "We don't understand how Amtrak can justify plush office space for its executives at the Matson Building in San Francisco."

The clerks' union has joined with The Center for Independent Living and railfan groups to protest the cutbacks and bad service. They are particularly incensed that Amtrak made redcap service available only to first-class passengers.

LOW TRUST LEVEL

Amtrak breeds paranoia and distrust. Company spies line up waiters for cuticle inspection, conduct illegal searches of employee baggage, and recruit women to set up crewmen in sexual entrapments; meanwhile common thieves brazenly steal the crews' luggage out of the crew cars.

A vague contract with the unions fails to spell out the company's obligations to the workers. Amtrak proceeds pretty much as it wishes, making up ground rules as it goes, an arbitrary and capricious process.

For instance, the crews may not eat until all passengers have eaten; so many of them stagger through their duties on empty stomachs. It is better to stagger mealtime, logic suggests.

Even when the crew is off duty and out of uniform, fraternizing with passengers is

"So, Helen, there is someone else!"

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It not only lowers tar, but actually heightens and activates the flavor.

No other low tar has Tareyton's Activated Flavor—because no other low tar has Tareyton's charcoal filter.

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LOW TAR
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forbidden at any time. Is this isolationist policy perhaps indicative of management racism, based on an unstated fear of the black male crew's mingling with white female passengers?

MORE AMTRAK HORROR STORIES

On Sunday, April 16, 1978, a mob of San Francisco–bound passengers jammed the depot in Reno, Nev. It was 8:00 A.M., and they were hopping mad. Most had rousted themselves out of warm beds or humming casinos to catch the train, which the ticket agent had reported on time only a few minutes earlier. (Veteran Amtrak riders have learned through bitter experience that it is wise to phone ahead.) But this time even wisdom was not enough. At 8:00 A.M. Amtrak announced that because of a freight derailment in Utah, the San Francisco Zephyr would be nine hours late in arriving. No alternative transportation had been arranged on standby.

With a snowstorm descending on Reno from Donner Pass in the Sierra Nevadas, all bus companies in town were overbooked, and they refused to send a bus to the train station. Many people pooled resources to rent cars; the rest, having already checked out of their motels and hotels, had to wait around all day for the late train. The Amtrak ticket agents said that they had no money left after making ticket refunds; the stranded passengers did not even receive emergency meals.

THE AMTRAK MENTALITY

A product of the Nixon era, Amtrak's first president, Roger Lewis, was a former aerospace executive with no real qualifications to run a railroad. He was succeeded by Paul Reistrup, who, despite bona-fide railroad qualifications, mimicked Lewis's head-in-the-sand posture.

After an initial honeymoon with Congress, labor, and the public, Reistrup lapsed into the "Amtrak mentality," announcing that he would ignore criticism of his choo-choo hierarchy, including media accounts thereof, unless personally approached by complainants.

Reistrup, a former West Pointer, told reporters that Amtrak was his "own little Vietnam." He crisscrossed the country, ostensibly to familiarize himself with the 24,000-mile rail network. Instead, he used the much-publicized odyssey to rail against critics, borrowing a page from Nixon's book.

Congressman Ed Koch, now mayor of New York City, blasted Reistrup: "I'm shocked at his rigidity. We may have to reconsider his appointment." But Congress turned around and boosted Reistrup's salary by $25,000 to an annual $85,000. He resigned anyway. The new president is Alan S. Boyd, who used to be Reistrup's boss on the Illinois Central Railroad.

COVER-UPS

Cover-ups? Amtrak delivers. An official at the scene of a stove explosion aboard a dining car in California ordered trainmen present not to discuss the accident that nearly snuffed out the lives of three cooks and six waiters. To their great credit, the trainmen told Amtrak's "plumber" to go plug his own "leaks."

Steam trapped in pipes inadvertently welded shut by a shopman caused the explosion, which came only moments before dozens of passengers were to have boarded the train. Even though the story was reported, Amtrak later spirited the car off to an unspecified siding away from government inspectors' prying eyes.

ENEMIES LIST

It is common knowledge among staff and line workers that Amtrak maintains an enemies list. Wisely, most crews do not respond to management requests for feedback, knowing their "leaders'" tendency to label and take reprisals against so-called troublemakers.

ONE-TRACK MIND SET

A crew-base chief told disgruntled underlings to quit if they disagreed with company policy, a rather typical manifestation of Amtrak's crude philosophy of mindless loyalty. Amtrak deserves to fail as long as it squelches intelligent, constructive criticism. Its one-track mind set dooms the National Railroad Passenger Corporation to follow the example of the U.S. Postal Service.

PETER PRINCIPLE

Amtrak management abounds with Peter Principle executives, mediocre yes-men elevated overnight to despotic heights because of an awful shortage of qualified leaders. Yet Amtrak vetoed the creative, sensible, and sensitive proposal by a new crew chief that he break in as an ordinary crewman in order to get a "feel" for on-the-job realities.

OVERCENTRALIZATION

Overcentralization cripples flexible decision making. For example, an Amtrak administrator changed a train "consist" (car order), inconveniencing crews and passengers. Then he compounded his Potomac stupidity with Potomac arrogance by refusing to undo his mistake.

MORE AMTRAK HORROR STORIES

Calling Amtrak's toll-free reservation line can be a cross-country hassle. A potential customer recently dialed the number from his San Francisco home. Because of overload at the Los Angeles exchange, the call was routed through Amtrak's overflow plan to Florida, where a polite but uninformed clerk struggled valiantly to answer the California caller's questions about West Coast services. Finally, in frustration, the clerk offered to teletype to Los Angeles for the information. The San Francisco caller was told to hang up and stand by. He did and waited. And waited. And waited. No call ever came.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 154

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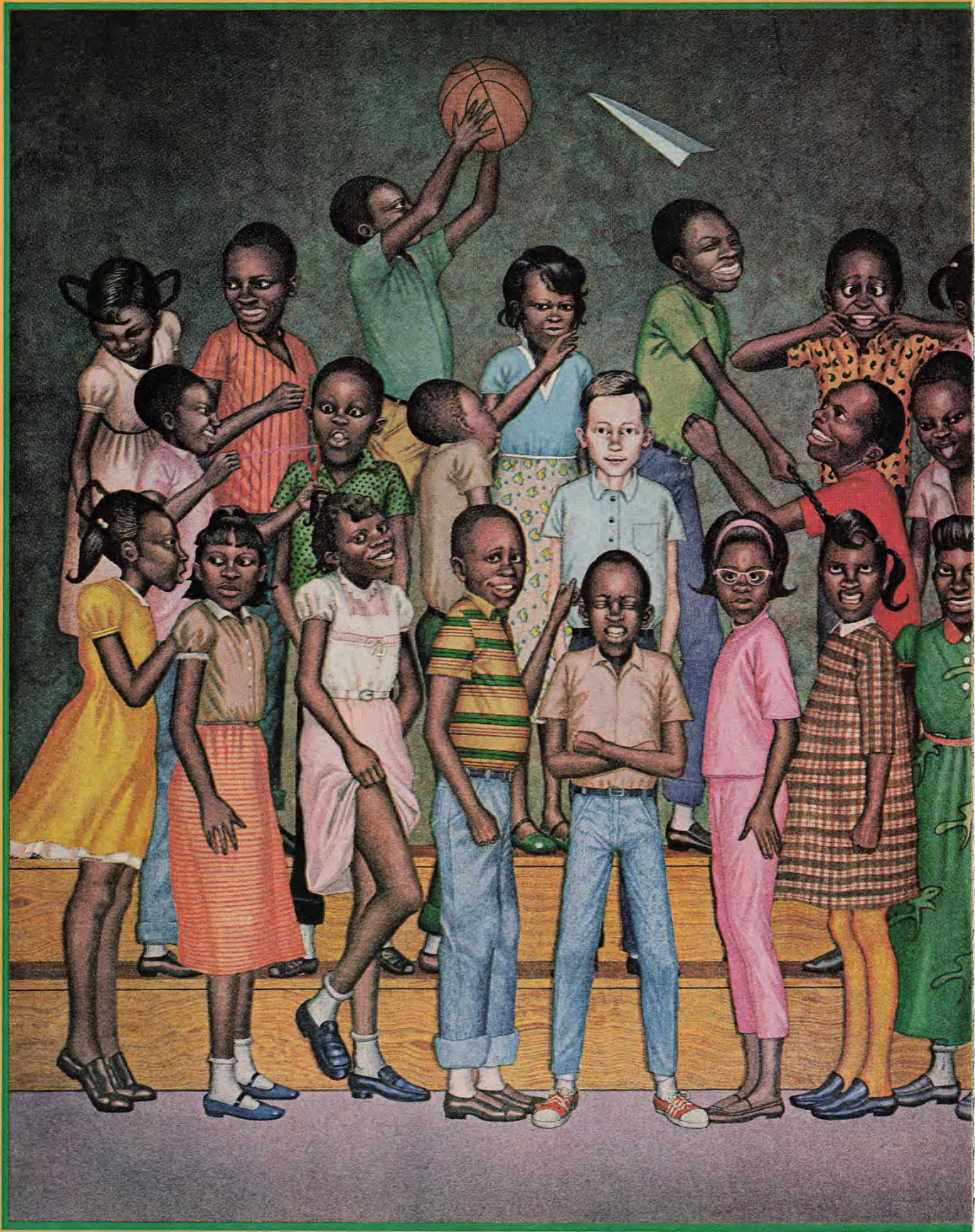

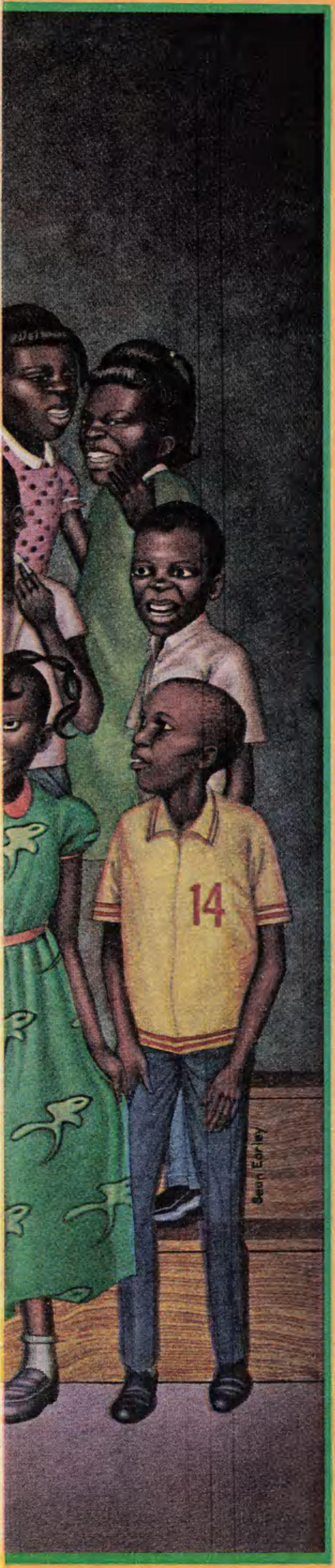

GROWING UP BLACK

A case of mistaken identity

September 1962. It was the first day of first grade. The mothers had just abandoned their children, and there I sat, alone and frightened but anxious to start being an adult. I was actually sitting at my own desk, which made me feel like a real businessman. The classroom was my office and the school was like the dashing big-city enterprise where I'd seen my father at work. There were twenty-five other people who shared my office. Each one was a colored kid, although I hardly knew the difference. But something did seem strange about it. No, wait, there was one sparkling-clean white kid sitting there, with red hair and a dense army of orange freckles covering his face. The teacher handed out fat pencils; she explained that we wouldn't be using pens until third grade. Then she handed out thick, yellow paper and told us to write down the numbers from one to ten. Those who hadn't been to kindergarten were unable to do it, but me and the other white kid, with kindergarten diplomas under our belts, had no difficulty completing the task. A few other kids sat in deep concentration, trying to remember the last numbers, while others didn't even pick their pencils up. Everyone was silent.

The door slammed open as an angry teacher ushered two colored boys pushing desks into the room. They were both being left back. First came a giant kid, drooling and solemn. Sluggishly, he pushed a desk into the room, his shabby clothes and posture making him look like the history of slavery rolled into one tragic figure. The second kid was dressed like a little pimp. He was doing a soulful dance as he pushed his desk and emitted short bursts of laughter between phrases of a James Brown song, which he sang rather loudly. The teacher looked as though she were about to get a yearlong headache but sat patiently, waiting for them to get settled. The only sounds were from the dragging desks and the second kid singing "Goin' Down Slow."

The big kid's name was Bobo Monk. His incredible sense of disrespect for authority struck me as the funniest thing I'd ever seen. He introduced a whole new style of behavior for me to follow. Under his influence I became a wild child, while Bobo constantly outdid himself, going into new depths of unparalleled wildness. He spat at cops. He urinated on other kids and their books in the lunchroom. During intense Dick-Jane-and-Sally reading sessions he would stand up and blurt out, "*You wastin' mah fuckin' time*," and then barge out of the class while yanking up a girl's skirt and leaving the elderly teacher lost in a state of helpless confusion and me in a state of hysterics. When the superintendent of schools came to lecture, all the students and faculty assembled in the auditorium. Right in the middle of the speech, Bobo suddenly leaped on stage, grabbed the microphone, and imitated a saxophone, scat-singing a fast Charlie Parker riff. The superintendent froze in disbelief, and Bobo tiptoed back to his seat, shushing everyone.

Bobo's sidekick was Jeffrey Lincoln. Jeffrey was a handsome fellow, always serious and constantly bothered by his lack of

By Josh Alan Friedman

Condensed from *Black Cracker*, a work-in-progress.

height.

"Just cause ah'm short don't mean ah can't kick a big kid's ass. That right, Bobo?"

"That's right, Jeffy. You can kick anybody's ass 'cept mine," answered Bobo as they boxed playfully. Jeffrey Lincoln looked up to Bobo as if he were an elder brother. When their playful boxing accelerated into full-fledged fights, Jeffrey got slaughtered. But Jeffrey would be the first to come back and apologize. Actually, all the kids respected Bobo and listened to whatever he said. The colored girls liked him. Even some of the younger teachers couldn't hold back laughing when he committed some outrageous act. However, they had to punish him. I admired him from a distance, began to copy his style, and started getting into big trouble at school. That's how we became a team. I think it was in the principal's office that we first met. And escaped. We beat up older kids together, played hookey, hitched rides on the back of trucks, and walked along the third rail of train tracks. Acting on impulse, we did anything we wanted to do. And as far as I was concerned, Bobo was even funnier than Jerry Lewis.

The colored school was located about a mile from my house. I guess the reason I ended up there was that there was some mysterious boundary line. I lived at the edge of a white town. Every morning I walked through the woods on a slowly descending country road till I reached the edge of a steep hill. It stood there at the bottom of the hill, across the street—a large three-story building made of brick. The inside smelled of cleansers, and the floors were constantly scrubbed with ammonia. The faculty was predominantly white, with a few black teachers evenly spaced throughout the building. Black teachers were required to have taken a special course at college designed to root out Negro inflections in the voice. Only an occasional *y'all* would slip through. The school went all out on dental programs stressing the prevention of tooth decay and the importance of daily brushing. A white dentist would come every year to deliver a speech and display huge diagrams of cavity-infested molars while the colored kids sat uninterested and restless. The school even handed out little Red Cross dental-care kits equipped with a striped toothbrush and Pepsodent toothpaste. But there was no way those kids were going to brush their teeth.

The colored section lay to the far side of the school, up Sugarland Avenue. Although it was a scene of garbage and poverty, it had a rich, dreamy quality like a dark oil painting. The air was thick and spicy, and much of the territory was covered with lazy, drooping trees. If you drove up Sugarland Avenue in the early sixties, you'd see cruddy old apartment buildings lining the broken road, ancient collision-repair shops with the name scrawled on a sign, and a few shabby grocery stores. There were empty lots with weeds and starved grass two feet high. What you couldn't see was what lay behind all this, like a "Save the Children" poster showing the worst poverty-stricken areas of the South. Unpainted shacks with rotted wood built by unskilled Negro hands, people who had migrated north for a better life. They still stood after God knows how many years and without plumbing, electricity, or telephones. Of course, there were exceptions. But even the best houses had unlevel windows and crooked steps and doors. Many had broken windows that were either boarded up or just left to stay that way. Clotheslines were tied from house beams to trees, with southern-style rag laundry hanging to dry. There were dirt roads winding through this heavily wooded area. Elderly, gray-skinned black women with mammoth breasts roamed barefoot through the woods. They were spiritually and physically stronger than their men, many of whom were dead or in jail. White people were not allowed to enter this grim little village. Actually, I don't think any white folks knew about it. If they did know about it, I guess they pretended not to. But if they came, they were committing suicide. I managed to commit suicide about one hundred times . . .

> “The big kid's name was Bobo Monk. His incredible sense of disrespect for authority struck me as the funniest thing I'd ever seen. I became a wild child.”

The densely freckled white kid with the Buster Brown suit was eventually transferred to Holy Mother of Grace, a Catholic school on the other side of town, and I became the odd saltine in a graham-cracker factory.

After spending a year at the school, I had developed a thick colored accent. It must have diminished when I came back home, since my parents never seemed to detect it. But in addition to sounding like a colored kid, for quite a while I believed I *was* one.

"He a white nigga," Bobo and Jeffrey would explain upon introducing me to wary relatives.

"He don't look like no nigga to me. You sure?"

"Yeah, ah'm sure. He just got light skin."

"Well, ah take yo' word for it, but ah still don't think he a nigga."

My friends dreamed of becoming future Floyd Pattersons and Sonny Listons. They became vicious fighters before they could count. Fists flew with lightning and power, thrown by little Cassius Clays. The most important training they received as small children from fathers or older brothers was how to box. Even mothers taught them, if no one else could. But perhaps even more deadly was their way of mixing fists with jive to psych the opponent into incredible confusion—especially if he was white.

There was a white kid from Holy Mother of Grace who had begun to beat me up after school every day. He would tear up my clothing and books in front of his seventh-grade friends, who cheered him on. So one day I brought Bobo home with me. Bobo crawled along the side of the road, camouflaged by trees and bushes. Sure enough, at the top of the hill I could see the green Catholic-school uniforms waiting, but this time I fearlessly advanced toward them.

"Well, if it isn't the little Jew bagel on his way home from nigger school," said the leader, blocking the path with his arms folded. He kicked the books from my hands and grabbed me by the collar. Like a panther, Bobo lunged out of the bushes, pushed his face against the white boy's, and recited a poem:

Ah got the time
You got the bread
Take yo' money and bus' yo head
You are a cracka
Ah am a nigga
Fuck yo' mutha and pull on the trigga

The Catholic kid was badly shaken, his ass psyched to smithereens. Bobo beat him to a bloody pulp while his Holy Mother comrades stood biting their nails. Even after the kid was long finished, Bobo kept pounding and ripping away. The kid never laid a hand on me again but only gave me dirty looks from a distance.

School became painfully boring sometimes, and the only way to prevent going stir crazy was to tap out intricate tunes on the desks. Actually, the desks made great bongos whether we were bored or not. The teacher always yelled to quit the banging, this was not the jungle, and we returned to the tiresome lesson. Soft bongo playing would continue from Bobo's desk and gradually build into a Gene Krupa solo. Sometimes we were so deeply lost in rhythm that we couldn't hear her yell.

I remember the day an announcement came over the intercom.

"May I please have everyone's attention. . . . A terrible terrible thing has happened, *squawk* . . . President Kennedy was shot in the head. Please stay calm and wait for further announcements. Gobblegobblegobblegobblegobble . . ."

The voice trailed off like a turkey. All of a sudden teachers were scurrying about and screaming. Some of them were crying with frightened faces. We hadn't studied presidents yet, but his name sounded familiar. There was much concern and confusion among the children.

"Who he? He a whitey? What they go messin' with him fo'?"

Colored parents came to school that day. Maybe some of the children might get as-

Give your drinks every advantage.

Make a Mist with Seagram's 7 and give it the advantage of great taste and consistent quality. Just pour 2 oz. over crushed ice, garnish with a twist of lemon and enjoy our quality in moderation.

Seagram's 7 Crown

Where quality drinks begin.

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20
Real
Real
Real

"Real tastes strong. More like a high tar."

I earned this smoke. When you finally know you're going to make Yuma in one piece you want rich strong taste. Taste that satisfies. And Real's got it. Yet it's low tar. Must be their special blend. All that good natural stuff. You want a smoke that's really got it?

Grab a pack of Real.

Only 9 mg. tar.

tasting low tar.

sassinated, too, if they walked home alone. Maybe the country was finished. Some of the parents were grunting and snorting into handkerchiefs as if chicken bones were stuck in their throats. I later realized that this was how they cried.

Home base in the colored section was Bobo's house. If I ever got into à tough situation or started some riot I could always rely on Bobo to hide me in his shack. Then when it was dark I would sneak out of the colored section and run home. Alongside Bobo's shack was a collision-repair shop, where his father had worked before going to jail. The back wall of the building was where the colored philosophers of Sugarland Avenue wrote. There was one particular phrase that always caught my attention. It was written bigger than the other scribblings, and everyone was careful to write around it in respect. "Pussy Is Good." I wasn't exactly sure what it meant, but it must have been good—all those bathroom walls couldn't be wrong. In the second grade I gave a girl named Iris a ring from the A&P bubble gum machine, which she treasured. Of course, it meant we were going to get married later on, and when the news spread a few of the older guys came up to me.

"Hey, how big is her pussy?"

"Ah don't know how big her pussy is. How big is yo' pussy?"

"Shit, man, you don't know nothin'."

And then they would walk away, shaking their heads. The only kid my age who claimed to know about pussy was Bobo. He said he could show me some from a girl named Babes. That's what he called her. Babes lived in an old white-brick building, the only apartment house in the entire colored section. I was looking forward to Friday afternoon when Bobo said he'd take me to meet Babes. First he wanted to stop by his place.

Bobo's shack was right off the main road. We climbed a long flight of splintery steps to reach the back porch, which was littered with eggshells. Inside was a stale, unfurnished room with a couch in the center—and on that couch was Bobo's mother tucked under blankets. Every time I ever visited Bobo his mother was lying on that couch looking half-dead. Bobo had four younger brothers and sisters crawling around on the floor. I guess he had to take care of them all, since his mother seemed so lifeless and sick. When Mrs. Monk spoke to me she tried her hardest to sound like a white by pronouncing the words slowly and carefully. Or maybe she just spoke that way because of her illness. She said softly to Bobo, "Come here, chile. Tell yo' white fren that he welcome in our home." Mrs. Monk was very polite and always welcomed me this way. Then she extended a swollen arm from under the blanket and motioned me to come over.

"You been kind to my Bobo, takin' him out to lunch an' all; so ah want you to have this gif'." She dropped two nickels into my hand as though they were a small fortune. I thanked her, realizing that two nickels counted when it came to feeding the family.

We stopped off at the grocery store to steal two sodas and some candy. The sodas were for us and the candy was for Babes. Bobo knew exactly how to handle women. The stolen candy was certain to guarantee us some pussy if things didn't go smoothly. Bobo never really learned how to steal; it just came by instinct. Since he never had any money, he just took what he wanted and ran, sometimes making a ceremony out of it. We once finished a hearty lunch at a diner, and before paying Bobo tore down the aisles, smacking workmen on their heads, knocking over coffee cups and tables, and barely escaping through the waiters. I was left sitting there with a few mangled french fries and not a cent to my name. The cops picked me up and found my pockets loaded with candy, which was reported stolen from the grocery store. I never knew how that grocery store man made a living with all us colored kids stealing him silly.

> “Bobo tore down the aisles, smacking workmen on their heads, knocking over coffee cups and tables, and barely escaping through the waiters.”

Babes lived on the seventh floor; so we rode the elevator. Bobo knocked on the door, and the mother answered.

"What ch'all want?"

"Is Babes home?"

"Yeah, come on in."

Bobo entered, and she reached out her hand to stop me from going in. "You stay out here." I suppose I was getting used to this kind of treatment by now. They were just adults anyway. Through the door I heard, just faintly, something that made me wish I hadn't come at all. I was nervous enough to begin with.

"Ah got a fren outside. He wants to know if you can show him yo' pussy." The door opened, and there was Babes.

"This the fren ah was talkin' 'bout."

I started to tremble and said, "Ah don't want no one to show me nothin'!"

"Well, you ain't *gonna* see nothin' cause ah ain't showin' mah pussy to a whitey." She was a few years older than us and had her hair in braided pony tails. She wasn't that great-looking either. Bobo took a debonair bow and held out two candy bars.

"Well, can you show *me* yo' pussy?"

"Well . . . all right." So the both of them walked into Babes' room and left me standing there with the front door open. Hell, I didn't want to see no one's pussy anyway, I thought to myself. I'll just wait out here and Bobo can tell me what it was like. About a minute went by and I heard some commotion. It started to get louder, and out of the room came Bobo carrying Babes with her dress held all the way up.

"Look, here go some *fine* pussy!" shouted Bobo. She was kicking and screaming for him to put her down but seemed to be enjoying it.

"Yop, sure is fine," I said and just stared at the thing. What in the world were they writing "Pussy Is Good" for all those times? It didn't look so good to me. A strange feeling came over me and I wanted to leave. All of a sudden Babes' mother came running over and grabbed Bobo.

"Leave her be! What chu' doin' to mah daughter, messin' with her dingaling?" Bobo broke loose and we started to run for the stairs. "When Isaac come home he gonna *kick* yo' butt, Bobo!"

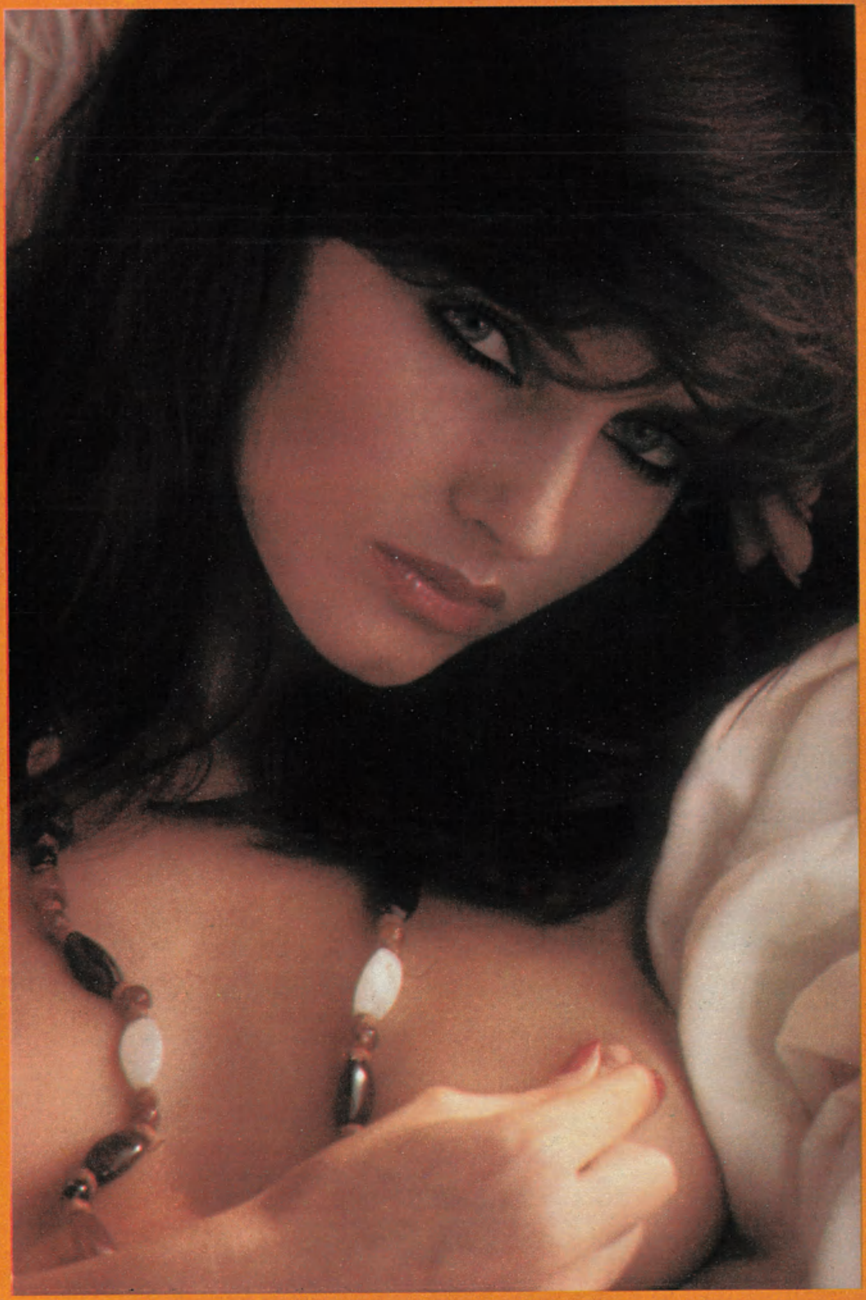
Bobo was snorting devilishly through his nose as we ran.

"How come you didn't get yo' sef some pussy? Ah was holdin' it right up there for you to get some," said Bobo.

My white neighborhood was mostly made up of development houses, distinguishable only by the different color they had been dipped in on the assembly line. There were also some stately English tudors brightening the area, with finely aged apple trees spread over their lawns. Directly across the street from us lived a fanatically religious Catholic family. The Applebys constantly warned me that I'd "burn in the flames of hell for eternity" unless I immediately switched over to their religion. They wouldn't even let me in their home unless I got baptized first. I was dying to get baptized just to see what in heaven went on in there. The front door and windows were covered with religious ornaments that screamed to the world of the Applebys' devotion to God. On Christmas they rejoiced by spreading cardboard displays of the birth of Jesus all over their yard. It did produce an enchanting effect with red lights glowing over the snow at night, but why did they go around thinking they were disciples of the Lord himself? They scared the hell out of me by keeping careful count of how many mortal sins I committed. To the Applebys, God's Word was so indisputable that they lived their lives beyond the strictest rules of the church, afraid that one slipup would send them speeding into hell.

My family never quite fit into the mold of the neighborhood, but we were tolerated. There was, however, one particularly annoying family that the other families angrily put up with. Smack in the center of the neighborhood was a ghastly junkyard of a house looking as though it were blown out of the colored section in a hurricane and dropped between the highest priced of homes. Totally out of place, it caused cars to stop for a double take when passing

CONTINUED ON PAGE 163



KATE

When I'm in love, I can't get enough. It's love that turns me on—not sex.

RENAISSANCE WOMAN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

Twenty-three-year-old, British-born-and-bred Kate Simmons sets records wherever she goes. For example, she holds a record for the number of different television commercials to appear on the same day in England—eight. She also holds a record for the number of different television commercials to appear in the same week—fourteen. Her work as a highly successful fashion and advertising model requires her to travel frequently to Paris and Amsterdam. So, in addition to her London flat, she maintains shared digs in those cities, too—another record.

Privately, Kate's close friends think of her as a Renaissance woman. An intense, nervous, multi-talented girl, she has taken time out from her modeling to record her first album in Holland. Kate is an outstanding rock singer and performer and a poetess of extraordinary range, intellect, and sensitivity. Her material, almost all her own words and music, reflects her complex personality and is, by turns, sensual, aggressive, fearful, and insecure. Nor is she afraid to show all of her sides: "American feminists are a joke—overliberated, overfed, and overweight."

"I have an irrepressible urge to dominate men . . . I don't know why. It could be an expression of my own insecurity, but the urge is real, and it seems to get stronger. When I meet the man who can hold me in line—and I don't mean from promiscuous behavior—someone whose force holds my attention, I'll know I've found my man."

"Most men try to put me down when they meet me. They come on strong and mean. I hate it!"

"If a man comes on as if only a miracle could change his low opinion of me, that's *his* insecurity, not mine."

Kate had a good rural upbringing and a fine education, including three years of university law. Her interests range over a wide variety of intellectual matters, from natural history to art, from science to philosophy. "Sensitivity is an indispensable part of my makeup. I couldn't survive without it. I need the touch of another person. I'm basically passionate," says the 35-23-35 Renaissance woman, "but the touch could be asexual. I can go long stretches without lovemaking, because unless I'm deeply involved romantically, I simply don't care." Thank God we do!

MISS KATE SIMMONS/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

BITTER HARVEST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

members wore baseball caps that said STRIKE across the front, and they carried signs saying the same thing. One of the hand-lettered placards waved in Bergland's face that afternoon seemed to typify the movement's strategy.

"You'll Remember the Farmer," it read, "When You Don't Have Food."

The American Agriculture Movement that organized the 1977 farm strike has never really been much of an organization as such. The group has always been officerless, preferring to operate in a direct partnership with each and every farmer involved, and its strike has never had anything approaching a modern, pyramid-shaped organizational chart. The movement congealed around a simple set of demands when talk of strike first surfaced during the week before Labor Day 1977, in the town of Springfield, Colo. (population, 1,750).

Thirty years ago, Springfield, the Baca County seat, was the "Broom Corn Capital of the World." Broom corn is the primary ingredient in the business end of a broom, and southeastern Colorado farmers once grew more of it than they did wheat. Ten years ago low-priced Mexican imports finally drove them out of the market. Many of them then began farming sugar beets along with their grain. By 1977 only one sugar plant was still operating in Colorado, and it was rapidly going broke in a domestic market swamped with South American and Caribbean imports. Most of Baca County's farmers had now settled on trying to make a living from wheat and cattle and weren't having much greater success. After the harvest of July 1977, it was clear to everyone around Springfield that they had the latest of many disasters on their hands.

The Baca County farms that raised cattle had first been clobbered in 1973, when Nixon froze the price of beef. For a while afterward, it seemed as if those who survived might recoup all their losses with wheat: in 1972 a great deal of the rest of the world's grain crop was destroyed by bad weather. When the Russians eventually entered the Chicago wheat market with a handful of federal export subsidies and bought millions of bushels at $1.65 a bushel, the market took off and climbed as high as six dollars, staying near four dollars until 1975. There was a lot of talk at the time about starvation, and the infant Ford administration urged farmers to plant "fence post to fence post." As the bumper 1975 crop approached harvest, Ford suddenly reversed himself in response to an AFL-CIO protest against wheat exports and the rising price of bread; he invoked a presidential embargo on the Russian grain sales. The market took a nose dive to two dollars a bushel, and Baca County lost money hand over fist. Two more bumper crops later, in September 1977 they were still sinking. One 1977 farmer had borrowed $170,000 to finance his crop, produced the best yield of either his or his father's lifetimes, and lost $28,000. When he went back to the bank to get new financing, he saw all his neighbors there doing the same thing.

The American Agriculture Movement sprang out into the open for the first time when four of those eastern Colorado farmers, Jerry Wright, Alvin Jenkins, and Derral and Gene Schroder, met for coffee in early September. Derral Schroder, in his fifties, farms a total of 8,000 acres with his seventy-seven-year-old father and his grown sons, Gene and Billy. They raise wheat, milo, and corn, as well as cattle. All summer long, the Schroders had long discussions about going out of business. While they were over coffee that morning, the idea came up that farmers just ought to stop producing. Gene Schroder was the first one to speak up and use the word they would all soon begin marching under. He said they ought to have a strike.

> “Although farmers are among America's biggest consumers, politicians were quick to pit the consumer movement against the farmers.”

Strike is a word that has always had a slightly foreign ring to it for farmers, and those four men were no exception. Their easy acceptance of the word *strike* that morning is testimony to how they all disliked the word *bankruptcy* even more. All four thought that striking was a good idea. Within a few days they had arranged a meeting of forty of the county's farmers with their banker on the ground floor of Springfield's First National Bank.

The Schroders and Jerry and Alvin told those at the meeting that agriculture was on the bottom of the pile and being treated badly. Skilled farmers, with good water, land, and crops and favored by good weather, were losing money and being driven off the land. It was time that they all stood up for themselves and stopped being taken for granted. One farmer at the meeting walked out, but everyone else, including the banker, stayed all two and one-half hours and eventually agreed. On September 12 a countywide meeting was called, and 600 farmers attended. Most already had their winter wheat planted, and all 600 voted unanimously to call for a strike. They set December 14, 1977, as the day their strike would commence if their demands weren't met.

The strikers' demands rapidly evolved into a five-point program that centered on guaranteed minimum agricultural prices set at 100 percent of parity. The strike pledge bound the strikers to boycotting new equipment purchases and to reducing their production by 50 percent. The first leaflet calling for an "agricultural strike" was distributed the next day at the state fair in Hutchinson, Kans., 500 miles away.

The AAM received its first public recognition in the September 15 edition of the local Pueblo, Colo., newspaper, *The Chieftan*; the report was soon carried throughout the western wheat belt. The Baca County farmers announced their strike deadline and told the *Chieftan* that they were going to inform Agriculture Secretary Bob Bergland of it personally when he visited Pueblo on September 23. "We can't see anything [in Carter's farm policy]," Derral Schroder explained, "but a four-year program that guarantees farmers a loss on all major commodities." The response in farm country was immediate.

The meeting on September 23 at Pueblo Memorial Hall had originally been scheduled at the behest of Rep. Frank Evans, (Dem.-Colo.). Whatever the original intentions of the gathering, it became the embryonic strike movement's first show of force. Three thousand farmers rallied beforehand inside a giant ring of tractors at Rocky Ford, Colo., and paraded in a tractor-led caravan for the remaining forty-seven miles to Pueblo. Bergland's appearance became a hearing for a long litany of grievances. The secretary of agriculture stood on Memorial Hall's stage in his shirt-sleeves while farmers in work clothes addressed him from the floor mike. The secretary wanted to seem sympathetic but was not well received. "This is an extremely complicated situation," Bergland concluded, "and I want to talk to the president about it."

Few farmers had expected any other response. The AAM continued to organize frantically after Bergland returned to the District of Columbia. The striking western wheat farmers parked their machinery, called other farmers, set up meetings, and traveled to them to spread the word. Meetings and rallies blossomed throughout the West.

Thus 250 farmers showed up for the first rally, held in Umbarger, Tex. Another 1,000 paraded to a meeting at the Lexington, Nebr., fairgrounds, carrying barrels of manure labeled "Ag Profits." Strike offices opened in Pampa, Tex., and Soper, Okla., and spread across the panhandles at the rate of two a day. The strike grew even faster in Kansas. Goodland, Kans., farmers paraded their combines through town, and Cimarron, Kans., farmers organized to send back all the mail-order Christmas catalogues in the county with an American Agriculture Movement leaflet attached. Some 5,000 farmers from all those states and more gathered for a rally in Amarillo, Tex., on October 14 and vowed to organize

CONTINUED ON PAGE 114

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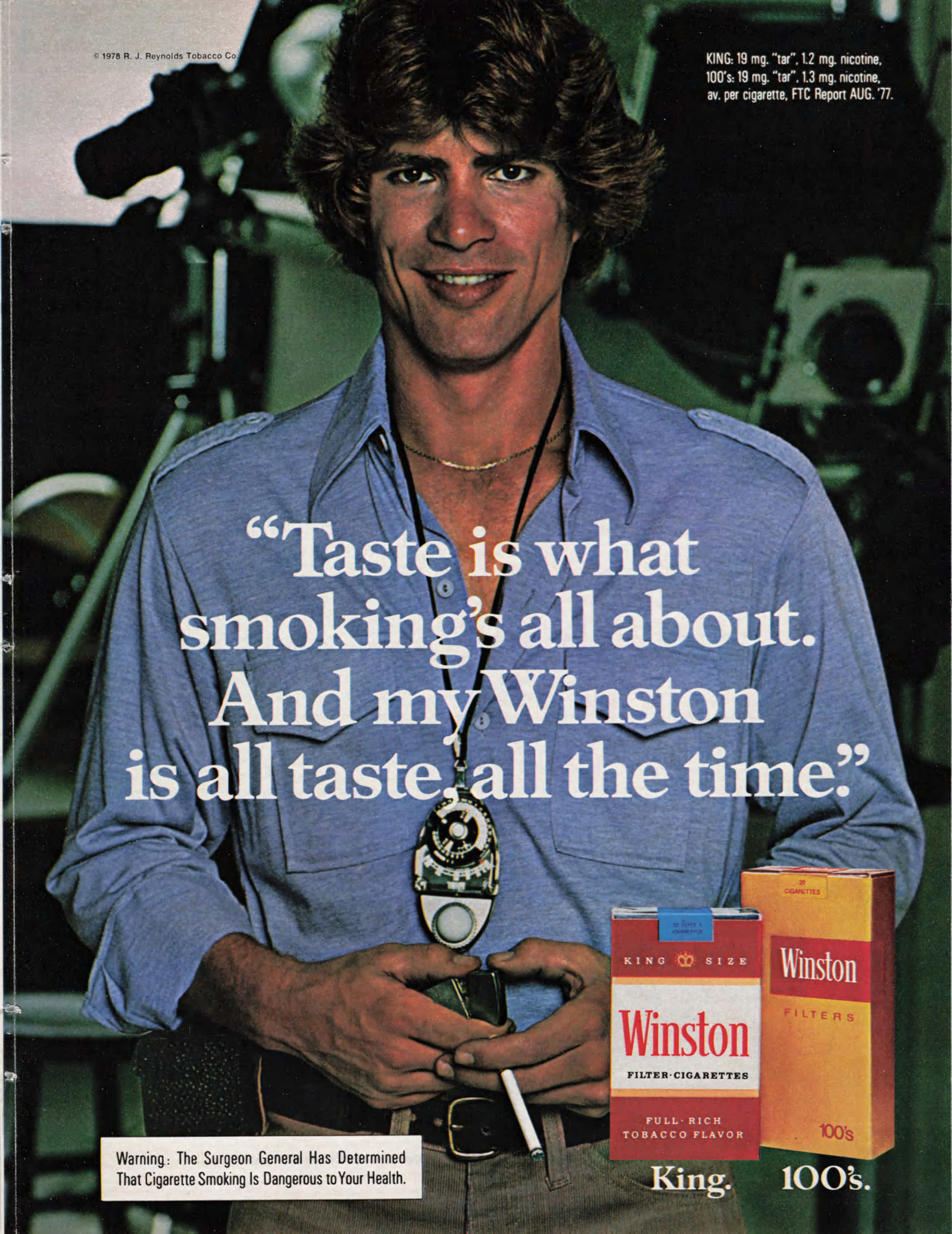
KING: 19 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine,
100's: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '77.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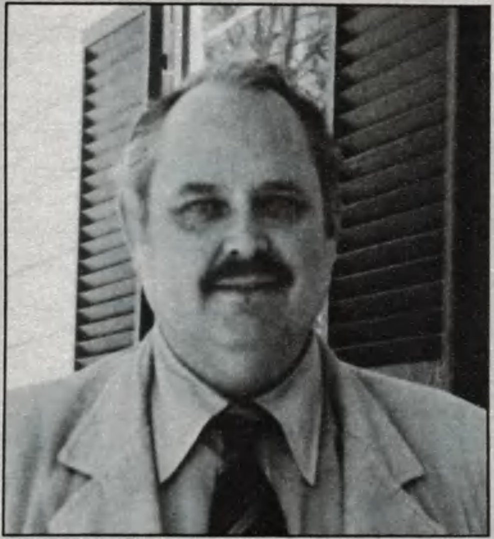
ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION



BY JAMES E. LEE

The author is a free-lance writer and an urban planner based in Salem, Mass. He has worked on regional planning projects in several states and was for four years an administrator at Harvard University.

DEFENDING CARTER

Jimmy Carter's campaign had only one major plank; frequently repeated, it was "Trust me." Americans were being asked to trust an obscure politician running for president. If anyone should be skeptical, even cynical, it is the American voter, who has been lied to, cheated, swindled, bilked, and flimflammed for the better part of 200 years by an unending procession of political charlatans, who were unsurpassed in their duplicity anywhere else on this earth.

Once again, the American voters—innocent, hopeful, politically uneducable—wanted someone to trust!

Gerry Ford seemed almost trustworthy, but he had been too close to the scoundrel Nixon. Jimmy Carter seemed a better bet—twice born, after all, and always talking of efficiency and compassion and honesty.

In a little-remarked press conference held shortly after his inauguration, President Carter was asked whether or not he intended to comply with his campaign promises. His answer was no. Just like that—no. There was subsequent elaboration. New knowledge available to him as president would necessitate revaluation of old judgments. But the paradox of his personality was now out in the open. He was being honestly inconsistent.

Let's say, in appropriate Manhattan vernacular, that Jimmy Carter is "honest enough." Let's say, further, that his campaign included the typical political hyperbole, the luxuriant overstatements that candidates depend upon in order to gain the attention of the dull-eyed, jaded masses. Let's be fair, or at least imaginative enough to assume that Jimmy Carter probably won't lie if he can avoid doing so and that he doesn't take a pathological pleasure in deceit, as did some other public figures in recent history.

The questioning and criticism of the president's integrity and ability have exceeded all constructive purposes. Freedom of the press, though still rarely practiced in America, is admirable when it is also balanced and fair. It is understandable, too, when one segment of the population must declaim excessively to compensate for another segment's omissions. The harping and carping directed against Jimmy Carter, however, have moved beyond revelation to tasteless insulting of their subject and simple boredom of their audience.

It will serve everyone well to spend a little time with reality, for the sake of sanity as well as a refreshing change.

President Carter is a very bright, conscientious, and persistent man. He is a team player, a person concerned with others' well-being as well as with his own. He is also an anachronism, a survivor of America's almost extinct middle class, that group of small businessmen, proprietors, independent farmers, schoolteachers, local professionals, and white-collar workers who served as a bridge between the nation's working and ruling classes. He is a complex person: a high-school valedictorian, Naval Academy graduate, technician, businessman, missionary, politician. His religion, screened by his personality, is as close to that of the New England Puritan as it is to that of the southern Baptist, which is no great reassurance to Jews and Catholics who deplore America's religiously elitist history. And then there is Jimmy Carter's alleged timidity in the exercise of presidential power.

Here we come to the crux of our confrontation with reality. President Carter is *not* top banana in the United States of

> Jimmy Carter has his eye on his next job, the one that will begin in January 1985. His position then will be that of President of the First World of the Global Society. What we see now is only the beginning.

America. Definitely not. Nor was Ford or Nixon or Johnson. Nor would Jerry Brown or Teddy Kennedy or any of their colleagues be. The occupant of the Oval Room is an intermediary between the ruling and owning class and the working class—no more than that. He is no more to blame for adverse business conditions than Grover Cleveland was to blame for the blizzard of 1888.

If the gang in Washington doesn't run America, who does? The folks who own or control the assets. And if these folks are not "the government" and not "the people," who are they? The answer is well researched and well documented, although seldom publicized. Crudely put, the United States of America is still controlled by Wall Street. That is, it is controlled by financial interests—banks, insurance companies, investment institutions, foundations, and trusts. These interests are in turn controlled by a limited group of individuals and families that have, for the most part, inherited their ownership, influence, and economic power. This power is centered in New York City, *not* in Washington, D.C. New York is the real capital of the United States. It is the seat of the United Nations. It is the financial capital of the world.

McLuhan's "global village" and Brzezinski's "global society" already exist, and the United States is only one part of the non-Communist global whole. The Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries aroused global consciousness, and David Rockefeller organized it. He had to. If oil prices were to soar higher and higher, and if world trade were to further deteriorate, the American way of life would tumble. He acted as a true patriot, on behalf of his fellow Americans, to ensure that they would not have to forgo their tract houses, shopping centers, automobiles, frozen foods, and color-television sets. He applied the lesson that his grandfather had learned: if you control the markets, you can control the resources. Old John D. didn't own the Pennsylvania oil fields. He didn't have to; he controlled the outlets. If the producers didn't want to sell their oil to him, they could drink it or bathe in it or burn it—but they couldn't sell it.

So David set up The Trilateral Commission to control the market for controversial commodities. It is here that Zbigniew Brzezinski enters the scene as architect of a global society—or, at least, of the initial part of it, the first world. The first world consists of the English-speaking countries, Western Europe, Japan, and their dependencies. To complete the picture, the Communist countries constitute the second world, and the third world includes what's left. Currently, the first and second worlds vie for the affections and resources of the third world. It seems inevitable that these three worlds will gradually coalesce.

As part of this trend, we may identify Jimmy Carter's present job as that of manager, United States Section, North American Division, First World of the Global Society. David Rockefeller is chairman of the First World Board, and Brzezinski is his consulting field supervisor. One world is still some distance away, but the direction is clear. And what sane, sentient person would take exception to such a prospect?

It will not be all smooth sailing. Dictatorships and injustice will not disappear overnight. Nor will poverty and disease. Along the way sacrifices will be required. The affluent nations will have to get by with a bit less so that developing nations may have a little more. Democracy and its participatory institutions depend on a high level of literacy, which will demand patience, planning, and the prior allocation of time and resources.

Jimmy Carter is well suited to this changing pattern of world affairs. It contrasts sharply with the raw-power geopolitics that carried over from World War II and crested during the Johnson years. The Nixon era was transitional, characterized by an adversary diplomacy alternating with Southeast Asian bloodbaths. Ford was a caretaker, a washed-out ghost of Nixon, filling the gap between détente and the emergence of global cooperation.

Jimmy Carter is a good president and shows every promise of becoming a great one. He represents a new world, one that his critics and much of the electorate either cannot understand or cannot accept. His doubters project on him their anguish at cultural change and think that they see in him the uncertainty and ambivalence which they feel in themselves. They will not relinquish the image of the president as a father figure of a separate nation. Actually, heads of state are becoming elders in a new, larger society. The real power—economic power—resides in the international groups and corporate bodies that transcend political boundaries. When the world order is agreed upon, governmental arrangements will be made to sanctify and legitimize the new world.

President Carter understands all of this. He knows, too, that there are interim pressing domestic problems which need solutions: energy consumption, inflation, unemployment, consumer protection, national medical care, conservation of the environment, and the advancement of women's and minorities' rights. He is, after all, an American by sentiment as well as a politician by profession. His believability depends, in part, on how he meets these routine responsibilities and on how he deals with his constituency and its mundane requirements. He will not be content with a second-rate fitness report on the home front.

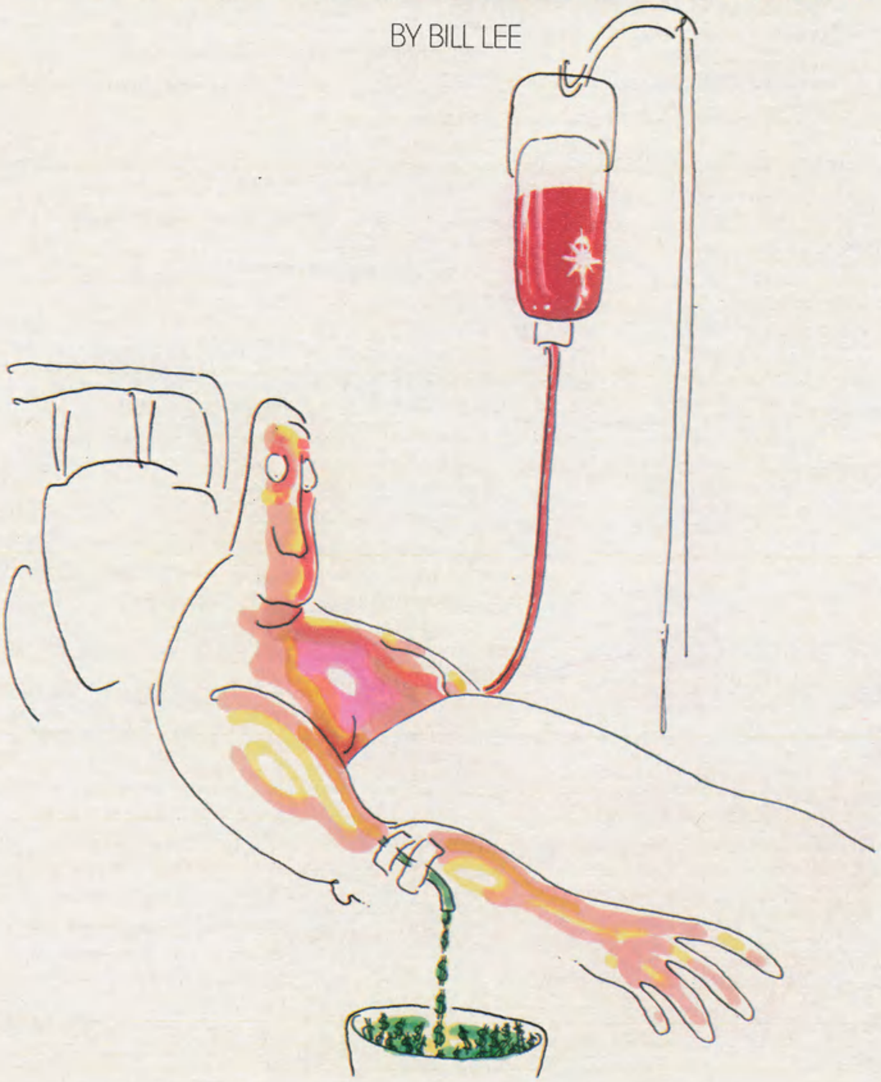
That Jimmy Carter is an extraordinary person is clearly illustrated by James Wooten in his recent book *Dasher,* where he captures one of the president's most significant traits in the following description of his experience at the navy submarine school: "Every day's work brought new ideas and new questions, and Jimmy was enjoying himself more than he ever had at the Academy. He was learning everything there was to learn about his new environment. He was in the process of becoming again, a condition that seemed to suit him perfectly. All through his life he would discover that he derived the most satisfaction from situations in which he was becoming something else. He was gradually getting to know himself as a chronic overachiever, a man ever reaching, straining, grasping, groping for some new level. It was an urge that would intensify rather than wane as he grew older. There would be few moments in his life in which he would be pleased or satisfied with his life the way it happened to be at the moment."

Jimmy Carter has his eye on his next job, the one that will begin in January 1985. His position then will, in all likelihood, be that of President of the First World of the Global Society—or whatever they decide to call it. One thing is certain: what we are seeing in 1978 is only the beginning.

I AM DYING WITH THE
AID OF TOO MANY PHYSICIANS
—ALEXANDER THE GREAT

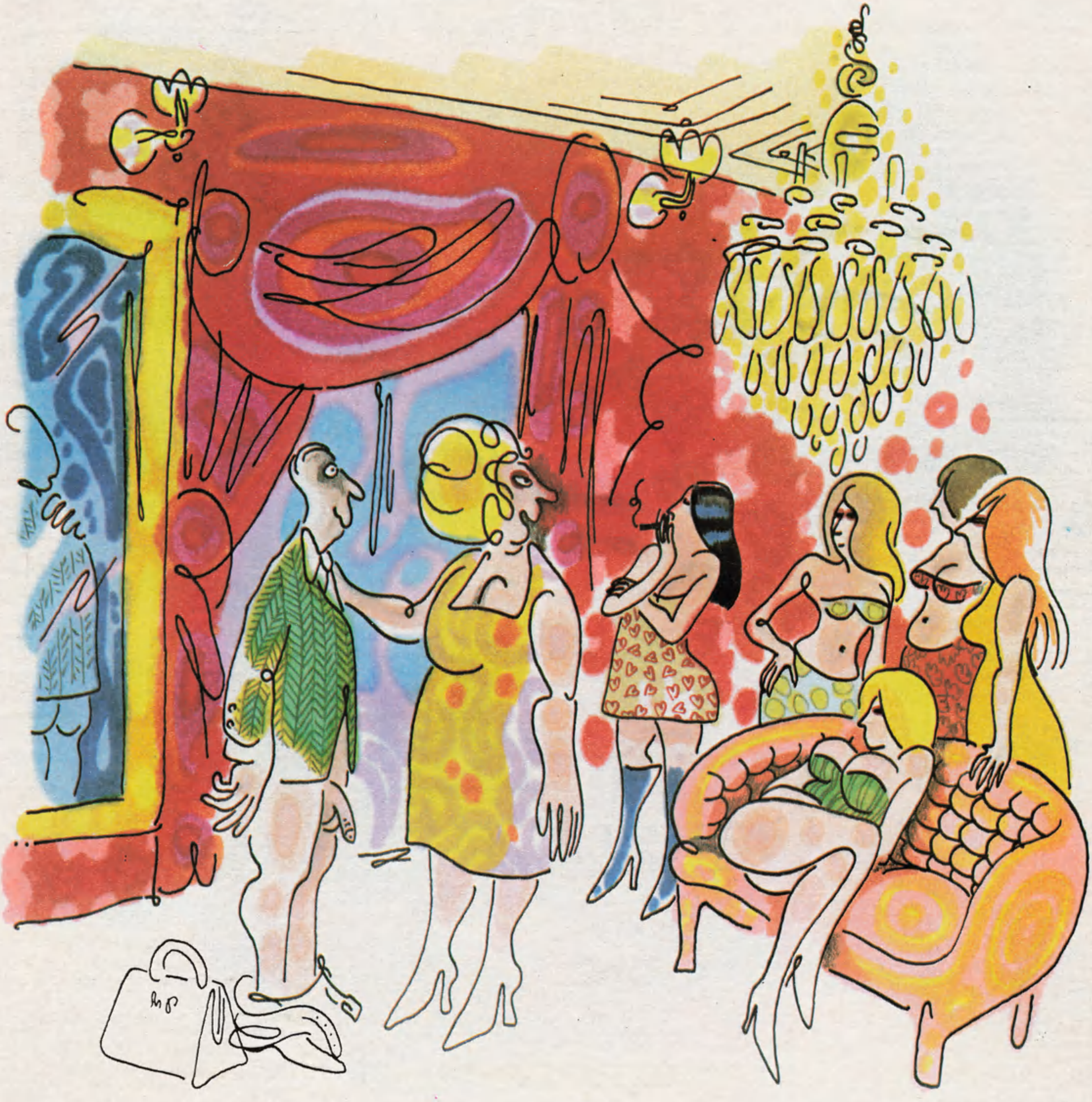
THE UN-AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

BY BILL LEE

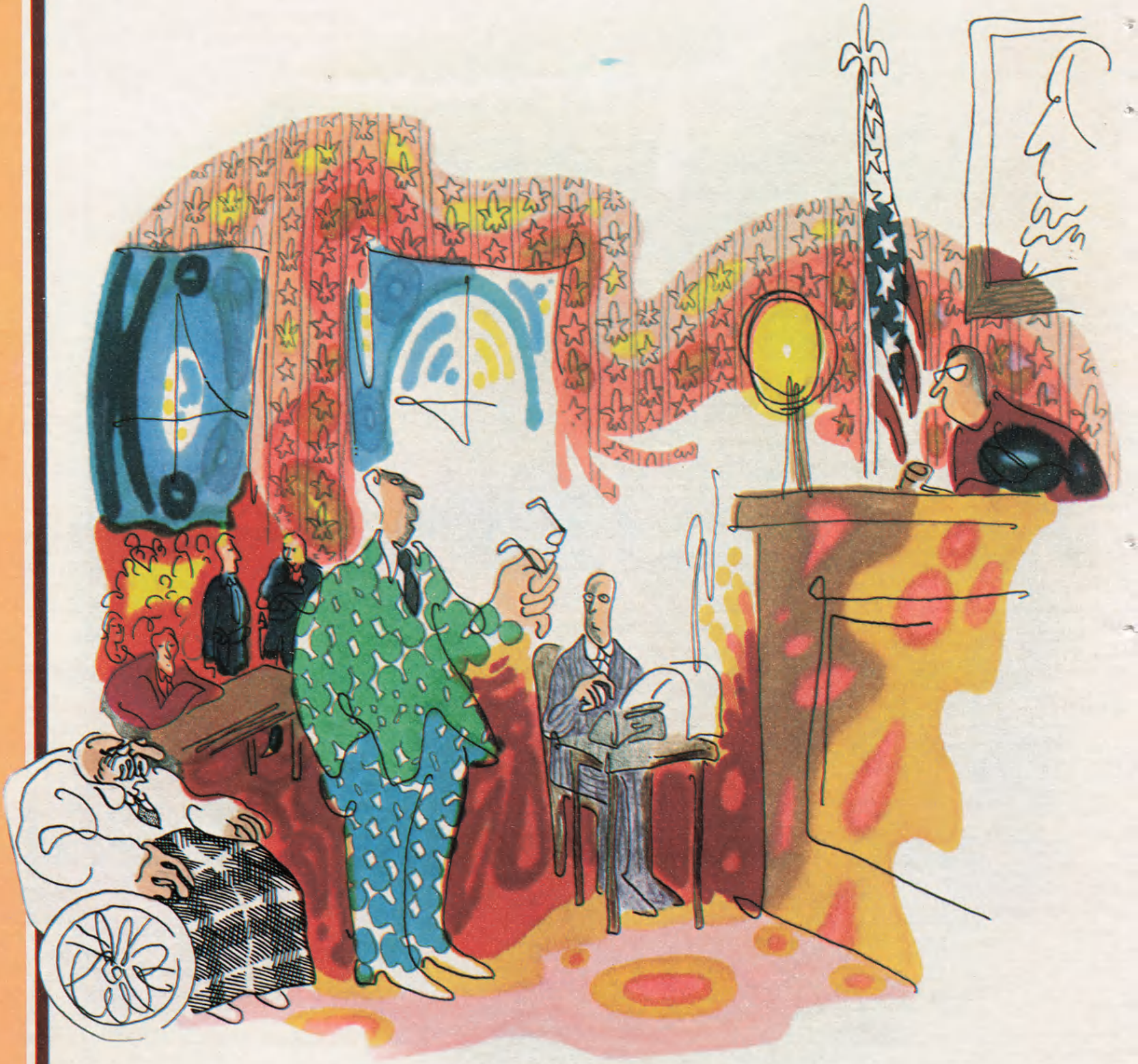


American medicine, from Kildare to Casey, has had its moments on the stage of humor. The very idea of a court of law trying to determine what constitutes "legal death" is outrageously funny. If you canvased a group of pugilists, you might hear "you're dead when your wife hits harder than you do." A politician might experience death when his ex-secretary-mistress, in the interests of a better America, publishes her first book, and five extra pounds in the wrong place would stamp rigor mortis onto the career of many a Hollywood star. Dr. David Reuben ("Everything You Always Wanted to Know about Sex but Were Too Horny to Ask") is especially funny. The idea of having your sex life guided by this gormless "nebbish shrink"—who spent the major part of his adult life reading medical books when he could have been masturbating—is more than absurd. I wouldn't trust sexual therapy to anyone who hasn't spent at least as much time in the saddle as John Wayne (personal opinion). The diet-book boom can keep you in stitches, and speaking of stitches, the doctor that removed the stitches from a young boy's arm when he found out that the child's parents couldn't pay is an absolute laugh riot. Assuming, of course, that your sense of humor is no less distorted than the good doctor's sense of humanity. (That malpractice case was still pending at the time of this writing.)

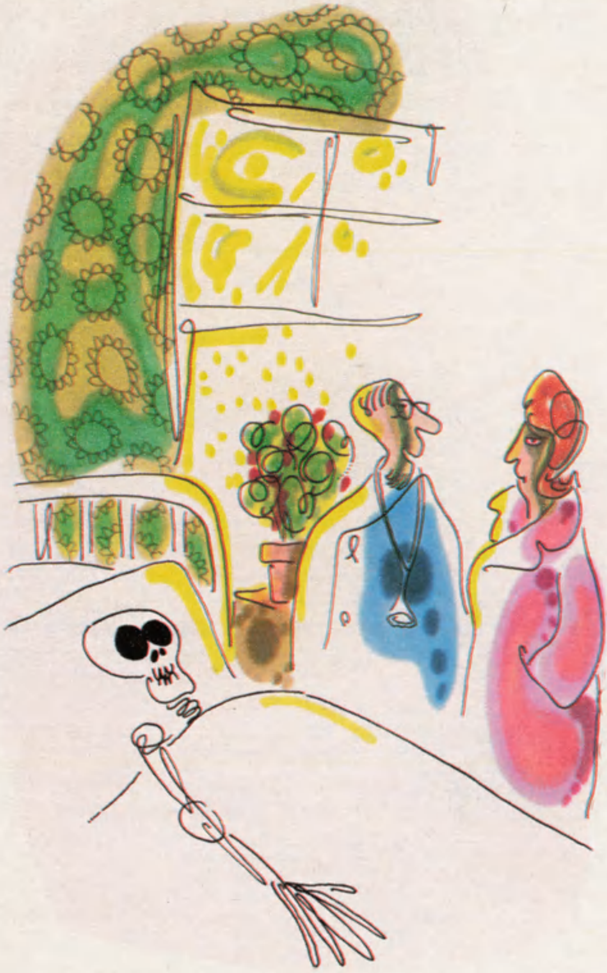
But bring your Blue Cross card and come along with us as we attempt a timely diagnosis of that strangely distended body known as the Un-American Medical Association..."a case," as they say, "in point."



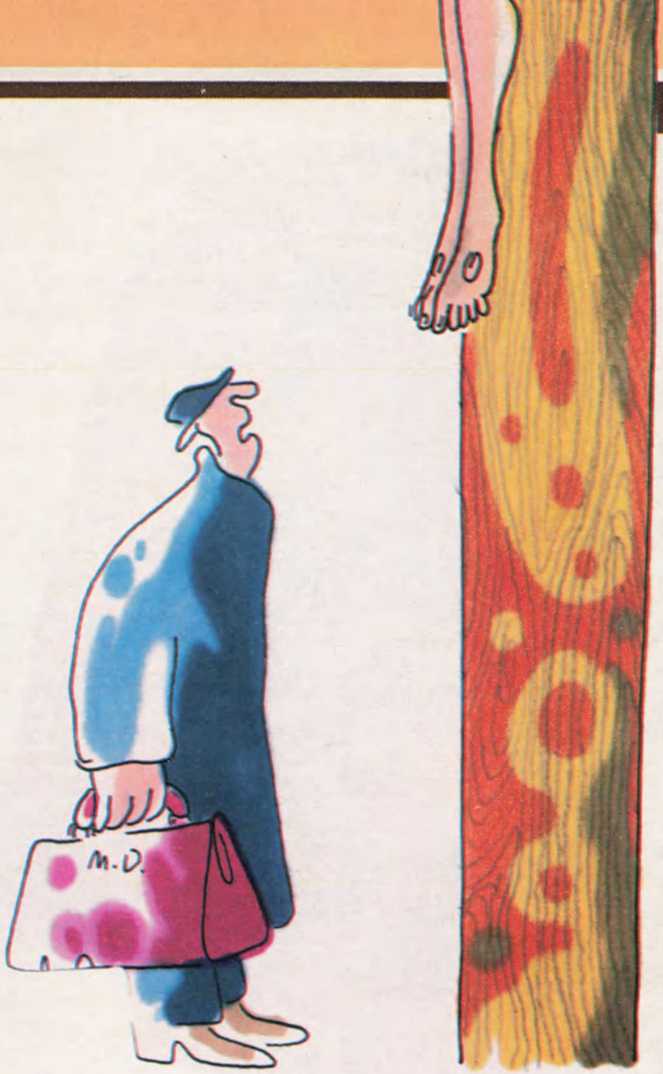
"Ladies, I'd like you all to know that this is the only *house call* that the doctor will ever make."



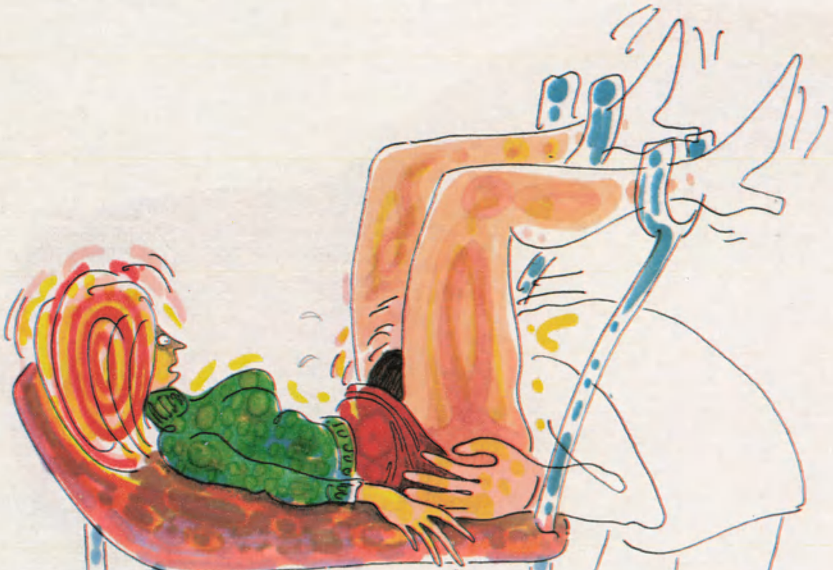
"In so many words, your Honor, we contend that a state of—quote unquote—legal death occurred in our client the moment he discovered he could no longer —quote unquote—beat his meat."



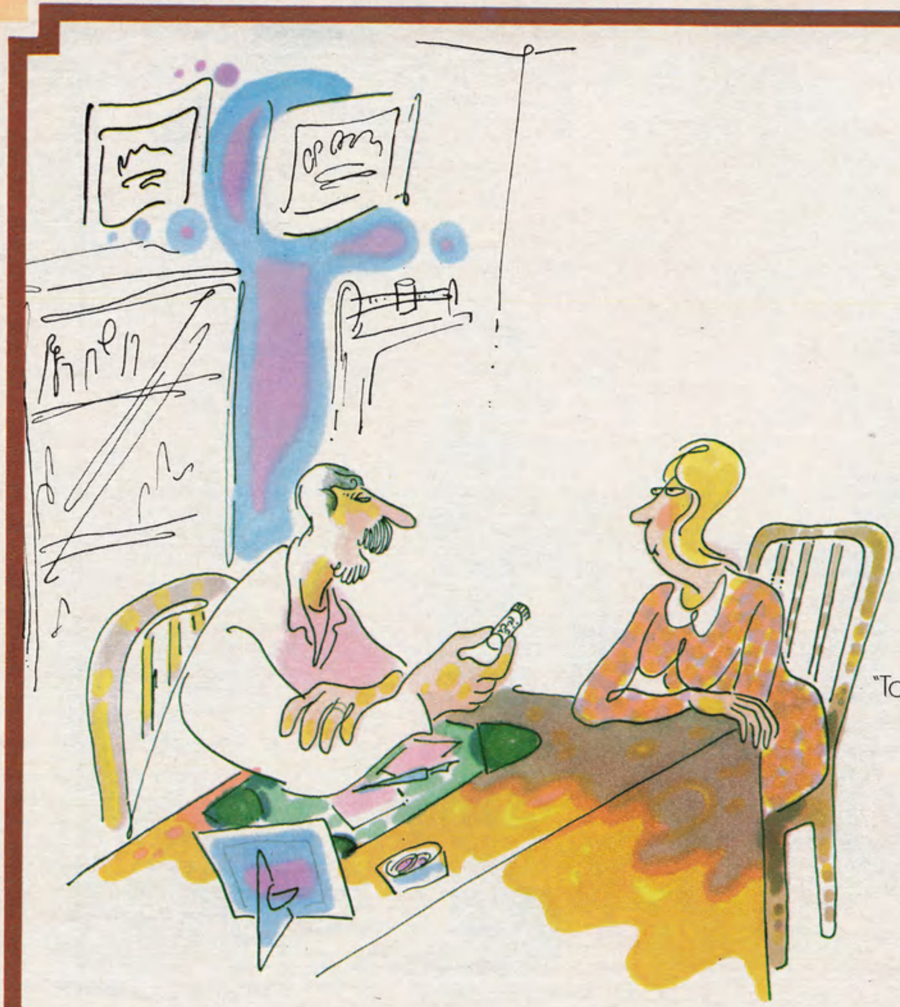
"Don't worry about a thing, Mrs. Faversham. We'll take good care of your husband until his Medicare runs out."



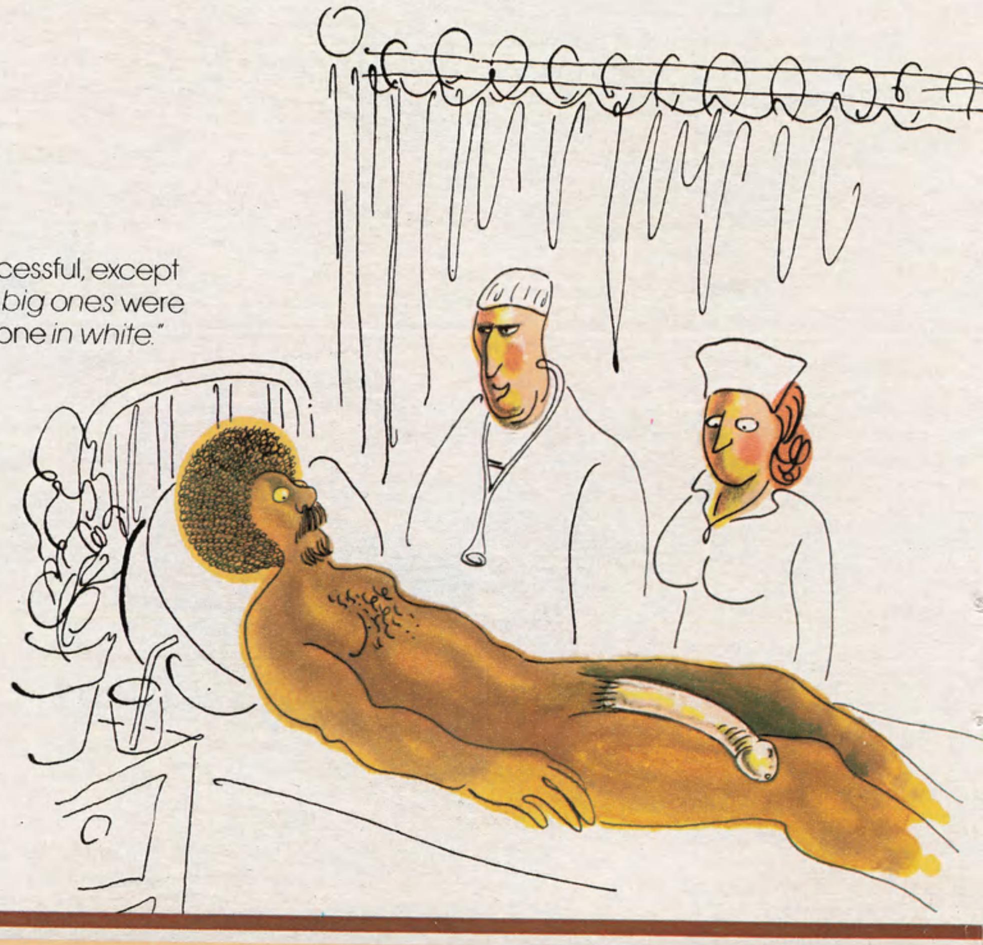
"Take two aspirins and call me in the morning."



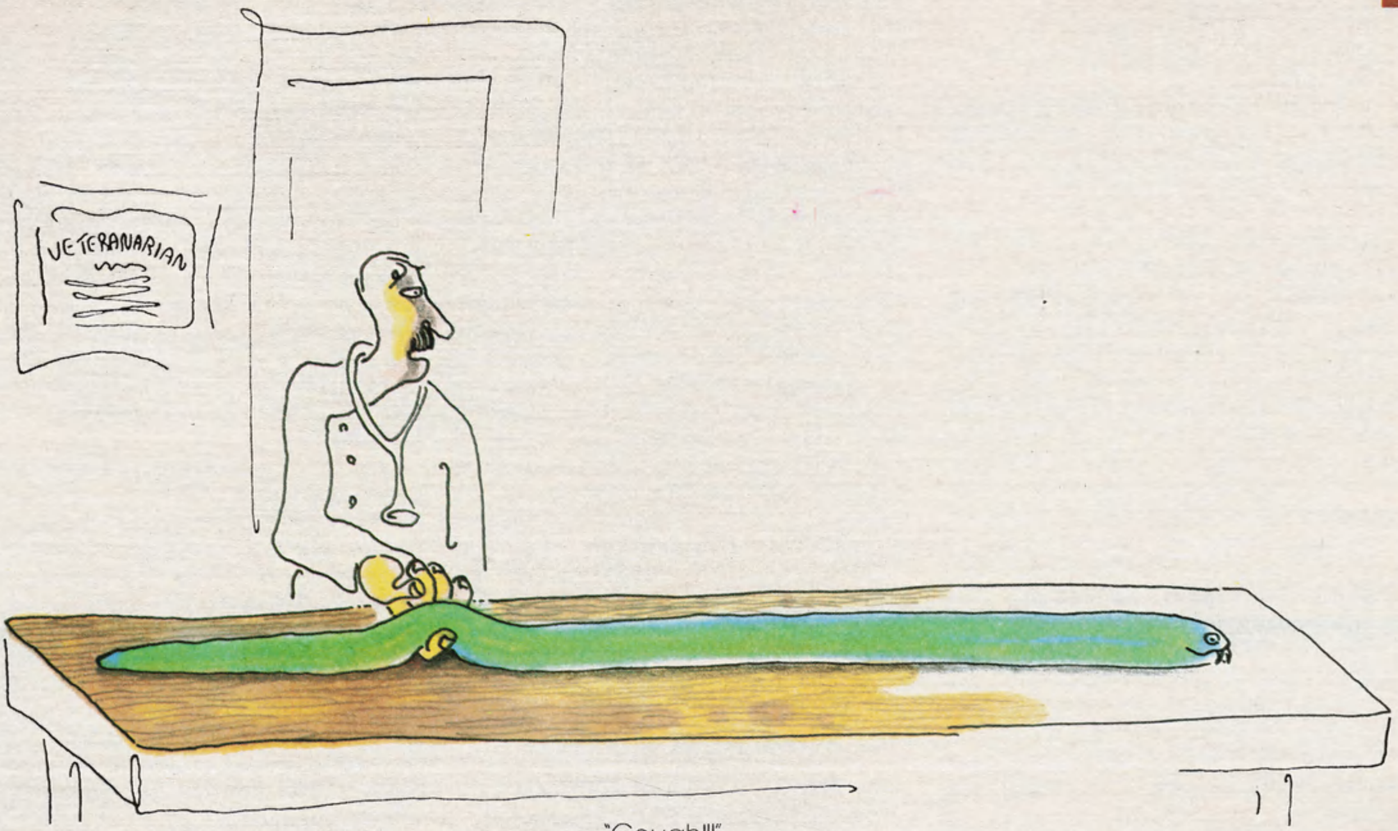
"Doctor, don't you think that a simple *pap smear* would have been sufficient?"



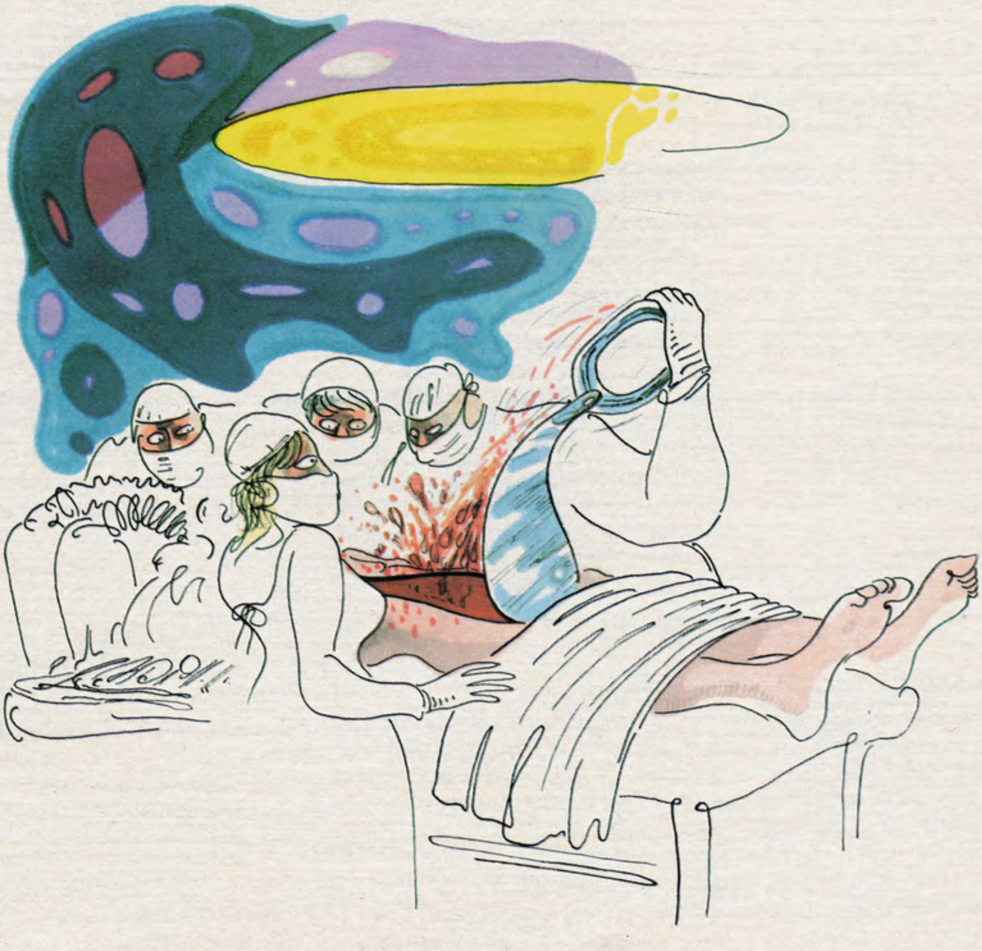
"Take two of these pills every four hours until you're thoroughly addicted."



"Your transplant was totally successful, except for one small problem. All of the *big ones* were gone; so we had to give you one *in white*."


VETERANARIAN

"Cough!!!"



BITTER HARVEST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104

the whole nation before the December 14 strike deadline.

In a matter of weeks, the western wheat belt's fervor had spread to the agriculturally devastated areas of the American Southeast, Jimmy Carter's home turf.

The farm strike first made contact with Georgia on October 24 at the Plains High School auditorium in the president's hometown. The meeting was officially billed as an evening of cultural exchange between Plains, Ga., and Plains, Kans. Six farmers from Plains, Kans., visited as part of a delegation of striking farmers from Kansas and Colorado; 120 Georgia farmers, most of them from the neighborhood served by the Carter peanut business, attended the meeting. The western wheat farmers received standing ovations when they blasted Jimmy Carter's farm policy.

"They put a little ole plastic elephant in a pack of corn toasties," Alvin Jenkins from Baca County, Colo., charged, "and get more for it than you get from a year's work." The crowd roared. "They come up with this new farm bill," Jenkins added, "and it's just as lousy as the last one." The crowd roared again.

The wheat farmers tried to make it clear that they weren't asking for a handout. A broke government borrowing more money to lend to broke farmers so that they can become even more broke made no sense to them. They wanted a marketplace price no lower than the parity price set by law. By law a farmer who wants to hire help can't pay less than $2.65 an hour minimum wage; so why not institute minimum price laws to protect farmers?

The strike meeting received heavy coverage in the Georgia press, and local television stations filmed the demonstration that followed in downtown Plains. The president's brother Billy had just announced the inaugurating of his own personal brand of beer. A sign had been erected downtown, urging people to buy Billy Beer and support the Georgia economy; so the visiting wheat farmers held an impromptu demonstration at Billy's sign with signs of their own saying, "No Barley, No Beer." The Macon, Ga., television accounts of the incident reported that the president's brother had been upset to the point of allegedly threatening some of the striking farmers before they left.

One of the Georgia farmers who watched that television coverage was Tommy Kersey of Unadilla. The western farmers' demands had touched one of his raw nerves. Kersey, thirty-eight, farms 6,000 acres with his father and two brothers. When the Billy Beer demonstration flashed on the evening news, Tommy had just finished filling out the papers for a Small Business Administration loan. The Kerseys are diversified farmers, growing corn, cotton, soybeans, peanuts, vegetables, and some small grains. They also keep 1,000 breed cows and some 600 brood sows. In 1976 they lost more than a half-million dollars. It was their third losing year in a row, and they were luckier than many of their neighbors.

Unadilla, Ga. (population 2,000), sits along the red-dirt border of Houston and Dooley counties. Most local finances began crashing in 1973. When the Kerseys started farming that year, most of their land was almost paid off. By late 1977 they were mortgaged to the hilt again and figured that they had equity enough to finance one more losing year. Going on strike made sense to Tommy Kersey from the first time he considered doing so. The only name that he could remember from the news reports was that of visiting Kansas farmer Gene Short. Kersey spent the weekend calling Gene Shorts all over Kansas until he found the right one and arranged for two Kansans to come and address a meeting in Unadilla. When they arrived on November 10, more than 1,700 people attended the county's first strike meeting.

> In five years the cost of tractors had doubled, and the cost of fertilizer had risen by 253 percent. During this time, farmers' prices were fast traveling in the opposite direction.

The Georgians immediately leapt into the strike with both feet. Georgia dirt is relatively weak, and year-round planting schedules eat up farm equipment at twice the pace they do in the Midwest. In addition, Georgians were saddled with the worst drought in twenty-five years and bad prices to boot. Most were truly desperate. On the very next day, the Unadilla crowd became part of what was the biggest strike "tractorcade" ever held in the nation.

From the first, Georgia and tractorcades seemed a natural marriage. Of the subsequent hundreds of tractor parades held across the nation, no other state did them in larger numbers or with more enthusiasm. The Georgia branch of the American Agriculture Movement developed the long, slow phalanx of tractors, farmers, and signs into an art form. The first was held barely four days after the farmers from Plains, Kans., brought word of the strike from the wheat belt. Between 4,000 and 5,000 farmers with 987 tractors paraded from the Alma County American Legion post to the Bacon Courthouse square.

After the Unadilla meeting on November 11, Tommy Kersey and from 6,000 to 7,000 others converged on a fairgrounds a mile outside of Statesboro, Ga., and paraded with an estimated 3,000 tractors to the Bulloch County Courthouse square. Reporters on the scene noted signs saying, "Thanks to the government, farmers are an endangered species" and "The hand that feeds the world is empty." Speakers at the accompanying rally promised to get even bigger crowds when they paraded again in Plains, the day after Thanksgiving. "If the president comes home to eat turkey," the farmers announced, "he's going to have to talk it, too." The Carters decided to take their Thanksgiving at Camp David. Nevertheless, 4,000 tractors and 10,000 farmers jammed the president's hometown on November 25. Tourist traffic was tied up for miles.

Despite his cost-of-production price promise during the election, it was clear by then that James Earl Carter, Jr., was not about to give the farmers a new farm bill. He had enough problems with the one that Congress had already passed. The key to Carter's stated objections was the total cost. In the last year of the Ford administration, farm subsidies had run around $734 million. Under the 1977 farm bill, which the striking farmers called "inadequate," public costs were expected to increase to $3 billion. Under the new law Congress set wheat target prices at $2.90 a bushel, sixty-five cents under the cost of production. Carter had tried to hold Congress in line at $2.65 a bushel by frequently threatening to block any program costing more than $2 billion. Apparently, a minimum-price law such as the striking farmers suggested was never considered. On October 1 the 1977 farm bill was finally signed by the president after weeks of rumors of impending veto.

Jimmy Carter gave the strike his first public sign of recognition almost two months later, when he invited four AAM members from the Maryland area to the White House. The former peanut farmer evinced sympathy with their goals but made it clear that he had signed the only farm bill he intended to. No one from AAM was surprised. Tommy Kersey and the others rightly assumed that the striking farmers would have to show the nation that they were dead serious before anything would happen. By now Unadilla was the Georgia state strike headquarters. The next step the Peach State had planned was the largest tractorcade in history.

The enormous parade took place on December 9, five days before the strike's December 14 deadline. Farmers from all over Georgia gathered at assembly points on the three major highways leading into Atlanta, the state capital. When the lead tractor from Tommy Kersey's starting point reached Atlanta, tractors were still leaving the assembly area forty-one miles to the south. Observers estimated that a total of 17,000 tractors was clogging the highways and streets around the Georgia capital. The AAM estimated the crowd at 30,000. The numbers were doubly impressive be-

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More
More
MENTHOL
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The cigarette that offers you more smooth, mild taste. More length. The slower burn that makes More last longer than any other cigarette.

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FILTER: 21 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL: 21 mg. "tar", 1.6 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG.'77.

cause a number of other tractorcades were forming throughout the state at the same time. Gloria Carter Spann, the president's sister, rode a tractor in the strike's Macon, Ga., parade but issued no public statement.

On the next day striking farmers on tractors made their first appearance in Washington, D.C. Two twelve-block-long columns of slogan-clad tractors and trucks from Kansas, Colorado, Oklahoma, Maryland, and Virginia inched along Independence and Constitution avenues, snarling traffic for more than an hour. "We're broke," one banner read, "and that's no joke."

Fifty of the Maryland tractors remained in Washington until the morning of December 14. To signal the official commencement of the 1977 Farm Strike, they rolled down Pennsylvania Avenue and circled the White House at 12:01 A.M. That signal was followed by a flurry of activity across the nation. Long, flag-draped caravans of tractors in Texas attempted to block deliveries of food and milk. Kansas, Nebraska, and the rest of the wheat belt were full of parades. The first instance of vandalism in strike activity was reported in Blackshear, Ga., where two farmers cut the air hose on a feed truck. Back in Baca County, Colo., where it all began, the strikers paraded through Springfield. Afterward, Gene Schroder disabled his giant wheat combine on a bridge ten miles south of town, and Highway 287 into Springfield remained cut for most of the afternoon.

The passing of the strike deadline invoked no sudden halt in work or production. Striking in December against an August crop meant little with snow on the ground or winter seed planted. It was only at harvesttime that the strike's impact could be measured. What the strike amounted to when it began in December, with 600 strike offices in forty states, was a threat. The credibility of that threat could be estimated only by the farmers' midwinter show of force. That demonstration, even doubters had to admit, was unlike anything that agriculture had ever seen before.

Twenty-four-hour picketing of food warehouses had commenced throughout Wyoming, and 140 tractors advanced on Chillicothe, Ohio. Seven hundred of the same machines cruised highways in Champagne County, Ill., the largest corn-producing county in the world. A statewide rally was held in Salt Lake City, Utah, and Kentucky stockyards were closed by strikers. In no uncertain terms, the farm strike served public notice that at the very least farmers were prepared to make a nuisance of themselves all winter long. When questioned on December 14, Bob Bergland expressed doubts about the effectiveness of the strike, but he endorsed its withholding action on the grounds that the price-bolstering effect was consistent with the purposes of the Carter farm policy. "I say go to it," the secretary of agriculture remarked.

The farmers did.

Huron, S.D., held a three-mile tractorcade in the middle of a blizzard. Hays, Kans., rallied 8,000 people and ten miles of tractors while Montana averaged six strike meetings a week. In Abilene, Tex., picketing farmers halted bread deliveries. In Portland, Oreg., they shut down a Cargill grain elevator for a day. In Lubbock, Tex., American Agriculture Movement members, incensed over a Lubbock *Avalanche-Journal* editorial accusing them of "union goon tactics," blockaded the newspaper and delayed the morning edition four hours. As usual, Georgia had one eye on the tractor throttle and the other on Plains.

Shortly after the giant Atlanta demonstration, the striking Georgians began to talk of getting 25,000 tractors to Plains when the president came home for Christmas. Soon after the word had gotten around, the demonstration's organizers were approached by some of Carter's friends from Sumter County. The president's neighbors said that if they wouldn't come in such numbers and kept it small, "maybe" Jimmy would address the crowd. The AAM reluctantly agreed, and plans for Plains were changed to make it a symbolic act rather than a show of force. No thought was even given to not going at all. The farmers had been trying to corner the president in his hometown for three months, and they knew that he wouldn't stay north for Christmas. They set December 23 as the day for the action.

> Most of the nation's farmers have spent several years paying cash for the right to work eighteen hours a day feeding the United States.

On December 21, Jimmy Carter and his family arrived in Plains for the holidays. On the morning of December 23, the members of the American Agriculture Movement arrived in Plains in exactly the manner they'd promised the president's friends. The crowd that gathered downtown was modest by Georgia standards. Even so, it more than jammed Plains's one-block-long main thoroughfare facing the railroad tracks. The shops there sell Jimmy Carter ashtrays, Jimmy Carter penknifes, Jimmy Carter fingernail clippers, and hairbrushes embossed with the Presidential Seal. Early in the day Jimmy Carter sent a message to Tommy Kersey and the rest of the AAM organizers that he couldn't address their meeting for "security reasons." If, however, the group selected twenty-five representatives, he would meet with them on December 24. By 4:00 P.M. that afternoon, the size stipulated for the invited group had been reduced by Carter to four, and the president wanted all four to be from Georgia. The AAM accepted the reduction but refused to limit the group to Georgians. The meeting was set for 8:00 A.M. the next day.

"As long as farmers let the consumers know they have got a problem, that is good," Jimmy Carter told the press corps as the demonstration made its way out of town. "But if they ever turn the consumers against them," he warned, "They will be worse off than they were before." Observers noted that Carter's remark was a good deal testier than his earlier comments. None of the departing farmers stopped to buy Jimmy Carter tie tacks or postcards of brother Billy's garage.

At the appointed time on December 24, the president greeted Harold Israel of Plains, Tommy Kersey of Unadilla, Carl Hawkins of Lake Butler, Fla., and E. E. Money of Dothan, Ala., at his front door. Jimmy Carter was dressed in a flannel shirt and jeans and was accompanied by his son Chip. He and the farmers gathered around the table in the Carter dining room for thirty-five minutes. Now that the farmers had the president cornered, they felt a little self-conscious. They refused an offer of coffee and for the first few minutes made quiet and polite country conversation. The president wanted them to know that he had met with them only because he was a farmer interested in agriculture and not because he had been pressured into the meeting. Then Carter asked if the farmers had really taken a "close" look at his farm bill. At that point, the politeness level dropped several notches. One of the participants responded to his question by saying a glance was enough. He personally wouldn't use it even for toilet paper.

According to the participants, the president visibly stiffened at the remark. As one later put it, "Jimmy tucked them ole teeth up, and we didn't see 'em again for the rest of the thirty-five minutes."

Carter then became very serious and said that the world was going bankrupt and couldn't afford the high cost of food along with the rising costs of energy. The president went on to stress that if his farm bill was given time to work, it would turn things around before his term had ended. The farmers said that they had no time to wait. When the meeting was over, they left some of their AAM literature with the president and saw themselves out. The only promise Carter made was that he would have Bob Bergland meet with farm leaders from all fifty states in early January 1978. "I sympathize with them," the president told waiting reporters.

Twenty-four hours later, on Christmas Day, a visitor to the Carter household noticed the AAM leaflets left by the farmers the day before. They were stuffed in the dining-room wastebasket in one large bundle.

Next: The Farmers Strike Back

How to Achieve Total Financial Freedom

A MUTUAL CONCERN. We've never met and probably never will, but I think we share a common interest. That interest is in achieving complete and total financial freedom.

Recently my net worth reached the *magic million dollar mark,* and it only took me 48 months to achieve that.

That might not impress you, but if you had seen me just a few years ago, you might wonder how I did it. I lived in Denver then, in a cramped, tumbled down house at 2545 South High Street. My wife was expecting our second child and we were so broke we had to borrow $150.00 from a relative just to buy food and pay the rent.

By the way, I know I didn't make a million dollars because of my superior intellect — I barely got through Ames High School (Ames, Iowa) with a C average. I did a little better later on but I soon realized that a salaried job was not the way to become financially free. If you'll stop and think, you'll realize that millionaires do not work 10, 20, or 50 times harder or longer than you.

Mark O. Haroldsen became a millionaire in four years because he found a way to harness inflation to his benefit. Now it's your turn! *"I've found"* says Haroldsen, *"that most people just need a specific road map to follow... they can do what I've done."*

FINANCIAL FREEDOM. It seems that most people who are charging for financial advice have studied how to "do it" but have never actually "done it" themselves. You will find as you read my formulas, that since I have actually achieved total financial freedom myself, that you will receive from me more than just the motivation to achieve your own financial independence, but a workable step-by-step plan to actually do it.

STEP-BY-STEP. Contained in the work entitled ***How To Wake Up The Financial Genius Inside You*** are the various formulas which will show you exactly how you can do each of the following:

- buy income properties for as little as $100 down.
- begin without any cash.
- put $10,000 cash and more in your pocket each time you buy (without selling property.)
- compounds your assets at 100% yearly.
- legally avoid paying federal or state income taxes.
- buy bargains at one-half the market value.

MORE LEISURE. If you apply these formulas and methods you will find in a very short time, you will be able to do almost anything you care to do, and I think, at that time, you will find as I have, that spending several weeks on the beaches of Hawaii, or on the ski slopes of Colorado, or just sightseeing in Europe, or any other place in the world, you begin to understand what **real freedom** is all about.

Most people think that it would be impossible to do some of the things listed above. For example, to buy a property, and at the same time put $10,000 (or more) cash in your pocket without selling the property, or to buy a property with little or no cash down.

Believe me, it is possible and fairly simple. This is exactly how most wealthy people actually do make 10, 20, or 50 times more money than you do.

YOUR MONEY'S WORTH. While I was struggling on making my first million, I often thought how nice it would be to have the personal advice and counsel from someone like Howard Hughes or J. Paul Getty.

What would I have been willing to pay for this service? I can tell you one more thing for sure, it would have been a lot more than the $10.00 that I'm going to ask you to invest in your financial future.

> *". . . more than 250,000 people have discovered that my formulas will provide the road map that can lead to total financial freedom . . ."*

FOR YOUR FUTURE. What will this $10.00 actually do for you? It will give you a complete step-by-step plan that you can follow to become totally and completely financially independent.

Please try to understand my dilemma. I'm not a New York advertising agency with all their professional skill and manpower to write a powerful and persuasive ad to convince you that I can make you financially independent. I am just somebody who has actually 'done it', and can really show you how to 'do it'.

TEST IT YOURSELF. It's really quite frustrating to have something so valuable as I know I have, but lack the skill to convince people to try it for themselves. I hope by my simple direct approach I can convince you to try my formulas.

INDECISION — THE COSTLY DECISION. It seems the majority of the people in our rich country lose, not because they lack intelligence, or even willpower, but because of procrastination, or lack of action — please don't be like the masses. Make a decision while you have this paper in your hands. Make a decision now to either act now and send for my material or immediately round file this paper. If your decision is to order, do it now, not later. Otherwise you may lose, just by default.

"FINANCIAL FREEDOM." To order, simply take any size paper, write the words "Financial Freedom," your name and address, and send it along with a check for $10.00 to Mark O. Haroldsen, Inc., Dept. G-379, Tudor Mansion Bldg., 4751 Holladay Blvd., Salt Lake City, Utah 84117.

If you send for my materials now, I will also send you documents that will show you precisely how you can borrow from $20,000 to $200,000 at 2% above the prime rate using just your signature as collateral.

IT'S GUARANTEED. If you are still somewhat skeptical, and believe me, when I started out I certainly was, because of the many people in the world trying to deceive others, I would encourage you to postdate your check by 30 days, and I promise and guarantee that it will not be deposited for at least those 30 days, and if for any reason you do not think that what I have sent you lives up, in every aspect to what I told you in this letter, send the material back, and I will quickly, without question, refund your money and send back your own uncashed check or money order.

Inquire at your local bookstore for Mark Haroldsen's "How to Wake Up the Financial Genius Inside You." *M2 © Mark O. Haroldsen, Inc. 1978

SEPTEMBER SONG

Blue was a time-tripper, a space cowboy.
But he always spent his home time in the fifties,
in search of Buddy Holly and the Crickets.

Fiction by James P. Girard

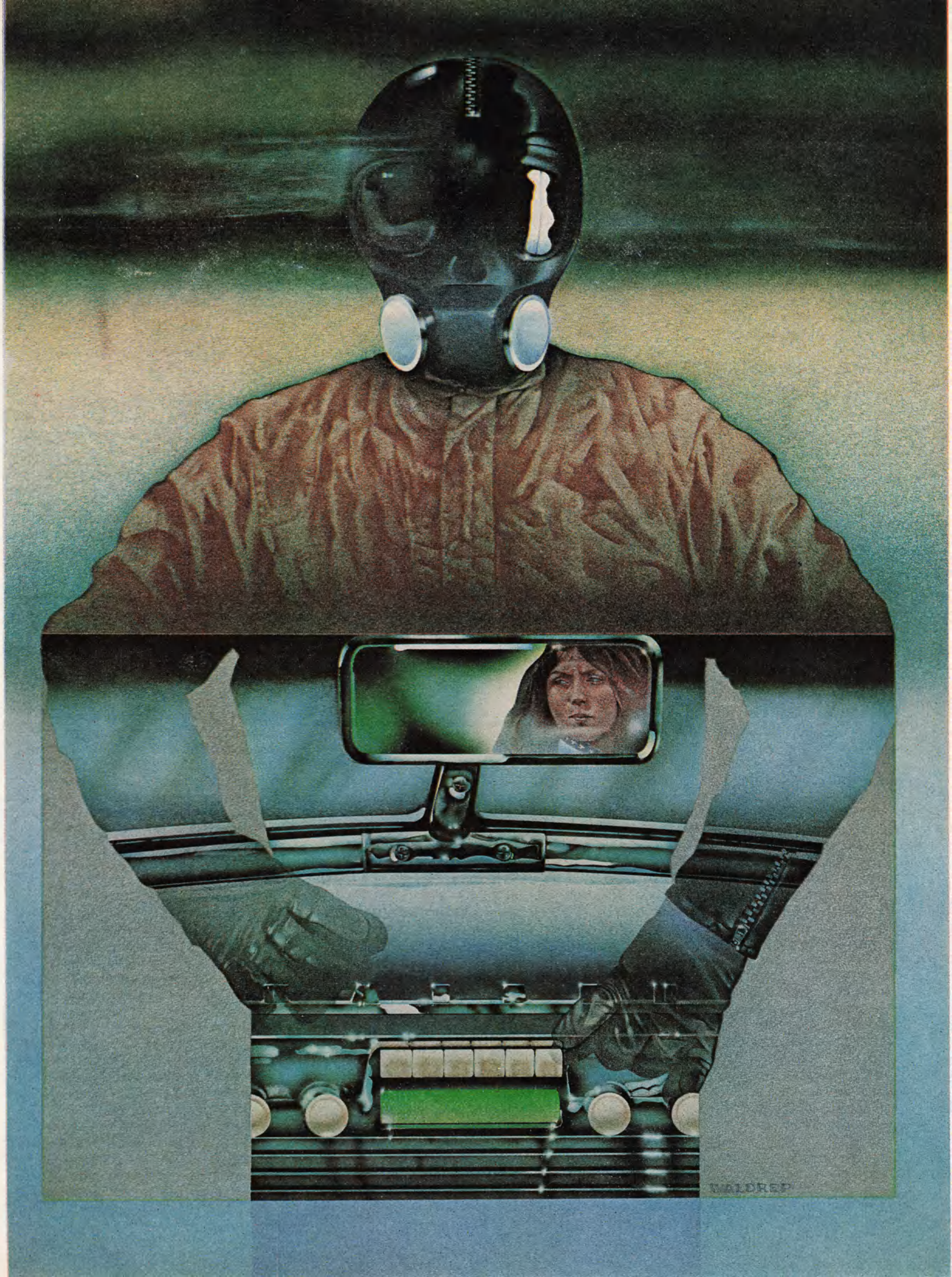
I had just finished a solo jump, an easy one, and I was feeling nice and loose and sleepy; so I didn't jump home all at once. Instead, I turned off the radio and cruised out of Indianapolis, going west on US 40, even entertaining the notion of just driving all the way back to Wichita before jumping home, to enjoy the pleasant summer of 1966 or at least the late-summer thunderstorm that was building up to the west. But when the wet-wind smell turned into real raindrops against the windshield, I thought about driving that dark highway in the rain and turned the radio back on, and it barely had time to say:

Wouldn't it be nice if we were older;
then we wouldn't have to wait so long.

And then I was jumped so fast that it might only have been my mind, running on ahead, that supplied the last couple of words. I was in Wichita, 1954, and the radio said:

Got one in 1970, Blue. Southern
California. We jumped you home so
you could pick up your assistants.
Could be a rough one.

I was sitting at the intersection of Kellogg and Rock Road, still heading west but waiting for a red light. I knew it was home because there was no Howard Johnson's—or much of anything else—between me and the lights of the city a couple of miles ahead. The only structure of any size was a 1954 drive-in, catty-corner from me, where they were showing *The Day the Earth Stood Still*. When the light changed, I laid down a


WALDREP

little rubber to excite the kids.

I guessed it was about nine or ten at night. The radio wasn't saying anything for a while. I reached down under the dashboard and gave it a slap.

"Come on. Let me have it."

Of course, it didn't work. It always irritates me that they take so long getting their messages together or whatever it is they're doing, and they won't let me listen to music in the meantime. I sighed and unbuttoned my shirt, letting the air from the window vent cool my chest. There was a wind moving around, with a touch of rain in it, and it made me feel sleepy. The car grumbled on into nighttime city lights, past the VA center and the cemetery and on toward the place where they'd be building the viaduct in a couple of years.

Finally, the radio said:

> *We've got one female alien, traveling with a group of natives, some kind of diabolists or sadists. The usual late sixties stuff. Nobody'll miss any of them, if you can't get the alien alone. The Oracle recommends anytime between 5:00 P.M. and midnight, December 20, 1970, at 5234 Loma Linda Drive, West Covina. That gives you . . . oh, two months, easy, before the next loop. Okay?*

"Okay. Great. Anything else?"

But the radio just said:

> *Well, I give you all my money,*
> *but you just don't treat me right.*

Which was fine with me. One of the things I liked best about the home time they gave me—and even most of the working time, up to the mid-eighties, anyway—was the music. I opened the glove compartment and flicked on the finder.

It led me further into the west side, over the river, and then south on Seneca, to where there was a little industrial area, crosscut by railroad tracks, to the west of the city prison farm. The homing beam was pretty strong; so I checked at Calvin's Hamburger Haven and at a couple of liquor stores, but Chug and Harley weren't in their usual haunts. At last I just cruised, quartering the area, until I turned down a narrow gravel road running beside some tracks between two low buildings, and the finder went ape. Curious, I cut the lights and turned off the radio and the finder and then rode the brake, letting the car inch forward slowly into the darkness until my eyes adjusted enough to see some movement in one of the loading docks across the tracks from me. Then I killed the engine and got out of the car, crossing the tracks as quietly as possible.

It was my "assistants," all right, and they had somebody down in a corner of the dock. Whoever it was was struggling, but none of them was making any sounds beyond occasional grunts and heavy breathing. As I drew nearer, some gravel crunched under one of my boots and Harley whirled around, a blade blossoming out of his fist in the same motion.

"It's me," I said.

He peered for a moment and then relaxed.

"Hey, Blue. Great." He spoke in a loud whisper. "Come hold her legs for me while I get my pants undone."

I put a hand on the edge of the dock and vaulted up. It looked as though the girl had a cast on one arm. Chug had a hand over her mouth and was twisting the cast up toward her chin with the other, using it to pin her good arm against her chest. It must have hurt, but she was still kicking at Harley with her bare legs, her skirt already pushed up around her waist. He was on his knees, trying to open his pants and hold her legs at the same time. As he turned back toward her from talking to me, one of her legs got loose and struck his hand, knocking the knife loose. He went scuttling after it.

"Grab her legs," Chug whispered.

All things being equal, I would have waited for them to finish, but there was no way I could help them. My touching her would have defeated their whole purpose. Instead, I said: "The Oracle is calling."

> "The mouth-rapist came whirling out of the corner with his erection in one hand and a fancy, red switchblade in the other."

They both let go of the girl at once and began getting to their feet, their clumsiness suddenly vanishing. Standing, they looked at me in silence, waiting.

"The car's across the tracks," I said. "Wait for me."

They nodded and jumped down off the dock. Harley gave a puzzled glance back at the girl, as if he'd never seen her before. She was lying still with her eyes closed, breathing in sobs through her mouth, clutching at her cast with her good arm. I watched her for a moment, trying to decide whether she'd be a problem. If Chug and Harley got in serious trouble with the law, it would mean either relocating them—in time as well as space—or finding new helpers. It was an inconvenience either way.

She opened her eyes and returned my gaze, apparently in control of herself. Her body tensed slightly, as if gathering strength for another struggle. She couldn't have been more than twelve, but I'd killed younger. I'd just about made up my mind to finish her off, and I had even reached out with one hand, to touch her, but instead of drawing away, as women usually do, she reached her good hand toward me, apparently unafraid, as if she thought I were offering to help her to her feet. It startled me so that I jerked my hand back, as if from some unfamiliar instinct, and her hand fell on my leather sleeve. Gripping my arm, she pulled herself up and then used her good arm to smooth her skirt down around her legs. Neither of us said anything. After a moment she nodded once, quickly, and then jumped off the end of the dock, landing like a cat on bent legs, and disappeared into the dark. I frowned to myself, feeling foolish, and then jumped down myself and headed for the car.

When I started the engine, the radio said:

> *At Royal Cleaners we know how,*
> *yes, we know how to clean.*

And I let the car roll on down the dark road, fixing in my mind a parking lot I knew of, outside a liquor store near the state fairgrounds in Pomona, California, counting back carefully in time from the occasion when I'd been there last, to make sure I wouldn't catch up with my earlier self and close the loop. Time is flexible enough to tolerate a lot of paradoxes, but multiple selves is not one of them. The later self disappears, merges perhaps; no one knows what it feels like, and no one much wants to find out. After a moment, I hit the farthest-right radio button, and the radio said:

> *And the Mississippi River*
> *runs like molasses in the summertime.*

I listened to the music for a while, letting the engine idle, watching the traffic on the freeway beyond the far fence of the parking lot, and getting my bearings, thinking how to get from Pomona to where I wanted to go—not jumping, just driving like anyone else. Chug and Harley waited in the backseat. The radio told me it was 7:30 P.M.

"I'm after a single female alien," I told my helpers at last. "She's with a group of natives who might try to defend her."

"Armed?" Harley asked.

I shrugged.

"You've been to 1970 before. It might be anything from broadswords to machine guns. Most likely, they'll have blades of some kind, with maybe a handgun or two. Possibly clubs and chains—that kind of thing."

Chug and Harley busied themselves, checking all the little lethal things they carried, while I put the car in gear and headed for the freeway. It was a cool night—not like spring in Wichita, but like December in Los Angeles: not enough wind and cooling as it darkened. Everything looked pretty much as I remembered it. I have what I guess is a nervous habit of checking things out, to make sure the times haven't changed on me. Part of the reason is the danger of looping. I can jump only to within a couple of weeks of times and places I've been to before, unless the Oracle jumps me; so I try to visualize times and places in some detail, to avoid overshooting. Also, I used to worry about jumping clear to another track, though I've been told it's impossible. When I was new to the job, I worried about knocking off one of my own ancestors, until the Oracle convinced me it wouldn't matter. I'd still be me; I'd just be living in a track that hadn't (or wouldn't) produce me. I used to think about these things, until it started keeping me up nights and giving me headaches, and I decided just to put in my (subjective) time and let the Oracle worry about keeping track of all the other kinds.

I came down off the West Covina exit and then had to cruise for a while to find Loma Linda Drive. Number 5234 turned out to be the usual fake Spanish mission with the semicircular drive in front. There were no lights on in the front windows, but one of them harbored a faint glow, as if there were lights on somewhere deeper inside. We crossed the front yard on foot, cutting an arc of the driveway, and found a walkway leading to a gate in the tall wooden fence that hid the backyard.

Inside the fence was nothing but a concrete walkway, surrounding a swimming pool. A big square of light from the patio doors floated on the water, making everything else seem darker. Chug stumbled over something, and we paused to look. It was a dog, a German shepherd, with its throat cut, though there was hardly any blood on the concrete where it lay.

"Vampires?" Harley asked.

I shrugged. After 1965, in Southern California, anything was possible.

"Dig that," Chug said, surprising me. He rarely spoke, in either persona.

There was something hanging from the diving board, at the darkest end of the pool. Harley got out the infrared scope and zoomed it in for us so that we wouldn't have to cross in front of the patio doors. It was a girl, naked, apparently dead, hung up literally by her thumbs, the rope looped over the board. It wasn't a high board; her feet dangled in the water. She looked to be covered with blood, as if it had been painted on her, over every bit of skin. I scanned to the poolside behind her and spotted a yellow plastic bucket, stained with something dark.

"That's where the dog's blood went," I said.

We moved toward the patio doors, keeping as much in shadow as possible. When we could see inside, we stopped.

It was one of those scenes you have to spend some time sorting out before you know what you're looking at. The first thing that caught my eye was the writing on the opposite wall: PIGS PIGGIES DIE. It was written in some kind of blood, and there appeared to be a lot more available. There was a guy strung up by his wrists in a doorway at one corner of the room, with a barbecue fork sticking in one side, though the wound it had made didn't seem large enough to account for the blood soaking

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his swimming trunks. Other than that, I could make out half a dozen freaks, three guys and three girls. The girls all carried big, heavy-looking knives, with tape wrapped around the handles; the guys had pieces of stiff wire—maybe car radio antennae—and were using them to slash at something lying on the floor behind a sofa. I kept an eye on the girls, who were in a little group to one side of the room, apparently giggling over something they'd found in the desk there.

I told Harley to cover the patio door, and Chug and I went back along the side of the house until we found a side door which led through the kitchen into a little hallway that ran back to the den. I stood in the darkness there while Chug went looking for the third entrance, the one where the guy in the swimming suit was tied up. From where I stood I could see what was behind the sofa: another guy in a swimming suit, his head hidden by a blood-soaked terry-cloth shirt. He looked like red meat, as if his skin had been stripped off. I could also see what I'd missed before—a seventh freak and a fourth victim. The freak was a big, smelly-looking guy with fly-away hair, dressed in a black jacket like mine, except that his was greasy and its sleeves were torn off. His victim, wearing only the bottom half of her swimsuit, was kneeling in a corner next to the patio door, while the freak stood in front of her, legs spread, with his hands in front of him, apparently attempting to get a blowjob. It was a lost cause; the woman looked as if she were trying very hard to go catatonic and was about three-quarters of the way there. Her head was bent rigidly sideways, her face all closed up, as if she were trying to seal out the whole world—not just from her eyes and mouth, but from her pores.

I was more interested in the three chicks with the knives, since one of them had to be my alien. There was no way to tell which one from that distance; all the aliens I've ever met have seemed perfectly human. And I suspect they are. My guess is that they're only alien in the sense that they're on the other side—the "bad guys." I don't care, one way or the other; I took the job because I liked the idea of living in a time when you can go outside without a mask on, and you can have a room all to yourself, not because I'm some kind of hero.

I saw one of the girls do a double take toward the door where Chug would be appearing. She took a step backward and yelled: "Donny!"

Everyone stopped to see what was happening, and I took the opportunity to step into the room, beckoning to Harley at the same time.

The would-be mouth-rapist, whom I took to be Donny, came whirling out of the corner with his erection in one hand and a fancy, red switchblade in the other, sticking straight up in his fist, the way you hold a bouquet. Behind him, I now saw a single trickle of blood running down the cheek of the woman.

There was a funny little moment of silence while everyone stared at Chug, who had his own blade drawn, holding it as if he knew how to use it. Donny stuffed himself back into his pants with his free hand, keeping the switchblade out in front of him. The girls were between him and Chug, and one of them had gone into a semicrouch, her knife raised above her shoulder like a spear. Chug glanced her way, somehow refocusing his whole body in her direction, and she took a small step backward.

I cleared my throat.

"What the fuck . . .?" Donny began, but then one of the guys with radio aerials nodded toward Harley, who had come in soundlessly through the patio doors, closing them behind him. Donny glanced that way and then licked his lips indecisively.

I had them pegged as power-trippers, not fighters, the kind who are at their best against unarmed straights. The late sixties and the early seventies were full of them, which is why I recruited Chug and Harley from the fifties. Already most of them were giving little looks here and there, not at one another, but at the windows and doors.

"You guys Angels?" Donny asked at last.

"Ghosts," I said. It looked as if some of them were so caught up in their own horror show that they were ready to believe it. Donny looked at me the way you look at an unfriendly dog, wondering whether to brazen it out or risk a hand trying to make friends.

"Look," he said, "we got no hassle with you dudes. We ought to be on the same side, against the pigs." He glanced around at his group's handiwork, maybe taking courage from the gore. "Besides," he added hopefully, "we got you seven to three."

I made a little motion to Chug, who made a little underhand motion of his own. Donny, startled, dropped his knife and held out both hands, like someone trying to catch a baseball but afraid of it, and Chug's blade went between them somehow and buried itself in his belly. He jerked backward, making only a little, unvocalized sound, as if the wind had been knocked out of him, and then he sat down heavily, clutching at the knife with both hands, gave a little moan, and fell sideways, fainting before dying.

The girl who had held up her knife before made a lunge toward Chug but stopped when she saw he already had another blade out.

"You three can go," I said to the guys with the aerials. They didn't even glance at the three girls, who drew closer to one another as if suddenly understanding our intentions. The guys edged past Harley and out the patio doors, and in the little silence that followed, we all heard their bare footfalls padding away on the concrete before disappearing into grass and nighttime.

I stepped toward the girls, Chug and Harley closing in on either side to hem them in. They backed up against the wall, stiff and wary, trying to get a psychic consensus,

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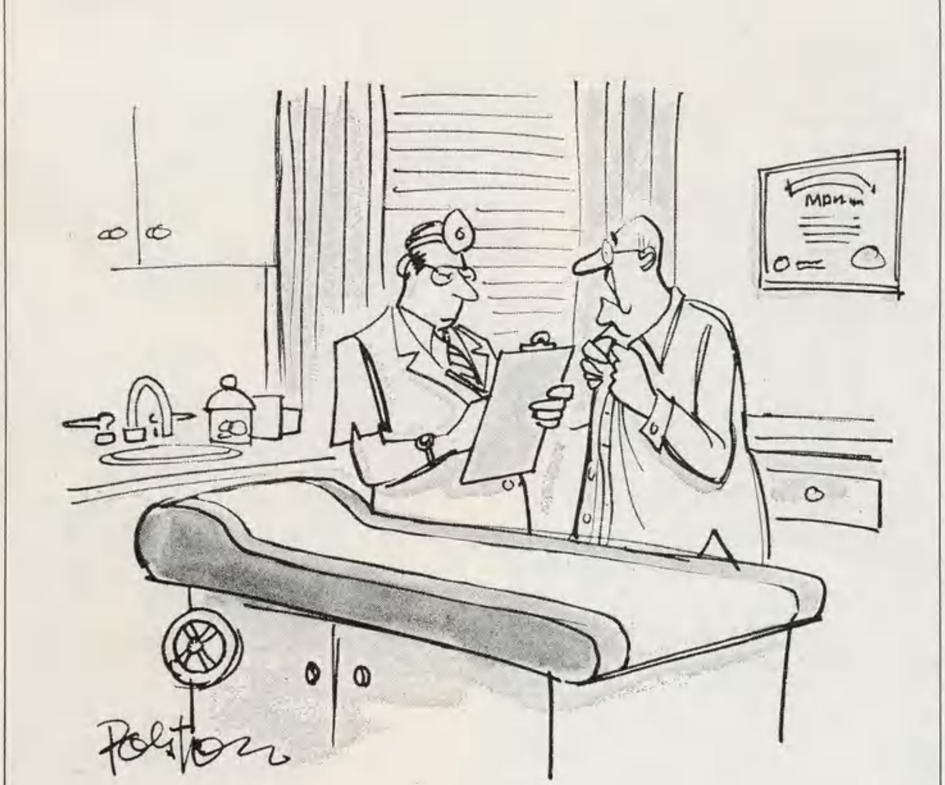

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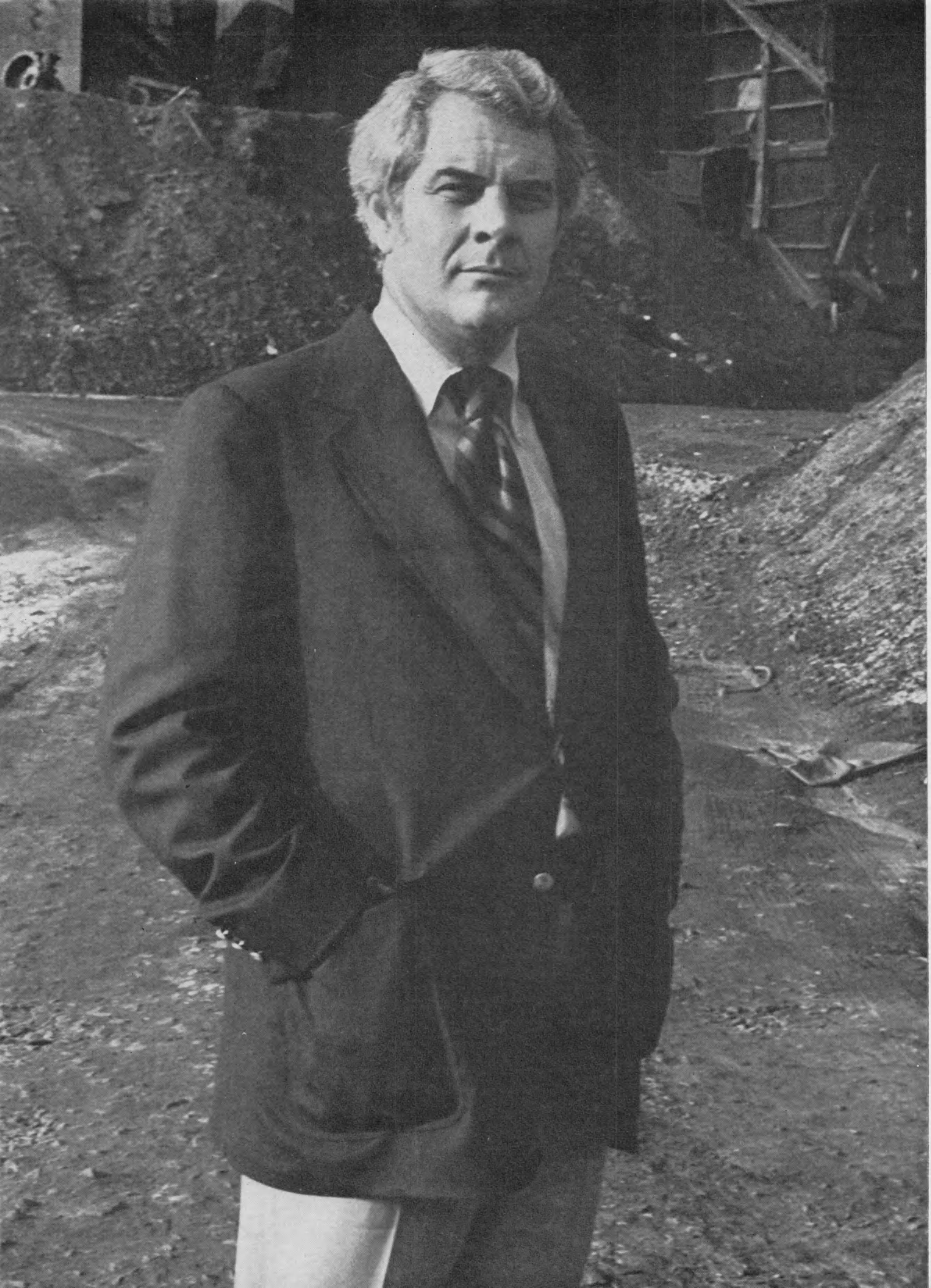

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

DARRELL McGRAW

> “Jimmy Carter doesn't
> understand that working people in
> industrial environments
> see the union as their only salvation—their
> only protection against
> the companies and the government.”

For 109 days, through this most bitter winter of the century, 160,000 members of the United Mine Workers Association and their families endured the longest strike in the violent history of their union.

They hung on, not for money, but to preserve the UMWA rights won on the picket lines of the past fifty years since John L. Lewis first led them and proved that individuals, by exercising their rights in concert, could defeat the power of corporate greed and its handmaidens in the federal and state governments.

Almost everyone was against the miners. The Bituminous Coal Operators Association opened with an attack on the historic right to stage wildcat strikes and on the miners' health-care program. The president of the United States threatened to invoke the Taft-Hartley Labor Act, which would have meant jail for union leaders. Then the president added a topping by urging the miners to be "patriotic." His secretary of labor provided another piece of encouragement by warning that if the men did not return to work, it would mean the end of food stamps.

The United Mine Workers Association leadership, shattered by internal quarrels and fearful that the government meant to break the union, approved two contract proposals that they knew the rank and file would reject as outrageous. Feelings ran so high that President Arnold Miller—as a petition was being circulated asking for his recall as president—began carrying a pistol in addition to employing bodyguards.

Much of the nation's media failed to clarify the basic issues, chief among which was the almost sacred importance of the right to stage wildcat strikes. Millions of Americans who did not realize that the miners' cause was their cause grumbled about the UMW's "greediness." But other millions read the situation correctly, and of these, large groups of independent farmers and truckers got together to organize convoys from the Middle West to bring much-needed food into the strike areas. The United Auto Workers contributed more than $2 million.

From the coal country itself, one voice was raised that defined the true nature of the struggle, in terms that the average American could understand. The voice belonged to forty-one-year-old Darrell McGraw, a justice of the West Virginia Supreme Court.

As an attorney, Justice McGraw had made a specialty of defending miners individually and in groups of 100 or more, defending them against the barrage of injunctions and work orders that are issued when the men walk off their jobs—generally for reasons of safety. When McGraw was elected to the West Virginia Supreme Court in 1976, that did not alter his outspoken dedication to the cause of justice for the miners. Charleston newspaperman Nelson Sorah refers to him as "the people's attorney on the supreme court."

Photograph by Michael McCarthy

McGraw contends that the people who run multi-billion-dollar national and international corporations dealing in fossil fuels are "energy bandits." He sees them as planning a "civil-service society," in which all Americans are to be put on fixed incomes under a corporate-governmental ruling class that is geared to exact the maximum labor and tax money from the people.

In West Virginia coal country, he believes, you can see the outline of how they intend to do it. He points to the events of the recent strike to support his views. The strike, which ended on March 27, granted a 30 percent wage hike over three years. But it will take about that long for the men to recoup the $3,000 to $4,000 each one lost during the strike. The average miner makes about $12,000 to $14,000 a year. But his health program, which had been free, will now make him pay for the first $200 of medical care and the first $50 of drug costs. Pension guarantees for retired miners are now set at $275 per month, but this is far below the approximately $500 per month that present-day miners can expect to collect when they retire. The only real victory for the miners in the recent strike was the retention of the wildcat strike clause.

The future looks bleak for the UMWA. Its president, Arnold Miller, is being pushed to resign. Miller, generally regarded as a well-intentioned and honest man—a miner himself, he retired on pension in 1970 with black lung disease—has not proved a strong leader. Although there is now a petition asking for his recall, it is unlikely he can be forced out before his term expires in 1982, and the next contract comes up in 1980.

The UMWA workers used to dig 70 percent of America's coal. That figure is now down to 50 percent. As the strip mines in the Far West pick up in production, the UMWA share of the pie will grow less. Some members are questioning whether there will even be a union by 1980.

But, according to Darrell McGraw, no matter what happens, the courage and tenacity of the soft-coal miners, the patriotism that has sent them flocking to defend their country in time of war, and their ability to understand when the power blocs are tampering with the Constitution are examples of what America was *supposed* to be all about before the worshippers of "the bottom line" took over our economy and our government.

It was to these matters that the West Virginia Supreme Court Justice addressed himself in this exclusive *Penthouse* interview by Richard Ballad.

Penthouse: The coal strike has ended. The miners are working again. But their leadership is splintered. What went wrong with the UMWA and its president, Arnold Miller?

McGraw: I am sure that Arnold Miller is a guy who keeps a lot of things to himself and who is generally not very trustful of the world—as most coal miners are not. In spite of what you hear, he has a considerable native intelligence and wit. He is just not a man who is sophisticated in terms of organizations and bureaucracies, or in fulfilling the needs of those who run them. He's not skilled in using them for his own purposes—he's not that kind of man.

Miller believes that you deal with people honestly, in an aboveboard and to-the-point manner. But what he doesn't understand is that, in dealing with people in the energy business and, most specifically, people in the coal business, you are dealing with what I call energy *bandits*. These bandits have dominated the energy business in this country from the beginning. They have mauled and pawed and raped everybody who came or went, then raped the country to boot—not just the economics of the country, but the very figure and landscape of the country. They're a bunch of Neanderthals. And this country has not been powerful enough to deal with the Neanderthals who dominate the energy business.

All that, of course, leads us to that aspiring businessman, Jimmy Carter. The governor of Georgia got to be president of the United States. So he now looks at the coal miners' problems through the eyes of the governor of Georgia, who wanted to get another J.P. Stevens factory to come to Georgia so that the poor would have jobs and wouldn't join the union.

Penthouse: Who are these "energy bandits"?

McGraw: Hell, you name 'em. They're all around us. You see their signs: Occidental, Exxon, Mobil, Gulf, Texaco—all these people own not only the oil companies but the coal companies, too. We're talking about all these enormous corporations, which are able to accumulate a very substantial portion of the assets of our country, which they then proceed to manage with no regulations. Regulatory agencies? What regulatory agencies? These corporations regulate themselves! They create monopolies and call it a "market economy"!

This country has been exploited for 150 years by the energy bandits. The first oil well was drilled in Oil City, Pennsylvania, just a few days before they discovered oil at Burning Springs in West Virginia. When these wells were drilled, the smart boys smelled it and came running: the Mellons, the Morgans, the Rockefellers. They knew that what they were smelling was really *energy*! They'd found the inanimate energy slaves man has always dreamed about.

Penthouse: And it's still going on.

McGraw: It's going on stronger than ever. Look at the Arabs! Now they're the ones collecting all the money. It isn't at all complicated. The Arabs are collecting the money because they've got the energy for sale. Well, that's what our own big boys want to keep doing here and wherever else they can lay their hands on minerals. They just want to keep on collecting. They want first to use up all the oil and gas and then to use up all the coal. And then, and only then, will they really allow the development of alternate energy sources—which they will also control.

They don't want to share any of this with you. They don't want to share it with the coal miner. Do you know what they want? Their ultimate dream is to hire the right kind of white-knight politicians, who will persuade us all to go on civil service so that they can give us all a guaranteed wage with a regulated raise and keep us all in the rut forevermore.

They want one big country, run by big energy. The want to call the shots. If they had it their way, your income would be stabilized and they'd be free to squeeze you and charge whatever they want and give you cost-of-living increases; so they'd get ten dollars, and you'd get one. That's what it's all about to them. Look at your taxes. Can't you see what it's all about? And now they've got their boy in the White House. He proved he was on their side with the Taft-Hartley business.

> "In dealing with people in the energy business, and most specifically, people in the coal business, you are dealing with what I call energy *bandits*."

Penthouse: What is the difference between Carter's and Truman's reaction to the coal strikes?

McGraw: Initially, Truman opposed the passage of Taft-Hartley, but then he used it after its passage against the coal miners. But he finally admitted it was a mistake—I really admire Truman for admitting that.

Penthouse: But now, as in Truman's day, a government takeover would require new legislation to give the president such authority.

McGraw: Yes, and thank God for that. Congress would still have to pass a law. But, you know, Congress has been "had," too. Several years ago it passed that "campaign reform act" that "freed" it from the people. You see, congressmen are supposedly men of great intellectual ability, but at the same time they are accomplished actors. Television is responsible for this, because it exposed Congress and let people know what was going on up there on Capitol Hill. To save themselves, the congressmen passed this reform bill that allows them to take money from big corporations to run their campaigns. All open and aboveboard, they say.

Now, since these men are of high intellect and quality, they don't understand that the corporations want them on civil service, too. The corporations have them on civil service now. Give them a fat raise—hell, those people make $60,000 a year! And even with all *that*, they can't control the bureaucracy. They can't control the energy bandits. Hell, they can't even control their own office staffs.

Penthouse: Let's talk about the coal miner and how this affects him. Is the miner different from other types of American laborers?

McGraw: Well, you know, America is billed as the land of opportunity. My grandfather came from Europe. He went to work in the mines, and he built a good life for himself —better, at least, than he had in Europe.

Now, that was upward mobility from Central Europe. But there is no such thing as upward mobility from the coal fields. You get a job at the coal mines, and that's the only job you ever have. Of course, you can go to work for the company. You can get a job as a section boss. You can move up from the ranks. But there's no real advantage or profit in that, because a section boss is the first man they throw off the boat. He doesn't have the union to protect him. He's a company man without the company behind him. Also, when the company is looking for a scapegoat in a safety dispute, the section boss is the guy in the middle. So not very many union coal miners want to get into that kind of situation.

Penthouse: Is that what makes coal miners different—their lack of upward mobility?

McGraw: That's one facet of the problem. I'll try to connect that to why people in the mines feel the way they do and why there's been no big change over all these years.

This is, by the way, not the *western* coal miner we're talking about. There *are* some deep coal mines in the West, but in general the western coal miner is just a cowboy who moves from place to place and runs a dragline or bulldozer on a strip job. The Appalachian underground coal miner, on the other hand, is a man who feels himself living in an industrial environment. He has an industrial job where he's just a number—but he's the man who makes the machines go. If he's not there, the machine can't go.

The government, to these miners, is an outfit from Washington or Charleston that comes to send them to war, to collect taxes, and, as in the instance of the recent strike, tells them to work whether they want to or not. The coal miner isn't dumb. He reads the Constitution and sees in the First Amendment that he's got the right to associate with whomever he pleases. Thus he refuses to sign a contract that says he'll be fired if he associates with a miner down the road who's carrying a picket sign. Doesn't that make sense to you?

The miners read in the Thirteenth Amendment how slavery has been abolished. Since West Virginia was the only state created out of the Civil War, all little kids in West Virginia learn how slavery was abolished and how West Virginia became a state. The miners know that the government can't throw them in jail if they refuse to work.

Now, the deep-southern plantation owners *don't* understand that slavery has been abolished, because, for them, only the *form* of the exploitation has changed. Many of them shifted to sharecropping. But whatever they do, the object is to keep wages low and the unions out.

Many people hypothesize that West Virginia came into being because Abraham Lincoln didn't know what was going on, and that the investors from the North then created the state because they wanted to get their hands on all that coal, oil, and gas sealed up in the West Virginia mountains. The northerners knew that all those minerals represented inanimate energy slaves.

So the West Virginians got themselves out from under the plantation owners and created their own state and set about exploiting those minerals. Hell, we were always industrial in West Virginia—the cannonballs they shot at the British on Lake Erie in the War of 1812 were made in Ice's Ferry, in West Virginia. Because West Virginia had all this mineral wealth, people came and developed our industrial economy, which is culturally so different from that of the other southern states.

Take labor, for example. Take the J.P. Stevens Company. J.P. Stevens is a lint company, a textile outfit. J.P. Stevens blossomed in the South. It could do all those things that it had previously been *prevented* from doing in New York and Massachusetts and Rhode Island by the unions up north. The big companies moved south to exploit the poor southern people—both black and white—and continually fought the unions by setting the races against each other. They didn't sell their product any cheaper just because the production cost was now cheaper. Rather, they just put more money into their pockets.

Now, when Jimmy Carter was governor of Georgia, I'm not at all sure but that he wasn't romancing J.P. Stevens to put a factory in Georgia so that J.P. Stevens would put a little money into the state and help keep the unions out, too.

I never had anything against Jimmy Carter. We elected him president, thought he was our man, thought he was a Democrat. We thought so until he came down on the coal miners, and then all of a sudden it boomed out loud and clear that what we've got in the White House is a southern agribusinessman. That's what he is. Jimmy Carter went away to the Naval Academy and then went back to Georgia to a big plantation-type agribusiness. Georgia has a number of these big plantations that get whatever they can from J.P. Stevens and collect what they can up in Atlanta by ripping everybody off. The poor don't have a chance.

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And let me tell you: people like that can't understand our people in the coal country, nor can they understand our culture. Jimmy Carter comes from the flatland. He doesn't understand the highland, mountain southerner.

Penthouse: Does Carter understand the labor movement in general?

McGraw: No, he doesn't. He doesn't understand that working people in industrial environments see the union as their only salvation, their only protection against the companies and the government.

Penthouse: How much of that might be due to the influence of such people as Carter's domestic adviser, Stuart Eizenstadt?

McGraw: I've been informed that he was what they called the "hard-liner" on the invocation of Taft-Hartley. What that says to me is that we have another fellow there in the White House who is on his way up. Won't be in the president's office forever, right? Has to move on, and obviously won't become president himself, so he has to make a future for himself—with a large corporation or foundation. I don't know what his professional skills are, but if he's a lawyer, he'll be representing those groups and kinds of people. So that's where he is and where he's trying to go.

Penthouse: You don't think Eizenstadt's at all concerned with the American people?

McGraw: Well, you know, I was told that if the Taft-Hartley Act had been invoked, they would stop issuing food stamps. I just can't understand that. If food stamps are issued on the basis of need, and if the men already getting food stamps had already demonstrated their need, how could they be cut off on grounds that had nothing to do with their need? Their need didn't change while they were striking—just their status under the law, I guess. Food is just another weapon the government might choose to use to abrogate the right to strike.

Penthouse: Let's talk about those first contract offers and the miners' reluctance to give up the right to wildcat strikes.

McGraw: You've got to understand that the miners tried to read that first contract offer from where they were, in "the hole." A coal miner says that he works "in the hole" or that he goes "under the mountain." From the miners' position, they just couldn't see that contract as anything but enormously threatening.

You know, we've got these guys in economics, up in New York and Washington, talking about the bottom line—accountants and those types. Well, the bottom line is that unless you've got some kind of human organization, the coal mines are abominable, dreadful, dangerous death traps to work in. The coal mines will kill you. The coal mines just don't respect people. So people who work in the mines have to depend upon one another for warnings, for communication, for all the different kinds of support they need.

Penthouse: It sounds like wartime combat.

McGraw: It's exactly like army combat! You depend upon your buddy. And if you can't depend on your buddy, you're out of business. That's the most important thing the union brings to the mines—a sense of brotherhood. It is the sense of danger and death that gives miners an independence, a sense of their manhood, if you will—"macho," as the Chicanos call it, the thing that makes them stand against the whole damn system when they think it does them wrong. Most people don't realize that West Virginia coal miners were the only Americans ever to have been bombed by airplanes on orders of their own government. This happened in the early 1920s in what is known as the Battle of Blair Mountain, in Boone and Logan counties, when the union was trying to organize the mines.

Penthouse: Coming back to the present situation, what exactly made the miners so angry about the wildcat strike provisions in the first contract?

McGraw: Well, that first contract took away the miners' right to walk away from a dangerous work place. The first contract had it set up so that if a local union official were to confer with another to discuss some dangerous work situation, they could be accused of a conspiracy to provoke a work stoppage. That's taking away the First Amendment right of association.

Then, in the work-stabilization clause, designed to do away with wildcat strikes, the contract said that a local union official had the responsibility to go out there and say to a picket who shows up at his mine, "Who are you? Where are you from? What are you doing here? You don't have a right to be here!" So the union officials would be used to wipe out picket lines. That's not impossible—the union agreed to that. But then the contract also said that the company has the right to fire anyone who the company says has been involved in or have *provoked* a wildcat strike. With no arbitration, no appeal! It's crazy. And now the companies have these goons who take pictures of picketers, and if you have your photograph taken, you're fired. Can you imagine a better way to get rid of aggressive local union officers?

Penthouse: Is a wildcat strike ever used to protest anything other than conditions in the mines?

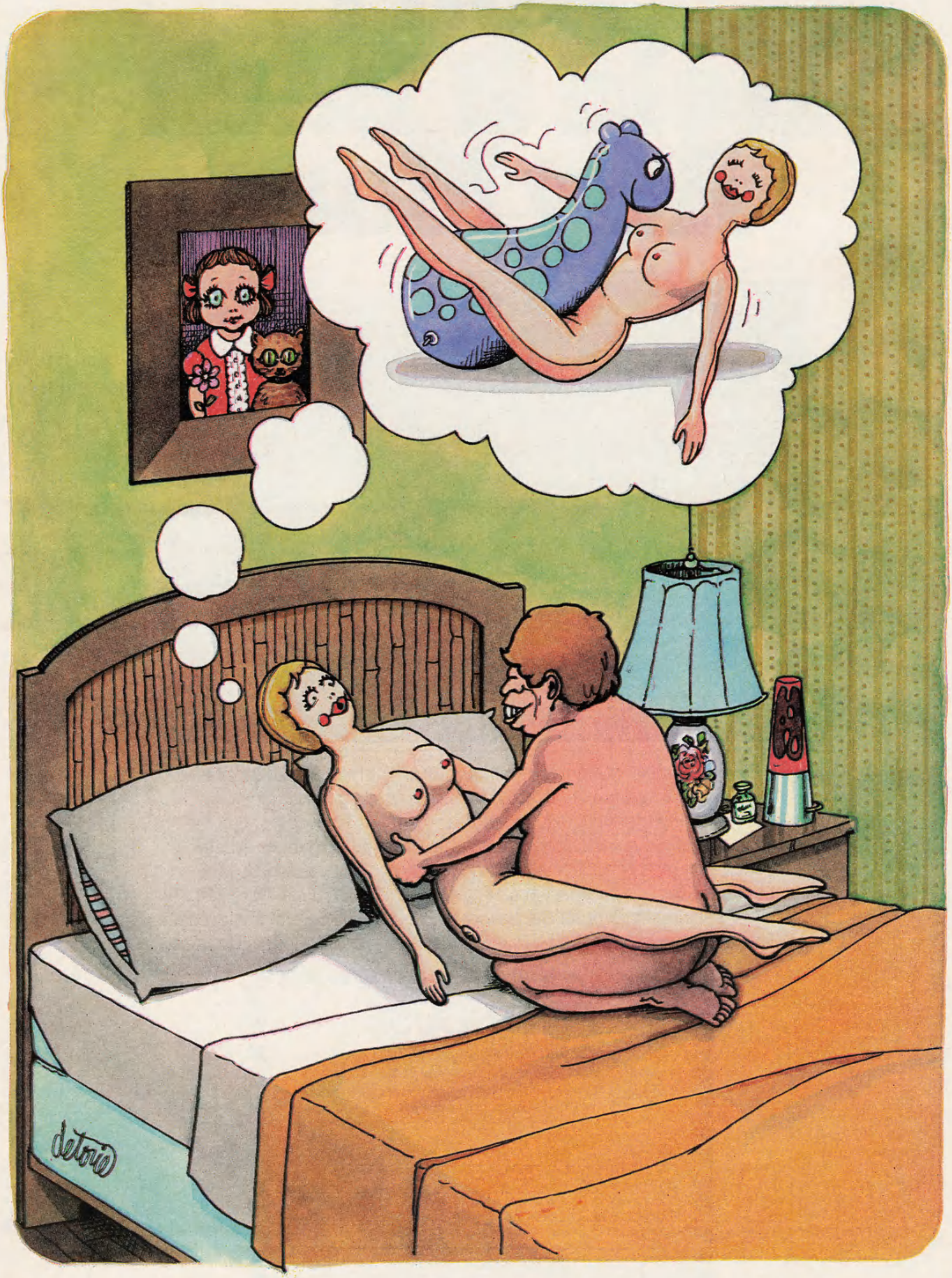
McGraw: It is a form of social protest against what we all know: that the coal companies and the government are one. The people who own the coal mines also control the government. They have all the power. So, if you've got a handle on their power, then the way you change the social order is simply to turn that handle.

Penthouse: When has this form of power been exercised?

McGraw: In the Kanawha County textbook dispute, where it turned out that the coal companies' lawyers were representing the school board. So the miners struck against the coal companies, until they created such abominable damn pressure that the law firms told the school board what to do—remembering all the while that, in the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 166

"I tell you it just isn't fair. I can barely afford to pay for my malpractice insurance, *while most of my former patients are getting a free ride on* perpetual care."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The bra is back and before you get it on you have to get it off.

THE HAPPY UNHOOKER

BY CAROLE BOVOSO

The Christian Dior bra is most annoying. Rate it Two Cups.

Photographs by Antonin Kratochvil

Usually the battle of the bra is spoken of as something that happened a long, long time ago. And always in the story there's the shy and semiseduced young woman-child just waiting to be pushed to the absolute brink of mindless sensuality. And, most important, *she didn't even know it was happening*.

What's more, according to the legends, it was just this element of total surprise that brought many an amorous fellow to what was once so quaintly referred to as "home base."

But not every man was lucky enough to master the cunning movement of the clasp that brought about the desired results. Young men who were lucky enough to have sisters were known to practice secretly on the unoccupied article of clothing when they could swipe one from a drawer or a laundry bag. Those who didn't have this advantage were forced to figure out their clasp work on the spot.

Small wonder that there's been a grim war going on between aspiring lovers and bra manufacturers.

Then the new wave of braless females hit the scene, and there seemed to be a respite of sorts, even though it looked to many that a great art was in grave danger of perishing.

But there was no cause for concern. Bra manufacturers say that women never really stopped wearing bras. On the other hand, eyewitness accounts attest that certainly *some* of them did. But never mind all that now. It hardly matters, because bras are apparently back and with a vengeance. In 1977 some 540 million of these intimate items were purchased—an increase of 100 million since 1974, a definite trend.

Now there are bras that make a woman look as if she's wearing no bra at all, bras that make her look as if she's *almost* not wearing any, and bras that make her look as if she's *definitely* wearing one but deep down would rather not be wearing *any*.

Many women buy boring bras for daytime and exciting bras for evening or any time that they suspect they are going to undress or be undressed. Preshaped bras update the old paddings, and even bras that are *mostly* shape have taken on a new glamour.

But just how do these new creations stand up under the close attentions of the connoisseur? How is he faring with the current crop of bras? In order to find out the answer to this question and others about bras, we have surveyed the market and have come up with a few findings. The following ratings have been devised by dedicated bra testers, and they are certain to provide an insight that should satisfy the most particular of bra watchers.

A random assortment of bras was doled out to a cross section of men whose single qualification was an unflinching interest in bras and their wearers. Most of these men considered them-

selves experienced in this field and were enthusiastic about the task at hand. They were asked to rate appearance as well as clasp maneuverability and were encouraged to add any comments that they might have.

Rating System:

Four Cups	▲▲▲▲	Touchdown!
Three Cups	▲▲▲	Field Goal
Two Cups	▲▲	Incompleted Pass
One Cup	▲	Fumble

BRA: Christian Dior
TESTER: Ron L., twenty-two, artist
COMMENTS: I couldn't believe this. It looked like a good-looking lacy thing on the outside, but once I got underneath, it turned out to be a "backless convertible" model that featured a low criss-cross of straps in the back and then went all around the testee's waist. Sure, I could get it off (it depended on two classical S shapes that hung near each shoulder blade), but once it was off, I found all the straps and stuff most annoying. It's an awkward distraction from the matters at hand.

RATING: ▲▲

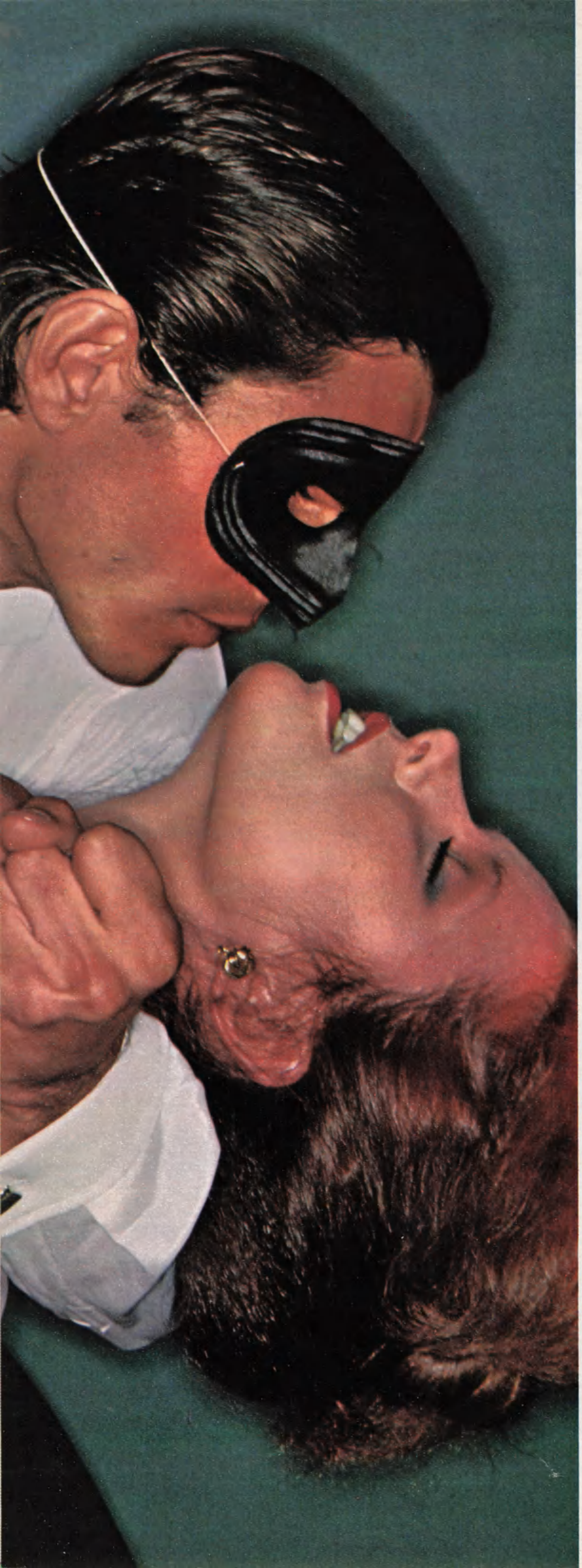
BRA: Warner's "Million Dollar Baby"
TESTER: Martin R., twenty-one, swimming instructor
COMMENTS: It fastened in back and was really sheer and shiny. Since it was also flesh-colored, I could see exactly what was in store for me. It took only a second for me to get the clasp undone one-handed, and the testee never knew that I'd done so until it was way too late. Nice bra.
RATING: ▲▲▲▲

Four Cups *each for Warners (left) and Rainbird (above).*

BRA: Vanity Fair
TESTER: Jack G., twenty-nine, advertising executive
COMMENTS: It reminded me of the fifties: backseats, high-school proms, and Natalie Wood in *Rebel without a Cause*. This monster has a double hook and eye; it closes in the back, naturally. Taking it off was no problem, but with all this excess lace, the thing looked more like her panties.
RATING: ▲▲

BRA: Evelyn Rainbird, Ltd.
TESTER: Sal J., thirty, musician
COMMENTS: Kinky! The nipples pop through this one with plenty of room to spare (as if the skimpy lace fabric was trying to hide anything). An S in the back holds the whole thing together, but with the way she looked in this black-and-red contraption, why take it off at all?
RATING: ▲▲▲▲

BRA: Danskin—"Action Sports Bra"
TESTER: Ed L., twenty-five, teacher
COMMENTS: A one-size-fits-all type. Not a bra, really, but a kind of jockstrap for breasts. Most maddening of all, it has no clasps, and you must lift it up over the woman's head to get it off (or down around the entire torso, for God's sake!). This would be a good bra for guys who like women half-dressed. During whatever position we were in, the most satisfactory place for the bra was around the testee's waist. RATING: ▲



Hair and makeup by Martin Downey

The "Half Bra" (above) scores a hefty Four Cups!

Danskin (left) makes a One Cup; *hand Kloss (above) a* Three.

BRA: Michael Salem Boutique—"Half Bra"
TESTER: Paco H., twenty-four, professional boxer
COMMENTS: Who cares about clasps with a bra like this? To my thinking, it is the ideal and final solution to bras. My testee liked the way it lifted her jugs up from underneath, and I dug the sexy black color and the red bow in the middle. The testee and I could and did do everything we could have done if she hadn't been wearing this one. What more could anyone ask?
RATING: ▲▲▲▲

BRA: John Kloss for Lily of France
TESTER: Jim S., thirty-two, journalist
COMMENTS: This bra was sheer and slippery. There are no seams in the cup and front opening. Even though I used to enjoy those bumpy seams, the smoothness was sensually interesting. It opened in front with something like a single piece of swimsuit strap tightener (an S of plastic). Trying to get the bra off while my girl was dressed gave me the impression that I was picking fruit. *Special Note:* I found this impossible to do one-handed, but I developed a two-handed technique that was effective.
RATING: ▲▲▲

CONTINUED ON PAGE 202

Pet of the Year

RUNNER-UP

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

Pet-of-the-Year Runner-up Susanne Saxon was thrilled to hear that she'd been voted by thousands of dedicated, well-wishing, sight-seeing *Penthouse* readers as a sight well worth seeing again. And our statuesque, twenty-two-year-old California lady fairly leapt at the chance to model her 36-24-35, well-distributed inches for this encore appearance. "When you're having your picture taken, you're really making love to the camera—and in a way, I guess, to yourself," she says. An understandable weakness, given the irresistible body she has to work with. When she's not busy flirting with the camera, Susanne is on the road with her musician lover and his rock band.

Wardrobe courtesy of Deco Flash, Too, Los Angeles, Calif.

"I love being part of rock 'n' roll, even though the things I do to help the band are almost always behind the scenes—and I don't mean that in the provocative way it sounds," she adds, laughing. "It's just that I'm incredibly well organized and efficient. So I help take care of a lot of details that the band members are either too harried or too wiped out to bother with. When it comes to sharing myself *sexually,* that's all reserved for my boyfriend," she confides. "Maybe I'm the world's only nonpromiscuous groupie."

Doesn't she even *flirt* with other men? "Well, when I'm working in front of a camera, I assume the photographer is as turned on as I am, and when I'm listening to really good rock music, watching the band members moving and grinding their hips, I have to admit I sometimes fantasize about making love to all of them at once. But when it comes to having actual sex, with my body as well as my mind, I'm strictly a one-man woman." Does her "one man" mind her public-spirited appearance here in *Penthouse*? "No, not at all," Susanne insists. "After all, rock stars are show-offs, too, you know."

Speaking of show-offs, is she turned on by musclemen like Arnold Schwarzenegger? "No, not really. I prefer the lean, lanky type. I want to be dominated, not pulverized!" When we look at Susanne's five foot nine inches of impeccably proportioned American womanhood, it seems as if even a gentle squeeze could go a long, long way...

THE OLYMPICS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

the concrete pool. All twenty Olympic-size lanes are solidly occupied, two teammates to a lane. "Please, Mark," she pleads. "It's lightning!"

Mark Schubert is openly amused. "Don't worry, if you guys die, I'll assume all responsibility."

Almost everyone is visibly mortified, and all of them keep one eye on the sky as they slosh through training. The daily afternoon routine is grueling. It consists of eighty pool-lengths of free-style warm-up, forty lengths of kicking, sixty lengths of pulling (hand use only of a webbed, flat board), and a "quality set" of the swimmer's particular specialty. After the practice, these kids are expected to go home, study, get some sleep, and be at the pool the next morning at 5:30 for the same thing before starting the school day. When asked if that type of routine isn't a touch exhausting for his juvenile crew, Mark Schubert replies, "Exhausting? If that's all it does to them, then they aren't trying hard enough. They should be downright dead after these drills."

When it comes to human sacrifices, Mark Schubert isn't impressed. "Listen, these kids have gotta be willing to lay down and die for the team if they want to get to the Olympics. It's a total sacrifice; everything else becomes unimportant. Being gung ho is all that matters. I've got a kid on the team who wanted to qualify for the nationals so badly that he was willing to do anything. Half-jokingly, I told him that if he shaved his head, it would propel him through the water at a faster speed. Wouldn't you know it? The next day he came to practice without hair—a smooth dome. He qualified by .1000 second. It takes guts."

According to Schubert, the younger that kids start, the better chance they have of making the grade. "I begin with five-year-olds. They're not aware of intense conditioning at that age, but I begin putting them through exercises that develop their cardiovascular systems and begin enlarging their lungs. By the time they're eight, we begin working them to death—a daily system of workouts that becomes harder and more physically exhausting and extends over a long period of years. There's a lot of cutthroat competition; I encourage it. I think it teaches these kids what life is all about. If they can deal with this at their age, they can handle anything."

"Mark is destroying my life," accuses one of his star swimmers who asked that he not be named for fear of the consequences. "He doesn't know it, but it's becoming difficult for me to think straight. I'm not doing so hot in school this year, and that's going to fuck my chances for getting into a good school. Mark says they'll take me because of my swimming ability, but try to tell my parents that. They're really coming down hard on me about school, Mark's really coming down hard on my swimming, and it's starting to close in on me. Some of my friends think I've really freaked out. I'm high-strung all the time, and that's not helping matters either. What I need is to get the hell away from this pool and swimming and settle down, spend some time thinking all this over. Maybe I should quit. I can't go on like this much more."

To make certain that the team members are able to cope with the stress, Mark Schubert employs a man named Donald Swartz, who runs the Creative Performance Institute program, which all participants and their families must attend twice a year. The CPI program is little more than conspicuous romper-room brainwashing under the guise of a fancy moniker: positive thinking.

Swartz's methods are drawn from basic methods of child psychiatry, with emphasis placed on the reaction-response technique. In a roundabout way—so that nine-year-old minds can absorb his rhetoric—he explains the "creative subconscious," the drive and energy necessary for reaching goals.

> As one teenage trainee put it, "If I win a gold medal for my effort, I plan on saying, 'I owe it all to my physician, who managed to keep me alive.' "

"We teach these kids specifics in terms of goal setting at a young age," Swartz affirms. "We psychologically motivate these kids from the crib so that by the time the Olympics roll around and they find themselves in them, they are positively programmed and have the mental faculties needed to beat anyone in the world."

Mark Schubert insists that the parents take the same program as their children. According to the coach, the parents are "the most immature in their approach to Olympic training and often need more help than the kids."

"Look," says Don Swartz, "a kid's getting an understanding parent is absolutely left to chance. To rectify that, we teach adults how to parent." That is, they teach a parent to aid their child in reaching their Olympic dream. It's a community conspiracy right out of *Fahrenheit 451*. And Swartz's entire two-hour lecture has a familiar underlying moral: to succeed in life is to qualify for the Olympic team, *to win*.

Bill Toomey, the gold medal decathlon champion at the 1968 Olympics in Mexico City, has his own theory about Don Swartz's reaction-response approach. "It's pure crap," the decathlon champion states unequivocally. "These kids don't have a choice in the matter; they're covertly pressured into it."

Toomey, who won his medal at the untenable age of thirty and is currently a member of the President's Commission on Olympic Sports as well as a producer of similar commercial events, is disillusioned with the "cradle robbing" aspect of recruiting. "The Olympics shouldn't be a youth-emphasis sport, because these young kids are under too much pressure as is. A teenager's life isn't easy anymore. Being trained for the Olympics at that stage in his or her life destroys too much of the growing-up process. When you set a pair of young eyes on only one specific goal, you put blinders on everything else going on around the kid. Some of the parents deserve a good, swift kick in the ass."

Ronald Owens (a pseudonym) couldn't agree more. Every morning at 4:50, he leaves his home in Anaheim and drives his son, Ricky, approximately thirty miles to Mission Viejo High School in time for his daily 5:30 practice. Once Ronald is there, he joins the twenty or so other parents, who sleep on the front seats of their cars in the school parking lot before heading back home or to work. It's not the routine that bothers Ronald Owens, however. It is this father's mounting fear that his son is slowly crumbling under the pressure of his responsibility to the team.

"I ought to have my head examined for allowing this to go on," Owens says disgustedly. "But I'm worried that Ricky will walk away from me and never come back. All he knows is the team and his role with it. He doesn't read, doesn't do well in school, doesn't even date. He has no time for any of that. By the time he comes home at night after practice, he's ready to hit the sack. I thought the vitamins Mark prescribed for him would help him some, but so far—nothing."

Schubert shrugs it off. "His kid'll come around. His mind is on winning the meet next week, and right now that's understandably the most important thing in his life. As far as these kids' health goes, we're right on top of things. We issue a series of vitamins each morning: 2000 mg. of vitamin C, 1600 mg. of desiccated liver, and a superpotency vitamin with B-complex. We also coach the kids on their intake of additional vitamins during the day. That's all they need."

But one anxious swimmer says, "That's what the coach thinks. I was lucky enough to get ahold of some diet pills and speed to get me through the day, but a lot of the other kids are really dragging their asses around here."

"These young kids have no idea what they're putting into their systems," says Len Miller, head track coach at the University of California's Irvine campus, a position only recently vacated by his friend, Bill Toomey. "My attitude on diet is to let a kid eat whatever he wants. I think nutritional vitamins are rip-offs in what they claim to do for athletes. The body doesn't have the ability to store such great amounts of vitamins."

But while Coach Miller's track-and-field squadron is older and more knowledgeable concerning their assumed life-style, the members face far greater risks in their decisions pertaining to athletic careers. Miller, a handsome, intelligent man with an unflagging regard for responsibility toward his students, was at first hesitant to discuss his dilemma.

"You see, it's not an easy situation for a coach to be in. We have two guys here capable of breaking the world decathlon record. But . . . ," he says, hesitating, searching his conscience, "I think one of them has the better chance, but he can't win the decathlon without using steroids. It's very unlikely for *any* athlete to win a medal in a weight event without using them. It's been that way for several Olympiads, and, sure, it's against Olympic rules, but . . ."

Steroids are biologically active hormones cautiously administered to spur the growth of underdeveloped children. According to Len Miller, "It helps our guys put on twenty to thirty pounds of muscle in a month. But it can produce dangerous side effects. I've heard of cases of death and balls falling off. So, if one of my kids decides to take steroids, I want him to tell me and I'll have him do it under a doctor's supervision."

One young runner shares his coach's concern. "My dad is a doctor, and he'd kill me if he knew I was on this junk," he says with an understandable degree of trepidation. "It's industrial garbage, and I'm loading it into me in big amounts to keep the muscle growth constant. My girl friend says it's made me more sluggish, and she even thinks that it's changed my personality—made me more irritable. I don't know, though. But I *do* know that if I don't have it, I'll never bring home an Olympic medal. I'm just worried as hell about what's gonna happen to me when I'm ready to stop taking this shit. Nobody's really been able to tell me for sure."

Miller is also more realistic in his assessment of an athlete's commitment toward making the Olympic team. "It's a difficult decision for a kid to make, and I'm not altogether certain it's a healthy one. I've got a kid named Dave Daniels, a freshman, fourth-best record holder in the steeplechase. He's also the first-chair violinist in a local philharmonic orchestra and an honors physics student. I had a serious talk with him last week concerning his athletic future. He's a good kid with a lot of potential, but I told him that in order to become an Olympic contender, he's gonna have to give everything else up."

A young man introduced only as Judd, one of Len Miller's star discus throwers, ambles into the coach's office for a chat before beginning his workout between classes. Miller has been working with him consistently, even though Judd's high-school coach told him that he was too small and too skinny to become a contender. "Now, at six foot one and 210 pounds, Judd is one of the best in the country. But he's never touched a steroid and refuses to do so. Some people with credentials thought that Judd could throw 200 feet without touching steroids. Great! That wouldn't put him on the Olympic team, though. Because he has made the choice, he probably won't represent us on the U.S. Olympic team. But should he change his mind come Olympic year and use them, he'll probably make the grade."

After a brief conference consisting of setting up his training schedule and reporting his recent distances, Judd jogs out the door and down the hall. Through his office window Miller watches him cut across the field and then turns away. "Shit, I kinda hate the direction I've seen amateur athletics take in my lifetime. And I've seen a lot of potential Olympians fall by the wayside because coaches and parents push them too hard too soon. I shudder to think of some of the cases. They're taking someone like Linda Frattiani (the sixteen-year-old U.S. figure-skating champ) and turning her into Seattle Slew—a piece of meat trained to perform at maximum potential. She'll be burned to a cinder after she wins the gold medal. Will she be happy then?"

> "My dad is a doctor," comments one young runner, "and he'd kill me if he knew I was on this junk [steroids]. It's industrial garbage."

Happiness is, indeed, a prime consideration in motivating a child, but there seems to be a severe lack of that basic ingredient in the overall Olympic design for training its contenders. Instead, the fear of failing is skillfully implanted by coaches as leverage to extract their pupils' last ounces of competitive energy—pressure ladled out in lethal doses. According to an eminent child psychologist, "Undue pressure at these young ages can place the child on a dangerously balanced fulcrum; if it is tipped either way, he could suffer irreparable psychological damage. It's plain bad medicine."

And yet pressure continues to pave the way toward Olympic gold. At Grossfeld's School of Gymnastics in Milford, Conn., where seven girls between the ages of eleven and sixteen endure rigorous daily training for the 1980 games, pressure is the only incentive toward attaining excellence. These girls are the "elites"—America's undercover hitwomen assigned to liquidate rivals Nadia Comaneci and Nelli Kim in Moscow—and their preparation for that task is equally brutal.

The Grossfeld elites have made the ultimate commitment. They have left home, left their families and friends, and left public schools and parties in order to become one of the chosen. Their days are ones of solitary hours spent considering objectives and working toward achieving them. They swing off bars, vault over pommel horses, climb ropes, and flip-flop across mats. Unlike most of their contemporaries, they have objectives that are physical and pain that is personal.

Muriel Grossfeld, their petite coach, insists that her elites board on the premises, a rambling, old house adjoining the gym's parking lot. For most of her students, this rule means being away from home during their formative years and adhering to Muriel's arbitrary set of rules. Most important on her list is the stipulation that everyone *always* attend practice and that Muriel override any conflicting parental wishes. There are no demands made on grade achievement in school; a student has only to pass her courses in order to remain in the gym's good standing.

Removing children from home at an early age has come under fire from many critics of the program. "What they fail to realize is that my girls don't need parental guidance; they're special," Muriel asserts, flopping into a comfortable chair in her newly constructed loft office. At thirty-six, she is a pillar of fitness poured evenly into a skin-tight burgundy leotard. It is her spryness and obvious physical strength that placed her on the 1956, 1960, and 1964 United States Olympic gymnastic teams and that provided her with an unchallenged reputation as the best U.S. women's gymnastic coach working today, not to mention the toughest.

It has been rumored that her practice sessions are tantamount to slave labor camps and that many of them end with her girl trainees crying hysterically out of pain and humiliation. Muriel merely shrugs the rumor off. "Look, I do anything I have to to produce a winner—and these girls are all winners. I have to keep them scared. If it takes a little abuse to achieve my ends, then that's the price they pay. They'll thank me for it later.

"I've worked damned hard at keeping these girls in line so that they can become champs. I've conditioned them to think I can see *anything* they're up to whether or not they're in the gym. And *it's working!* They've got to reach the point where all they think about in their lives is being the best in the gym. Nothing else matters."

Most girls at that age consider boys as their common denominator. "Not these kids," Muriel says, making an invisible "X" in the air with her index finger. "We give 'em so much to do that they don't have time for boys. That would kill everything. Some of my girls start to date, but we uncover their suitors and offer some 'friendly discouragement.' Sex hardly ever comes up in my discussions with the girls, but when it does, I tell them to absolutely abstain. And I'm sure as hell not about to allow them to take birth-control pills. Sex, I tell them, will only slow them down, and we don't have time for girls who allow themselves to get mowed over by a guy. No way."

Most of the girls' intensive training comes by way of Muriel's fellow coach, Don Peters, a Harry Reems look-alike who works primarily on developing his charges' competitive skills and physiques. It is with the latter that he encounters most problems.

"Excess weight is intensely harmful, and I have to resort to a lot of screaming and yelling at the girls to make them meet their weight. We put all our kids on weight-loss diets and then maintenance diets, but carbohydrate intake in all young girls is somewhat excessive, and it becomes my biggest problem.

"Parents are the worst influences of all when it comes to maintaining weight. The girls go home for a brief vacation, and their parents think they're too skinny." The girls are also plagued by food fantasies because of the restrictions. "I had one promising gymnast who developed a severe food fantasy," Peters recalls. "She went home to visit her parents, where she was out of our reach, and she literally ate herself out of gymnastics.

"But emotions hurt our girls, too. Some girls want to fail because they're emotionally unstable; so they *intentionally* eat, get fat, and ultimately solve their problem by failing."

Although the young women have such problems as these, they are, according to gym administrator George Ward, in capable hands. "These kids may be unique and need parental guidance, but they see two of the best psychiatrists every day: Muriel and Don." Muriel and Don monitor their health, act as their friends, and probably also advise them of their "rights."

"Serious problems come up all the time," Ward adds, "and Muriel and Don always know the right thing to do. Take the situation with Jeannie C., one of our twelve-year-olds. Jeannie is one of the most promising gymnasts in the world, but she has terrible buckteeth. Now, looks are important in gymnastics, and we have to consider each girl's appearance carefully before accepting her. But on a scale of one to fifteen (fifteen is the worst), we've graded Jeannie at fourteen. Frankly, it was becoming a problem for us. A lot of other coaches were calling her 'Bucky' to her face to throw her off. It made her feel inferior and insecure. Well, we solved that rather quickly. Muriel and Don talked to her about it, and I sent her to a couple of our doctors; one extracted her buckteeth, and the other put braces on the rest. Now everything in Jeannie's life is just fine."

It is this type of perverted logic that is so frightening and so potentially devastating to a young woman's emotional development. This bunch has everything under control, including that now-familiar ingredient of pressure.

"Pressure is everything," Don Peters insists. "We teach the girls that they can't slow down in training for even a day, because their roommate or somebody else will eat them up alive in competition. They've got to be careful, or their best friends will beat them. Lie down for a day, and you're *finished*."

Muriel Grossfeld jumps to his defense. "There are some kids whom the pressure overwhelms. They are never the same again. But we get rid of them quickly. We deal only with winners. Look, I've got to be realistic. I've got one helluva investment in these girls."

The feeling is mutual. Besides sacrificing their adolescent freedom, the girls and their families must learn how to leap the gymnastic hurdle of tuition. The price of enrollment in the program is $1,200 plus an additional $185 per month for boarding at Grossfeld's next-door dorm. Most of the girls are enrolled at the nearby Milford Academy at a cost of $3,000 a year, and they assume an incidental cost of another $300 for leotards. Then there are transportation and lodging expenses for distant meets—some as far off as Texas, California, and even Japan—bringing the yearly tab to approximately $7,350. Federal funding for a program of this type is virtually nonexistent. (That kind of support is reserved for more constructive purposes, such as methadone rehabilitation programs and the maintenance of a bevy of Nixon's plush hideaways.)

> "We're raising an army of adolescent pill-poppers. Olympic contenders are fed everything from steroids to massive amounts of vitamins."

Leslie Russo, a fourteen-year-old balance-beam expert with hypnotic charm, is Grossfeld's number-one hope for Moscow gold. She has pert grace, exhibits allurement beyond her years, and displays enough self-confidence in her gymnastic skill to banish Olga Korbut to a one-way honeymoon tour of the salt mines. But Leslie also comes from a working-class family that, according to George Ward, has "borrowed from every available source and is in hock up to its kazoos" to keep Leslie in tights.

"Sooner or later," Muriel concurs, "all parents feel the crunch and wind up complaining about the economics of gymnastics. It's just too damned bad it has to be that way. But in the long run they get their money's worth and more."

Balancing the program's books, however, is not always as easily executed as tap-dancing on the edge of a balance beam. One college coach—whose male athletes continuously place on U.S. Olympic squads and, again, are readying to dominate the track-and-field teams—has to go into his own competitive act to keep his team alive. His patron school, a university constantly wallowing in its splendiferous reputation for churning out Olympic contenders, supports the entire program with a yearly stipend of $5,000. This generous sum includes the complete cost of training, uniforms, medical supplies, getting to qualifying meets, and *all* student athletic scholarships. "It's the worst type of male prostitution," accuses the coach, disgraced by the school's miserly attitude, "and it's killing my boys. They all have to hold down a number of jobs to support their participation while still training and going to school. Sports is supposed to be fun. How the hell they're going to get through all this and still concentrate on winning an Olympic berth, I don't know."

To allay some of the financial burden, the coach spends three nights a week playing high-stakes poker and an additional two weeks a year in "the big games" in Vegas. He claims that he has been able to win about $25,000 a year so that he can keep the team together. This year, he's slightly ahead of his mark.

"The school has started getting suspicious about where all the money comes from," he says, admitting that he has also been forced to borrow from his wealthy family when the cards run dry. "The only thing I can tell the school is that when it hired a coach, it also got itself a nifty contributions coordinator. If I know the board of directors, they'll probably have me take over their fund-raising office. That's all I need."

Everybody except the athletes seems to be in for the take. In 1977 NBC established a new Olympic record by shelling out in excess of $80 million to capture the television rights for the 1980 games. (Their negotiator, an entrepreneur named Lothar Bock, should make a cool $1 million for his part, according to the *New York Times*.) But, NBC assured the skeptical press, they'll make money on the deal, too, by jacking up advertising costs to somewhere around $150,000 a minute. For that kind of rubles, it had better be a damned good show. And it certainly is that—watching a handpicked army of American children who are trained and used for high-class adult entertainment and then conveniently dumped out of sight.

At least the cost of the performing talent is free. And yet it's the kids who, in the long run, pay the biggest price of all. A month or two after the Olympics, nobody remembers their names. Nobody cares how or why they crawled to the forefront. Nobody cares about this brand of child abuse.

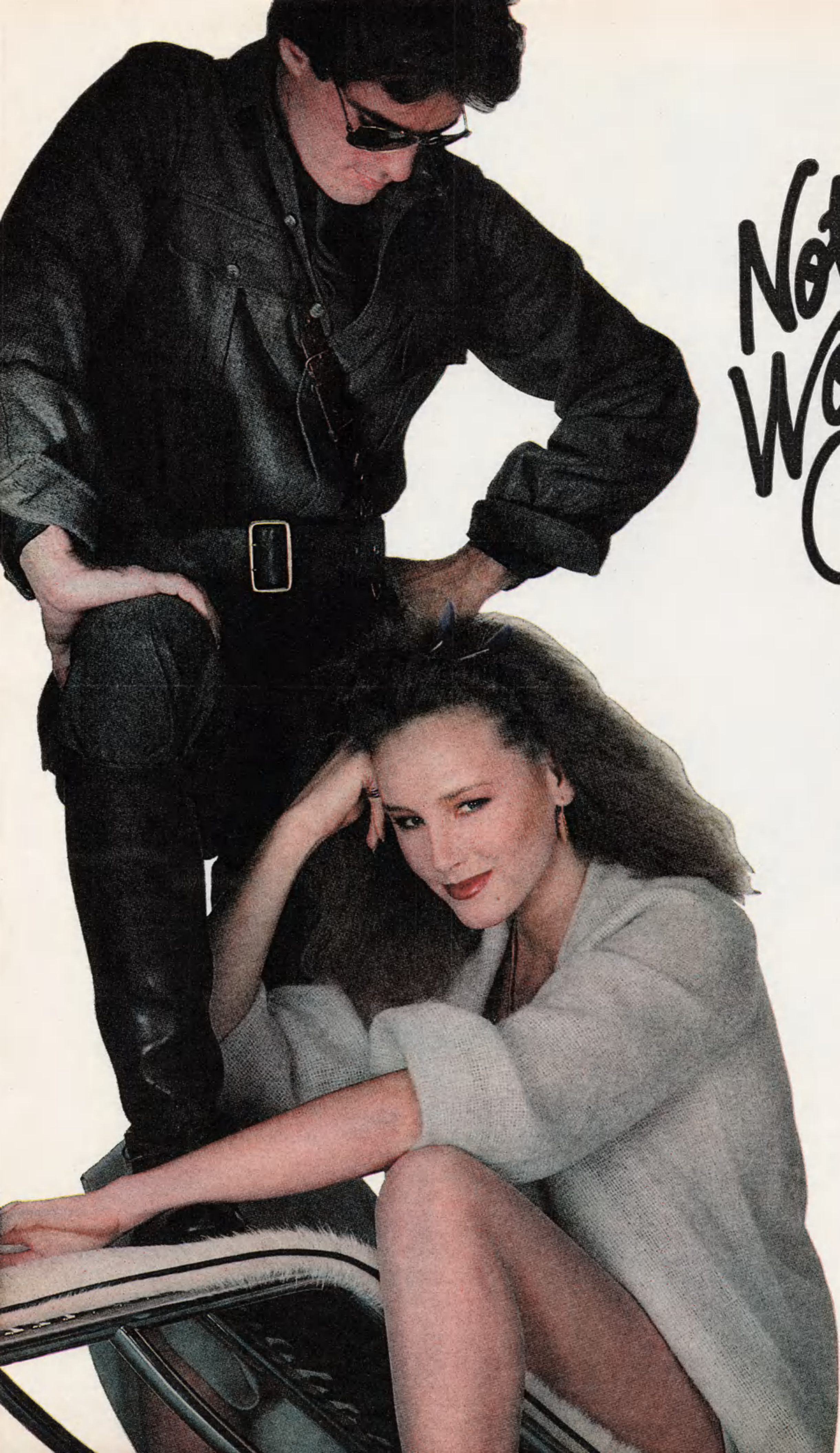
Actual, unretouched pictures of 22 year old, university student, Meg Currie, during her VIVA-sponsored visits to the Hayoun Clinic.

BANISH ACNE FOREVER

One of the world's foremost authorities on beauty and skin care, Edouard Hayoun, has perfected a unique, nonsurgical answer to the physically and psychologically destructive nature of common acne. This remedy, featured editorially in Viva magazine, has an unerring history of success with all of the many men, women, and children Hayoun has personally treated over more than two and one-half decades.

Now, this extraordinary treatment has been scientifically reconstituted for optimum effectiveness in home use. It comes complete in a handsome, easily transportable 5-1/2" x 7" x 2-1/4" kit with four bottled preparations and full directions as to their simple application and use. By devoting approximately twenty minutes per day, the treatment will normally take from four to six weeks. The treatment is unconditionally guaranteed to immediately arrest, reduce, or ultimately banish even the most virulent and tenacious acne condition — including the scars and pockmarks normally left behind.

For your Hayoun Cosmetique Kit, please send money order or check for $29.95 plus $2.50 for postage and handling (New York residents add appropriate sales tax) to Hayoun Cosmetique, 212 E. 68th Street, New York, New York 10021. Allow four weeks for delivery.



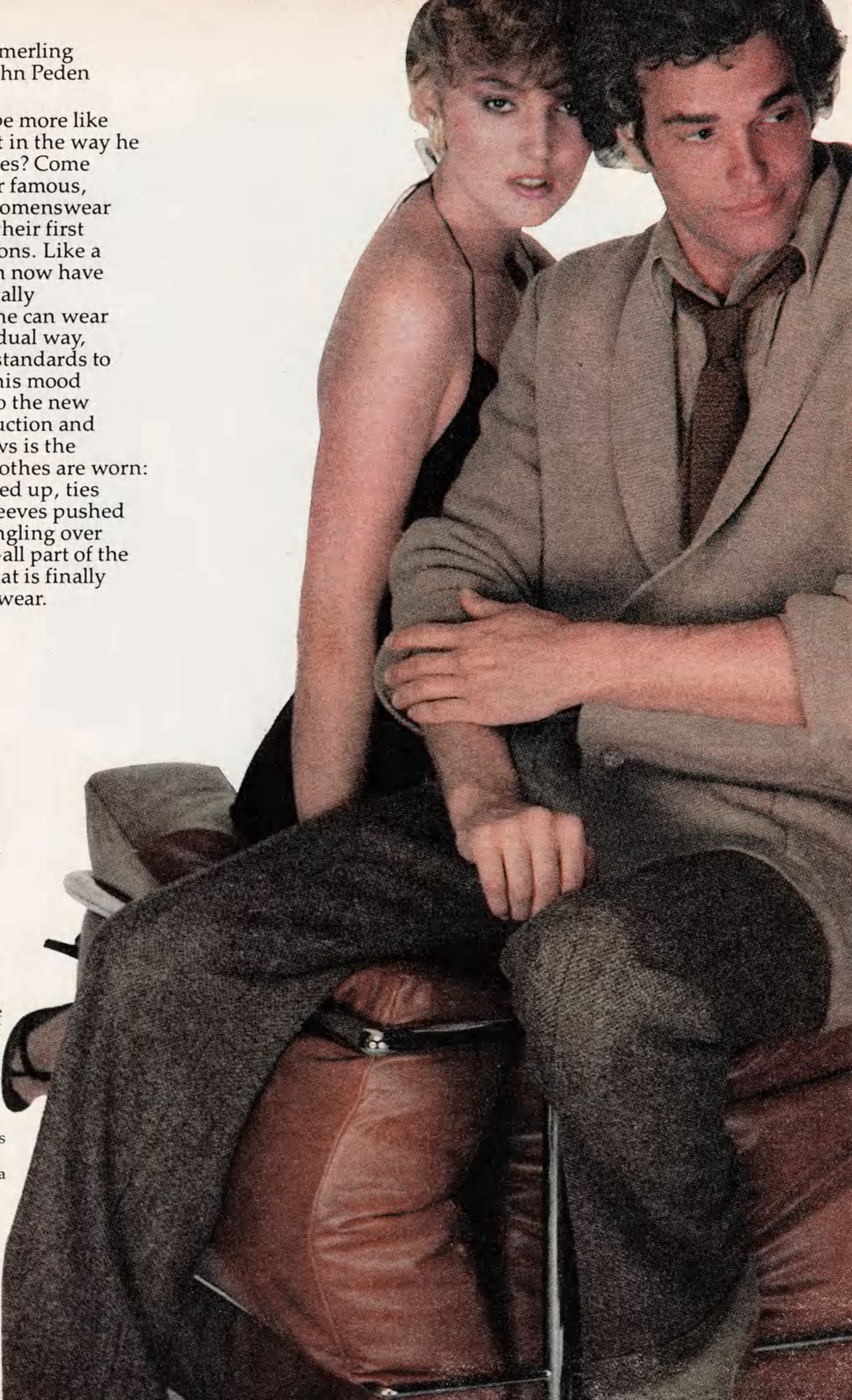
Not For Women Only

Four top
ladies'
designers
liberate
menswear.

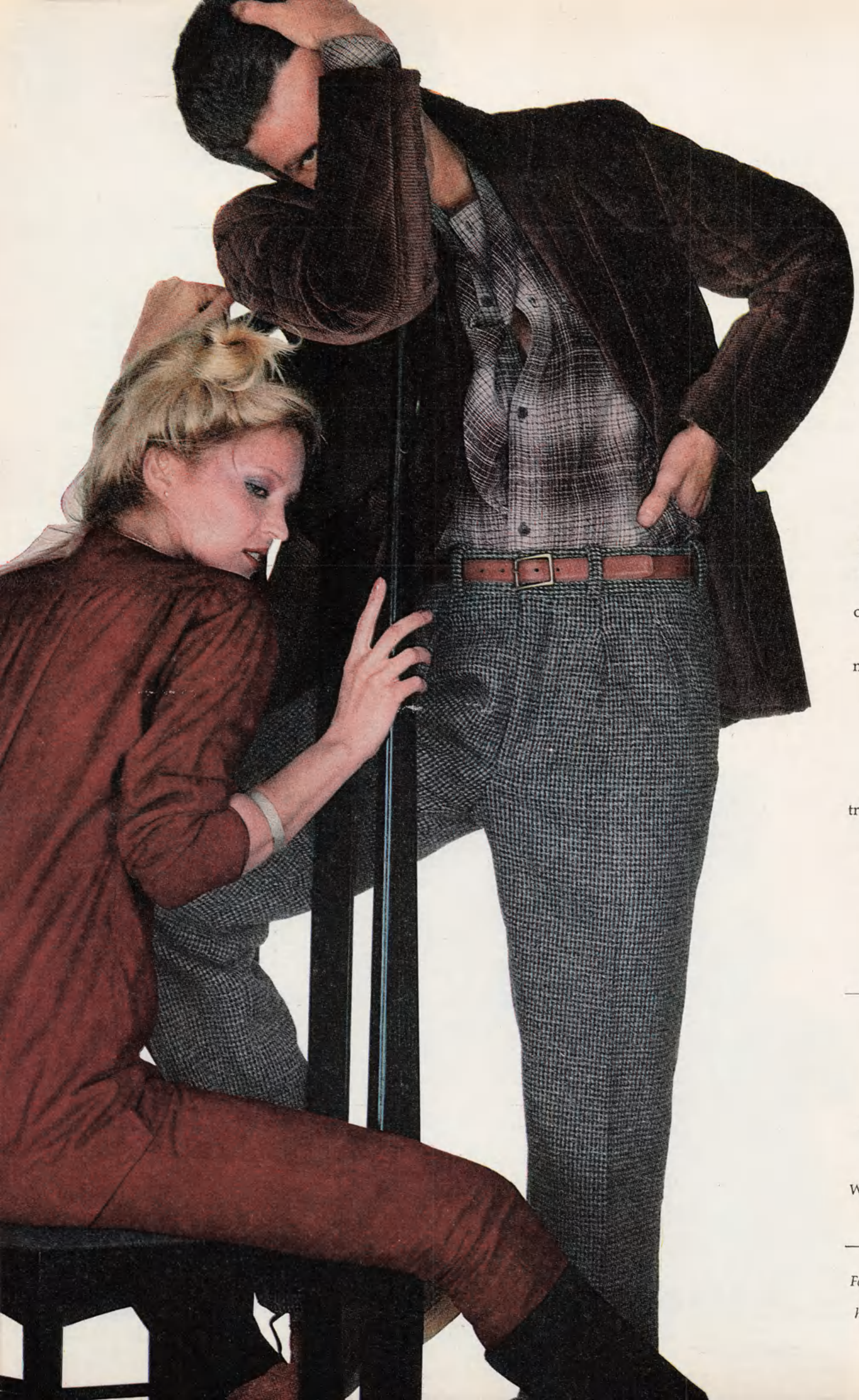
Gayle Kirkpatrick "I believe the sportswear approach to fashion is the best for the American man. Sportswear *is* America. It has been my dream for a long time to put a collection together that will be suitable for all occasions—day and night." Kirkpatrick also feels that a man should be able to dress out his fantasies. In this way, a man has the freedom to select the styles that reflect his taste and to combine them as he pleases. Shown here is a green loden patrol outershirt ($65), tucked into pleated loden cargo pants ($55), worn with a silk shirt and narrow tie. The ensemble is by Gayle Kirkpatrick for Augustus. The belt is an accessory brought back from the Bavarian Aips. The boots are custom-made by Maxwell of London, England.

Fashion by Ed Emmerling
Photographs by John Peden

Why can't a man be more like a woman—at least in the way he thinks about clothes? Come fall, he can, as four famous, award-winning womenswear designers launch their first menswear collections. Like a woman, a man can now have clothes that are totally comfortable, and he can wear them in an individual way, discarding stuffy standards to create a look that his mood dictates. Thanks to the new softness in construction and fabric, the big news is the nonchalant way clothes are worn: jacket collars flipped up, ties knotted loosely, sleeves pushed high, mufflers dangling over or under jackets—all part of the natural attitude that is finally getting into menswear.



Calvin Klein "I've been thinking about doing menswear for about three years. I've done about as much as I want to do in the women's field, designing the ready-to-wear collection—suits, accessories, shoes, scarves—and so it just seemed like a natural transition to do menswear *now* because so many of the kinds of clothes I do for women can easily work for men. For instance, I've always thought that jackets should be as easy and comfortable as sweaters; so now I've made a sweater that is a jacket." This all-wool, double-breasted, shawl-collared sweater-jacket (about $90) is worn with wool herringbone pleated pants ($65), a linen shirt ($65), and a wool-knit tie ($10).

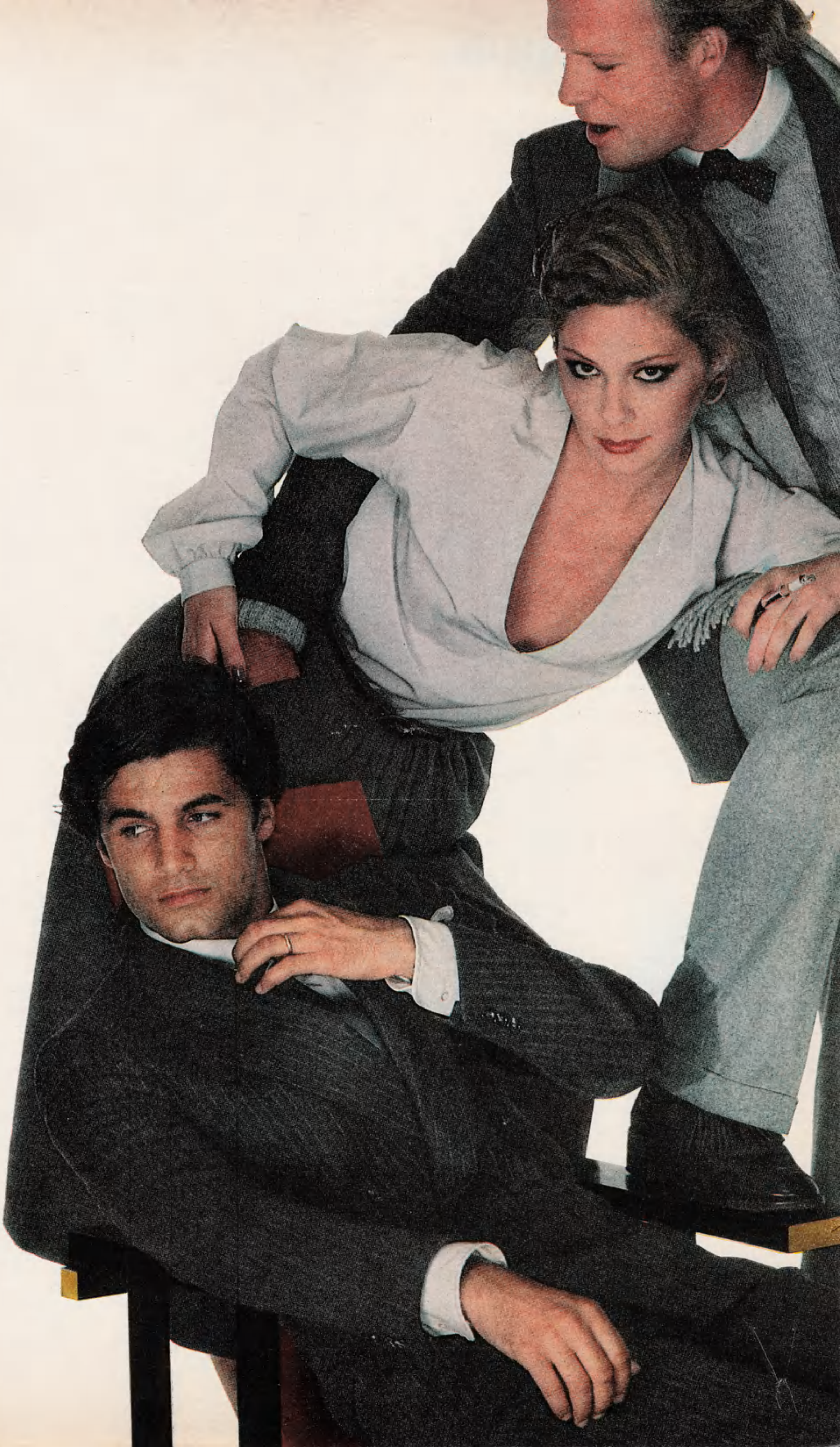


Charles Suppon "I started my menswear collection, feeling that there was a void, wanting to do a collection that, like my womenswear, would express the many moods and attitudes of the wearer: clothes whose strength is in sportswear that is a little more than the ordinary." For a sensuous mood, consider the new, triangular, soft shape of this quilted corduroy jacket ($130) teamed with a wool-cotton-blend plaid tie-shirt ($78) and wool tweed pleated pants ($78). By Charles Suppon for IntreSport.

Hair by Akira of Suga at Bergdorf's. Makeup by Sharon Slattery. All women's jewelry by M.J. Savitt. Designer chairs courtesy of Atelier International, Ltd., 595 Madison Avenue, New York City. Women's fashions by their respective designers.

For information on where to buy merchandise featured here, see Fashion Finder on page 168.

Don Sayres "I see no reason why the American man has to look to Europe for exciting clothing when there are designers right here with terrific potential. In the clothes I design for women I've always concentrated on color, fabric, and fit, and therein lies my source of fresh ideas and directions for the menswear I design. Combining American fashion know-how, such as solid color and fabric sense, with impeccable fit will encourage Americans to shop in America." This double-breasted, all-wool, chalk-striped suit ($275) can double as elegant sportswear when you separate the jacket and wear it with double-pleated, gray wool pants ($55), a shetland crew-neck sweater, a small bow tie, and a cashmere muffler dangling from the collar. In this way, a suit has a longer life when it not only is worn as a single outfit but also works independently as a separate sport coat or slacks. The tailored clothing is by Don Sayres for Burleigh, a division of After Six.



AMTRAK BLUES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

AMTRAK SLEEP

Sitting up all night in a reclining chair is generally not conducive to sleep, except for children and short people. Take that, Randy Newman!

Your blood collects in all the wrong places, and in the morning you feel as if your body is in pieces. Besides, the coaches are noisy and often stuffy or drafty (Amtrak rarely hits the golden mean, being famous for temperature extremes). Rude passengers and conductors jostle down the aisles for wee-hours stops at major cities; lights flash in your eyes; and if you're stretched out on your seat, with your head or feet inclined toward the aisle, you're likely to get clouted by a knee, an elbow, or a suitcase.

Moreover, the bad track and equipment make the ride bumpy and noisy. The pillow cases are made of scratchy paper, and seldom are blankets available.

The solution is to bring back cheap berths like those they had in the good old days. Amtrak's first-class sleeping cars are just too expensive.

FOOD WASTE

Overreacting to a food-poisoning lawsuit, the government instituted a sweeping policy of "food condemnation"; that is, at the end of each trip, the diner crew throws away perfectly edible, uncontaminated food (juice, produce, baked goods, and dairy products worth several hundred dollars). This scene is enacted daily at a score of terminals around the United States.

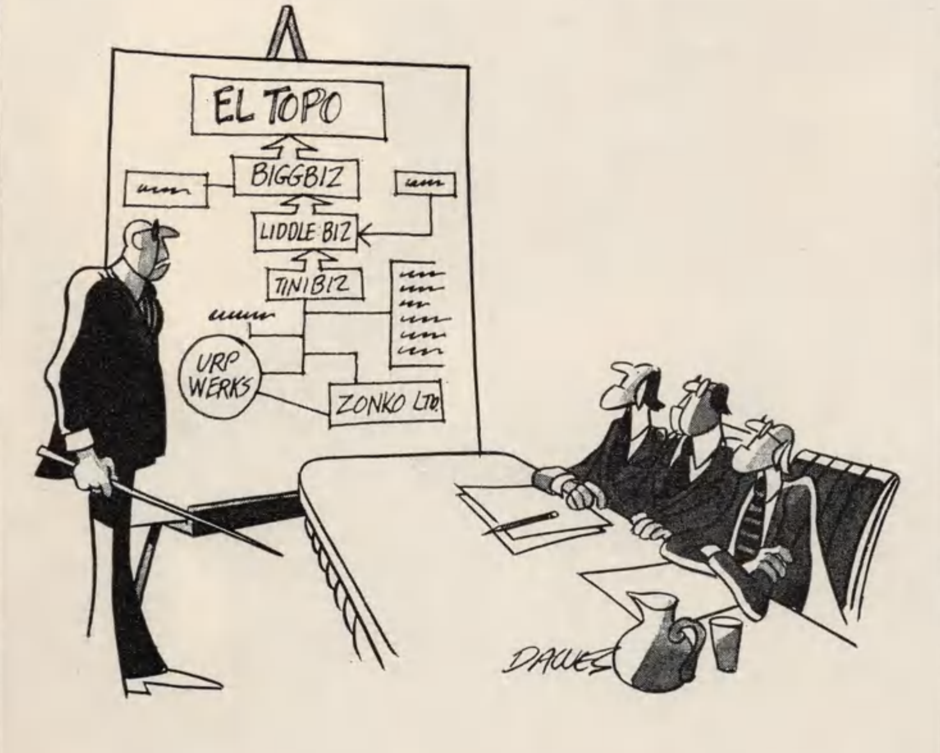
Amtrak refused to donate such "condemned food" to Rev. Cecil Williams of San Francisco Glide Memorial Church for the SLA/People in Need giveaway program.

GOON SQUAD

A national strike force of security officers and auditors raided the San Francisco Zephyr one night at Ogden, Utah, and rousted the crewmen from bed, forcing them to sit in the cold for four hours while the dormitory was searched for contraband. None was found.

The Gestapo-style goon squad tore up mattresses and suitcases. Guards accompanied crew members to the washroom. A sympathetic supervisor authorized overtime pay for the crew; consequently, he came under fire from his boss. He turned down an offer of transfer to ground duty and quit outright, saying that he refused to work for an organization that so mistreats its employees.

The raid was led by a man without badge or letter of authority, only a calling card identifying him as a supervisor of revenue audits from Washington, D.C.



"Gentlemen, I was afraid this might happen. After one of the most vicious and expensive proxy battles in the history of our industry, I now discover that we have succeeded in taking ourselves over."

PENALIZING THE CONSUMER

Floundering for air, Amtrak has struck back at the taxpayer with service cutbacks (there are no porters on the San Joaquin train between San Francisco and Los Angeles) and threatened shutdowns (for example, the Chicago-Florida service). There are no Spanish-speaking clerks or service personnel or special facilities for the handicapped, such as braille signs, international symbols, ramps, railings, and so forth.

"The Reservations Bureau is a pain in the neck," contends San Francisco travel agent Lois Cooper Mayer. "All its rules and regulations are a nuisance. Amtrak makes it difficult and unprofitable for us to book space on the train."

Reserved space is not guaranteed. In case of clerical or computer error, passengers may have to settle for "equivalent space." Expect the worst.

TAXPAYER LAWSUIT?

Waste and misuse of government funds ought to be a crime, but most agencies, including Amtrak, get away with such things. Civil liberties and labor lawyer Glen Moss of Berkeley, Calif., explains that Amtrak would be free from prosecution or suit. He says that taxpayers would not be able to sue Amtrak for shoddy performance or abuse of the public trust. No class action would be possible.

But individuals may, however, file claims against Amtrak for failure to provide adequate service on board trains according to Interstate Commerce Commission–guaranteed standards.

ANY SOLUTIONS?

For starters, Amtrak must begin serving the public. Passenger service "for profit" is a loco notion, pure Nixonomics. People trains, unlike freight trains, do not make money. European nations accept this fact and subsidize their passenger lines, reaping other benefits—ecological, esthetic, and social.

Passenger trains (if properly run) are safe, clean, comfortable, convenient, efficient, and economical. And they are inexpensive.

Recently, Greyhound Bus Lines issued crocodile-tears propaganda, accusing Amtrak of hogging the congressional teat. Amtrak denied being a dog in the manger, pointing out that Greyhound also enjoys federal subsidy by traveling on publicly supported interstate highways.

Any objective observer can see that it is crazy for either side to feud over the scraps. Between them, they carry only 3 percent of the nation's intercity traffic (bus, 2 percent; train, 1 percent). Airplanes and automobiles are the real competition.

What this country needs is a coalition of railroad workers (service providers), passengers (consumers), staff (planners), and railfans (advocates) whose common goal is to reform Amtrak, the underdog, the little train that says:

"I think I can; I think I can . . ."

Pharaohs Chicken

Their traveling amps couldn't compare to Swan's sexual drive.

BY MICHAEL DREYFUSS

Al the Pig was at her toes.
Eee Jay Bernstein was at her breasts.
Bee Bee Beegan was at her ear,
whispering sweet nothings.
And Pure Bill Armstrong was at her lips.
Nether lips.

She was immobilized by stimulation. Only by her breathing and the slow undulation of her hips could one perceive that she was alive. But she was alive. She was a fountain.

Her name was Swan, christened Portia Wembly Longfellow, born in England, outside Liverpool, where as a subteen she became disenchanted with the vile yellow smoke that poured from the haystack-shaped columns and covered the countryside where she lived. It was billowing, deadly smoke, which filtered into her lungs. It combined with the water in her body to make sulfuric acid and caused her to cry out for help. No one answered. She realized quickly that her people thought murkiness a way of life, that the Industrial Revolution had brought with it certain inconveniences which could not be forsaken, disrupted, or corrected, and that only a shut-in did not suffer from catarrh, the national disease of the Isles. The air was that bad. So she thumbed a ride to London, looked around a bit, found Billy Graham, decided to masquerade as a teenage convert to the passion and stow away as one of his exhausted crusaders bound for home. They thought that she was a parson's daughter and let her through customs without so much as a whimper.

"Name?"

"Portia Wembly Longfellow."

"Address?"

She could not have been a half-dozen blocks from the boat when the police cruiser went by. She noticed lots of pretty women scamper into doorways when that happened. Women dressed in furs. Women of different hues. Fancy women. They were able to sense the predator and disappear into the night. Portia did not and was put away.

"I . . . I have no real address. I . . . just got off . . ."

"You just got off the boat."

"I just got off the boat."

"She just got off the boat. Hey, fellas, here's another one says she just got off the boat. Christalmighty, what they see fit to drag in here. Whew. Jesus. Christalmighty."

Jails. They say jails can radicalize a person overnight. They claim that jails draw lines where there were no lines before, that they petrify human flesh and make it tough as a turtle's back. They say the turtle's back is laced with delicate lines of hate and frustration. They say that jails are a violation of the Eighth Amendment to the Constitution and that by their very nature they are perfect examples of cruel and unusual punishment.

Portia began to cry.

"I really did," she said, "this morning about ten. I'm so desperately tired, sir. I just want to find a place to sleep."

"I think you've found one."

"No, please . . ."

The officer picked up an intercom.

"Dirty Harry to Tonto. Ten four ride 'em cowboy. Hooker with details. Vagrancy and prostitution. High peaks. Tall trees. Affirmative. Mermaid for the cellar. Over and out."

"I think it was the S.S. *Revelation*," said Portia.

"You think?"

"Well, I lost . . . I lost my ticket at . . . at the pier and . . . well, I'm sure it's the S.S. *Revelation*."

"Let's see your passport, lady."

"Were you in fact soliciting, Miss Longfellow?"

"No, sir. I was just looking for a place to stay."

"Why have you no passport?"

"I wanted to get out. I had no idea how."

She found that while her thoughts were lost in diplomatic channels, her body was not. At the British consulate she pleaded youth; they cited procedure. She pleaded innocence; they quoted law.

"Our hands are tied," said the attaché.

Then she noticed something. The attaché was leering. She hiked her dress slightly, exposing a knee. The leg below was wrapped in a leather boot. It squeezed the shapely calf inside and caused the attaché to quiver.

"The foreign service must be an exciting life," said Portia.

"Ah . . . yes, Miss Longfellow. The foreign service is an exciting life. To be in the employ of one's country on alien shores, to strengthen the lifeline of diplomacy. . ."

Visions of boarding school flashed through his mind, the school for young diplomats he had attended in Surrey, where Miss Tennyson, upstairs maid and strict disciplinarian, had first taught him the pleasures of the flesh.

"Ah yes, Miss Longfellow, a great empire leaves a heritage of which I am a lineal descendant, of which I am proud . . ."

"You must meet lots of exciting people."

"None as lovely as you."

The attaché had a towering penis with a coat of arms tatooed on its head. Portia found it exciting. She found that her body, while a citadel of pleasure, was also negotiable. In return for her attention, the charges against her were dropped and arrangements made for proper immigration into the United States.

"Let us stay in touch, Miss Longfellow."

"Thank you, sir."

Portia found employment as a chambermaid in a Manhattan hotel and then took herself a flat. It consisted of one room with a sink. There was a bath on every other floor. The price was right. She had no particular fear of cockroaches and found that she could send most of them into hiding by slamming the front door when she came home, kicking a few cabinets, and shrieking at corners. She liked to watch them scamper. They were her only friends.

But the rats. The rats were large and ferocious-looking creatures, in fact timid, but one was warned to be careful. She had three traps working full time. And while other folks got up to brush their teeth in the morning, Portia Wembly got up to toss dead bodies in the garbage can.

Snap.

Snap.

Snap.

Portia was nineteen when she came to the States. In order to pass the time she spent alone, she began writing. It had been a childhood dream.

"Oh night, how winsome thy light,
Flickering starlets, holes in the sky;
We learned about heaven in Sunday
  school
But never could see it from Liverpool."

She had written that when she was twelve. Now, almost twenty, alone in America and bolstered by a fertile though sagging spirit, she felt a pulse in her stomach, a sudden shortness of breath, as if something had blossomed. She no longer tried to write poetry, for she could not make it speak her anguish. Instead she developed a style of evocative prose about loneliness, about being foreign in the new world, about cleaning other people's rooms, and about living with small and cunning animals.

She sold her first piece to an underground paper in SoHo, saw it well received, sold some more, and noticed one day that she had made, without difficulty, the lofty transition from chambermaid to journalist. She found writing and its acceptance brought certain rewards, such as money, chunks of spare time, and the opportunity to mingle. She soon moved to a more luxurious apartment and rediscovered, in her leisure, that she was a person of pleasure, self-assurance, and bountiful sexual appetite.

Swan.

This is how she came to be called Swan.

"You just can't do that," said her editor.

"Did you ever have an orgasm while pressure was being applied to the neck like a hangman's noose?"

"Why . . . no."

"Well, I have. It's the most exquisitely pointed sensation."

"But you certainly don't want to get your head chopped off."

Portia chose to be existential, to report what she saw through the bias of her spirit, to throw caution to the wind and become as involved as she could. She would write what she saw. She would write what she felt. It was an approach that made her eminently readable and earned her, before long, a sizable following.

"We'll have to protect you somehow."

"Why?"

"Because you're a valuable commodity, and, by the way, we like you around here."

"How about a pseudonym?" asked Portia.

"A pseudonym?" asked the editor.

"A protective alias to keep me from abusive phone calls and heavy breathers, though I must say I enjoy a good breather once in a while."

"Yes, well, a protective . . ."

"Have you ever held the receiver between your legs while a strange person vibrates your tissues with a string of obscenities from God knows where?"

"Portia!"

"It's quite exciting, really. I would like to write about that someday. I think a lot of people . . ."

"We do not print pornography."

Portia stared at her editor. The woman had come a long way, had started as a copy girl, and had worked her way up. She had struggled against great odds. Now she ran a decent rag. Portia could not cite her too harshly for being cautious.

"You run ads for Virginia Slims?"

"Of course."

"They kill people, don't they?"

"Well, all cigarettes carry warnings on the package."

"That's pornography."

They decided to call her Swan because of the engaging thrust of her disposition and the lovely shape of her neck. She would publish henceforth under that name, nurture a cult, spread by word of mouth, and sell like *Tobacco Road*. Insiders would know who she was or try to find out. The affair of her identity would create sensational gossip and become, before long, a landmark in journalistic byplay.

"Call it what you will; I call it good business," said the editor.

"Pornography is good business."

"Let us leave pornography."

"What I'd like to do someday is a series on rock bands," said Portia.

"Rock bands?"

"Specifically concerning the rumors of their sexual prowess."

Silence. As if a very delicious thought were being pondered.

"Their ability to perform. Details about their endowments."

"Yes. Yes. That would have . . . profound . . . possibilities, I admit."

"Surely you have wondered, perhaps even fantasized, what your favorite hero would be like in bed?"

"I have fantasized, yes."

"Well, so have I," said Portia. "Now I would like to find out for myself."

The editor stared at her protégé. For a moment she wished she was young again. Her eyes lingered intensely on the shapely form, the billowy hair.

"Firsthand?" she asked.

It is against the tenets of good taste and dignity to describe a human being in sexual terms. Swan, however, was formidable. She spoke with the grace and fluidity one had come to expect from media women: unpretentious, literate, engaging, and full of humor. She had eyes that could send a dead man reeling. They were warm, direct, and poised for seduction. Her hair was auburn, silky, and long. Her neck was sleek and supple, hence the name. Below her Fu Manchu fingernails was a pair of stunning hands. And in her vagina was a ben-wa.

She had bought the ben-wa at a London sex boutique many years ago, had inserted it inside herself in the women's facility of an Underground stop at Piccadilly Circus, and had not removed it since, except for such things as personal hygiene and sexual intercourse. It was a simple device, purportedly oriental, consisting of two spheres held together by a line, which, when placed into the vagina, bounced against one another to set up vibrations and stimulate the walls of that celebrated channel without respite until, it was cautioned, the brain simply crumbled. Prior to such a catastrophe, however, the bearer remained in a constant state of arousal, receiving from the genital area persistent impulses, which triggered toppling waves of fantasy and desire. The exquisite feature of these spheres (somewhat smaller than golf balls) was their total anonymity inside the user. They could be worn all day and anyplace: breakfast, subway rides, meetings, work, parties, dinner, coming down the stairs.

Swan was a devotee of prolonged pleasure. An addict. She had been ever since school days, when hands were first laid upon her body, the little hands of her playmates, which brought forth delicious feelings. That is why she wore oriental joy balls in her vagina, because they gave her pleasure. And that is why she now lay nearly immobile on a silk sheet, receiving happily the continuous and overwhelming sexual advances of Pharaohs Chicken, the greatest rock-'n-'roll band in the world, and having orgasm after orgasm after orgasm. Like waves on the ocean.

Orgasm.
Orgasm.
Orgasm.
Orgasm.
Orgasm.

PHARAOHS CHICKEN

The Egyptian Vulture (*Neophron percnopterus*)

A scavenger in which the sexes look alike. It frequents villages and human encampments and has no fear of man. It lays two eggs in a large, filthy nest.

Strictly speaking, she was supine, flat on her back. Her skin was tanned from head to toe, with no pattern of clothing around her breasts or pelvis, no suggestion that she wore any while she was sunning herself. It was exciting to think of her lying naked on a beach or rooftop, receiving pleasure from solar radiation, winds, ocean spray, perhaps from herself, vulnerable, exposed. Bee Bee Beegan (vocals, bass) whispered about it into her ear. It excited him especially. For even in the presence of a naked lady he was more stimulated by the mind's eye than by what he could touch. He was a hard-core voyeur.

She returned the whisper, eyes closed, conjuring images for him to work with, of masturbating on the beaches at Dover in full view of sailing vessels and ore boats in the English Channel, whose captains thought perhaps they had seen a mermaid through their binoculars, whose dreams were fulfilled at last, and who retired to their cabins to take a brandy and reflect on the lonesome life at sea. It was a secret longing of all mariners to sight a mermaid and end the salty life in conjugal bliss. She whispered this. She whispered that. But, most of all, she whispered that she was in full view of Calais and all of France, and that a million Frenchmen had stopped in their tracks to watch.

Beegan kissed her savagely on the mouth as she rubbed his small but righteous prick with her hands.

The bed was covered with violet sheets, soft and silky. It was her room. The bed was massive. A voluptuous Modigliani nude hung on the wall opposite its head, and on either side, within reach, stood two large, phallic wooden figures by Marisol. They were beautifully lighted from below so as to throw large shadows about the room. The bed itself was lighted from above by a diffuse cluster of multicolored gels, and the ceiling was mirrored.

Eee Jay Bernstein (lead guitar) was at her breasts. He loved breasts. He had concluded long ago that Jewish kids loved breasts because a significant part of them is locked forever into infancy. He was resigned to that and made the best of it. Her nipples stood erect. He was caressing, licking, and kneading all the flesh he could get hold of. He tried to swallow it. She was not sure who was there but could feel the rasp of his tongue, of his taste buds, over her areolae and nipples, and she felt the guitarist's hands with callused fingertips groping over the sensuous tissue of her pectorals, her tits.

She began to twist and turn. Bernstein backed off to watch. It was lovely, he thought, and then suddenly felt a quiver in his groin. She had grabbed his balls and squeezed and slipped her hand to his prick, which began throbbing happily. At almost the same time Swan had pulled Beegan's tiny projectile forcibly to her face, putting his balls (normal size) in her mouth and humming. A hummer. Beegan had never experienced such delight.

A hummer.

Bernstein, having backed off for a moment, was now massaged to a frenzy. He dove upon her magical tits and squeezed until the cleavage presented a contour of demonic temptation. He licked until the skin was frothy. Then he extracted himself from her grasp and apologized for what he was about to do. He yelled like a martial-arts instructor ready to dismember a student and mounted the tableaux as if it were a fallen black belt. He attacked. The ship rocked on a velvet sea. Pleasure and pain oozed out of open pores. The guests held on for dear life.

"Je . . . Je . . . Jesu . . . su . . . sus, Ee . . . e . . . Ja . . . ay," said Beegan, "sa . . . sa . . . ave . . . s . . . s . . . so . . . some . . . f . . . fo . . . for . . . la . . . la . . . la . . . later."

Bernstein drove his stallion through the valley of the shadow of death, barely squeezing past the peaks of Olympus, which converged on him as he drove and drove, narrowly escaping with his life. Swan, needless to say, swallowed him whole, thus replenishing to some extent her bodily fluids.

And a good thing, too. For down below were the New York boys.

If she was partial to anyone, it was Pure Bill Armstrong (vocals and guitar), whose voice had driven her to multiple orgasm time and time again as she had listened through headphones to the music of Pharaohs Chicken in that very room, in the privacy of it, with her clothes off and the sound on. The multiphonic sound system was controlled at the head of the bed while it spoke from the foot. The equipment was ample, for Swan responded as much to sensations for the ear as she did to sensations for anyplace else. That is why the room was filled with fragrance—lilac, cinnamon, or whatever pleased her. That is why the mirrored panels overhead reflected her so gracefully. She could lie alone on that luxurious bed, manipulate her body, fill her ears with music, and watch her arousal come back from above. There were mirrors elsewhere, to reflect parts of the body she could not ordinarily see. Thus the image became even more foreign, sexual. Her labia and her pink vaginal tissues were not common visions of her daily scope. When she saw them in the mirrors, caressed by her own fingers, they took on a duplicity, as if someone else's genitals were there for her to touch. She thought them very attractive.

Pure Bill Armstrong was often with her on these occasions, on vinyl, to be sure, but with her nonetheless. She claimed that these solitary sessions with Pharaohs Chicken were the best of all the solitary sessions she had. No other music could sow its bliss so well. She also claimed that after all was said and done, her preference stayed with simpler things.

"The greatest pleasure for me still is to see a man's head buried between my thighs," she said.

So it was. Pure Bill Armstrong had placed his lips against hers and was sucking the juices out of her glands. The suction caused her to cry out with delight and bring her hand to touch his face, which was soon wedged sideways between the silky softness of her creamy thighs.

Creamy thighs.

He nibbled until she came and came again. He could feel the smooth flesh of her legs tense and stiffen against his cheeks as she raised her pelvis off the bed. The intrusion of a foreign object. How good it feels. Lift my ass into the air. I am swimming in mindless luxury. My face glows.

Pure Bill Armstrong laid out a line of cocaine across Swan's belly and sniffed it through a silver tube. He then offered her some. First from a tiny spoon, then from the tip of his cock. She sniffed what she could, licked off the rest, and then applied it liberally to her gums with a circular sweep of the tongue. As her mouth became numb, she began to notice an increase in excitement. Euphoria claimed her mind. As the surging of pleasure began again from between her thighs, she noticed a peculiar sensation. There was numbness in her nether lips and a heightened sense of expectancy. Dreamboat had poured coke over her pussy. He was devouring it, pulling at her labia with his teeth and extracting her clitoris with his tongue. He was assaulting her with cocaine and cunnilingus and, having altered her pain threshold, was brutalizing her softer parts. Ecstasy.

While closed-circuit television cameras captured the action from far corners and caused it to be projected on a large screen across the room, Swan could witness the full extent of the siege during those moments when her eyes were open. She was being inhaled. Not a tasty morsel, but a Christmas dinner. She noticed for the first time that Al the Pig (vocals and percussion), with his penchant for drumsticks, was devouring hers, rooting for more and more turns, twists, and angles while already on the brink of sinful desire. Al the Pig was pudgy. He knelt at the foot of the bed, sucking Swan's toes and rubbing the soles of her feet against his sizable organ. His hands moved crazily over the calves of her legs. And these were spectacular legs. Say what you will, there is nothing like a spectacular leg. Insured by Lloyds of London, cast in bronze, prized by connoisseurs, it simply stands alone. It is the object of more controversy and passion than any other limb. It moves, changes shape, and beckons. Gender is of no consequence. Lower limbs alone are neck in neck with anything else in basic dominant appeal. Right out there. They are prurient.

Al the Pig had changed his course. Swan could see that he was rubbing himself with the inside fleshy part of her calf while massaging and licking her other foot. They were freshly shaven, her spectacular legs, but were not creamy like her thighs. There was a slight edge, a touch of roughness that, in contact with the sensitive underside of his organ, was taking Al the Pig farther and farther away. Seizing upon this image on the TV screens, Swan, in a state of delicate balance herself, still managed with one fell swoop of imagination to put Al over the line. She slowly eased her left foot forward, careful not to choke the head buried in her thighs or anything else and stuck her big toe up the Pig's asshole. He screamed with inspiration and proceeded, no longer in control of his senses, to send millions upon millions of fertile little goblins wriggling to freedom in a pool at his knees.

After a certain amount of exploration, Pure Bill Armstrong managed, with her accoutrements and his positioning, to take Swan to another world. The threshold of pain, the line between pain and pleasure and the surging of one into the other that was her favorite. For in her rectum was a probe, a probe of burnished silver, blunt, the size of an adult index finger, comfortably inserted. It was wired to a module beside the bed that produced low-amperage alternating current at a very high frequency. The electrical impulses were from mild to jolting, but not deadly. While applying cocaine to her vaginal lips, Pure Bill Armstrong held in his hand a roving electrode with which he could touch any place on her body, close the circuit, and allow electricity to wend its way through her tissues toward the silver probe. When he touched it to that delicate line between her thighs and pelvis, she bolted and jumped. Then, while applying his tongue fully to her clitoris, he ran the probe lightly up and down her thighs. She began to cry out, to moan, to curse and slowly thrash about. The pain, it seemed, was exquisite. She asked the others to hold her down. The onset of orgasm began as Bill allowed the probe to touch the numbed labia. But this was not to be a normal orgasm. It was to be prolonged, to extend the greatest moment of physical pleasure freely available to a human being from a few fleeting seconds to a few fleeting minutes. Perhaps even a fleeting hour. It would freeze on its crest and elongate the passage of time.

The probe touched the pink, soft tissues in the vestibule of her vagina, and current flowed around her genitals. Had she not been in the throes of passion and her tissues slightly numbed by the euphoric drug, she might have cried with pain. As it was, she screamed with delight. The miracle of electricity. Ben Franklin would have loved it. She was beyond the peak of ordinary sensation. She twisted and writhed, yelled and bellowed, and implored them to let her go. They knew better. They watched transfixed with fascination as this magnificent woman, who was for so long the object of their affection, was now suspended in a state of prolonged and continuous orgasm. The effect was contagious. It was not minutes before they were over her again with renewed vigor. The discharge was copious; the delirium, intense. They bumped into one another like piglets feeding at a trough. They wanted to nibble, to grope, and to have access.

In the end, there was no place left to enter, no place left to touch. Her body had surrendered completely to the pixies of pleasure. It was an exhausted group that teetered on the velvet bed. Limbs began slipping off the side. Heads tried to find a moment's respite. Genitals were swollen. They looked at each other, giggled, then looked beyond. Smiles faded. Slowly, they came to the realization that one of their number had gone mad.

PSYCHOGRAPHIC
SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

THE RULING CLASS: DO YOU TAKE ADVANTAGE OF WOMEN?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Twenty-five questions which express your need to repress.

PSYCHOGRAPH

It used to be okay to manipulate women. Taking advantage of the ladies, exploiting their weaknesses, maneuvering them into positions where they had to satisfy your whims, were accepted gambits in the game of *machismo*. Of course, the rules of the game weren't always framed in such bluntly opportunistic terms. There was considerable talk of things like "chivalry" and the "separate spheres of women." But in the end the prevailing attitude pretty much boiled down to fuck-'em-and-forget-'em.

Nowadays—as you may have noticed—things are changing. Not only are the rules of the game being altered, but the game itself is also being played with less enthusiasm and by fewer participants. Prompted in part by the evangelizing of the women's movement and in part by enlightened self-interest, many men have come to realize that they can deal with women in nonexploitive ways and not be any the less masculine for doing so. A woman we know sums up the change this way: "Ten years ago all the men I met seemed to want me to be a combination of whore and beast of burden. They wanted to screw me and then have me stick around long enough to wash the sheets. Now I get less of that, especially from younger, more sensitive men. They're more willing to take a chance and risk their egos by treating me as an equal and as a friend. The funny thing is that these guys turn me on a lot more than the old chest-thumping types ever did. And I think the men feel better about these 'new' relationships, too. They're not under the same pressure to prove that they're he-men."

Still, the old ways die hard. Men brought up to admire the exploits of cowboys and Casanovas have a tough time abandoning the manipulative behaviors of yore. When one considers the way most of us were brought up, one need not be surprised that we should approach women as if they were resources to be exploited. Harvard psychologist David McClelland says, "The male style is, very simply, analytic and manipulative." McClelland, one of the nation's most respected and most original psychological minds, has done an enormous amount of work investigating the forces that drive men toward power and achievement. According to him, young boys start out "assertively moving things about in the environment (trucks, toys, stones, etc.)." It's not hard for them to take the step from manipulating inanimate objects to manipulating people.

Wesleyan University psychologist David Winter says that men with the greatest need for power are those most likely to take advantage of women. Winter, who has done extensive work on power motivation and who has collaborated with McClelland, explains, "Women—having been identified as the 'weaker sex'—are natural objects for these men to exploit. There are a whole lot of techniques men use to sabotage women, and they'll try anything that will achieve the goal." The purpose of this quiz is to give you some idea of how prone you are to employing these techniques.

Why do so many men feel this overpowering drive to take advantage of women? "This may be putting it a little too simplistically," says Winter, "but basically the cause seems to stem from the fact that this sort of man has an excessively strong Oedipus complex. His very strong attachment to Mother has to be broken so that he can become a 'real man.' He achieves this break by attempting to dominate other women."

The "need" to take advantage of women is not something that can't be overcome, says Winter. "It's not a basic human drive; it's a pathology found in males. Females, even those who are highly power motivated, show no evidence of oppressing men."

While the theorists continue to examine this male impulse to dominate women, men are beginning to work at overcoming it . . . if for no other reason than blatant self-interest. There may still be a few women out there who enjoy being used as doormats, but the intelligent, sexy, assertive lady will have none of it. This quiz may help you get in shape for dealing with this modern woman.

We haven't pulled these questions out of the air. They result from surveying the research literature, interviewing psychologists and sex therapists, and—most of all—talking to women. You may find some of the questions uncomfortably personal. The New Sensitivity can leave you feeling naked. After taking this quiz, you may feel more exposed than ever. But if you answer the questions honestly, you should end up with an indication of how manipulative you are in dealing with the ladies in your life.

1. When you take a woman out for the first time, do you make it obvious that you are spending a lot of money on her in the hope that she'll feel all the more obliged to "repay" you with sex at the end of the evening?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

2. Do you consider intercourse "complete" once you've had your orgasm? In other words, do you roll over and light up the proverbial cigarette as soon as you've come?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

3. When you're out with a woman, do you make a great show of treating her like "the little lady"? (Opening doors for her with a flourish, pulling out her chair at dinner, lighting her cigarette *every* time, for example.)
   (a) yes
   (b) no

4. Do you encourage your lady to be "liberated" but then drop casual hints that she's losing her femininity? ("Jeezus, you look like a goddamn dike in those ratty jogging clothes. Next, you'll want to borrow my jockstrap.")
   (a) yes
   (b) no

5. Do you agree with P. T. Barnum's premise that there's a sucker born every minute?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

6. If you were having business acquaintances over to your place for drinks, would you automatically assume that the lady you live with would act as hostess?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

7. Do you cook gourmet meals and then expect the woman you live with to do the dishes and scour the mountain of greasy pans you've left behind?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

8. Someone has just stepped on your foot. You will now utter a profanity. You have a choice of shouting either (a) "You moth-

erfucker!" or (b) "You asshole!" Are you most likely to choose the former term when you are angry?

(a) yes
(b) no

9. Would you feel resentful if your lady went out "drinking with the girls"—even though you often stop in at the corner saloon to have a few beers with the guys?

(a) yes
(b) no

10. When you're walking down the street with a woman, do you set the pace and expect her to keep up with you?

(a) yes
(b) no

11. If you and your lady are sitting around at home for the evening, do you usually choose what music to play on the stereo?

(a) yes
(b) no

12. If the two of you are watching the tube, do you automatically select which shows you will watch?

(a) yes
(b) no

13. Do you play on a woman's guilt feelings as a way of coaxing her into bed with you? (That is, do you give her the impression that you'll probably suffer a total mental collapse if she doesn't give you head right this minute?)

(a) yes
(b) no

14. When the lady in your life tries something new (like a new hair or makeup style), do you usually find something to criticize about her revamped appearance?

(a) yes
(b) no

15. You live with a woman. You both work full time, but your salary is twice as high as hers. Because she earns less, do you expect her to do more of the housework?

(a) yes
(b) no

16. When you and your lady sit down after work, do you usually tell her how *your* day went before letting her relate what kind of day she had?

(a) yes
(b) no

17. Have you ever said "I love you" to a woman and not meant it?

(a) yes
(b) no

18. Do you use the "I love you" tactic *frequently* with women and not mean it?

(a) yes
(b) no

19. Did you first have intercourse at an earlier age than did most of your friends, and did it occur at least before the end of your freshman year in college?

(a) yes
(b) no

20. Do you like to have a woman perform "exotic" sex with you (fellatio, S&M, etc.) even when you know she doesn't enjoy it?

(a) yes
(b) no

21. When you take a woman out, does it bother you if she doesn't look as good as you know she can? In other words, do you want her to look as "perfect" as possible whenever she'll be seen in public with you?

(a) yes
(b) no

22. Do you believe that wives should *not* work?

(a) yes
(b) no

23. If you're living with a woman, do you feel that she should go to bed with you whenever *you* want?

(a) yes
(b) no

24. Do you make a practice of pointing out to your lady (or to others) her dumb, irrational, inept, "female" mistakes?

(a) yes
(b) no

25. Do you agree with the adage, "Treat 'em rough and they'll love it"?

(a) yes
(b) no

SCORING

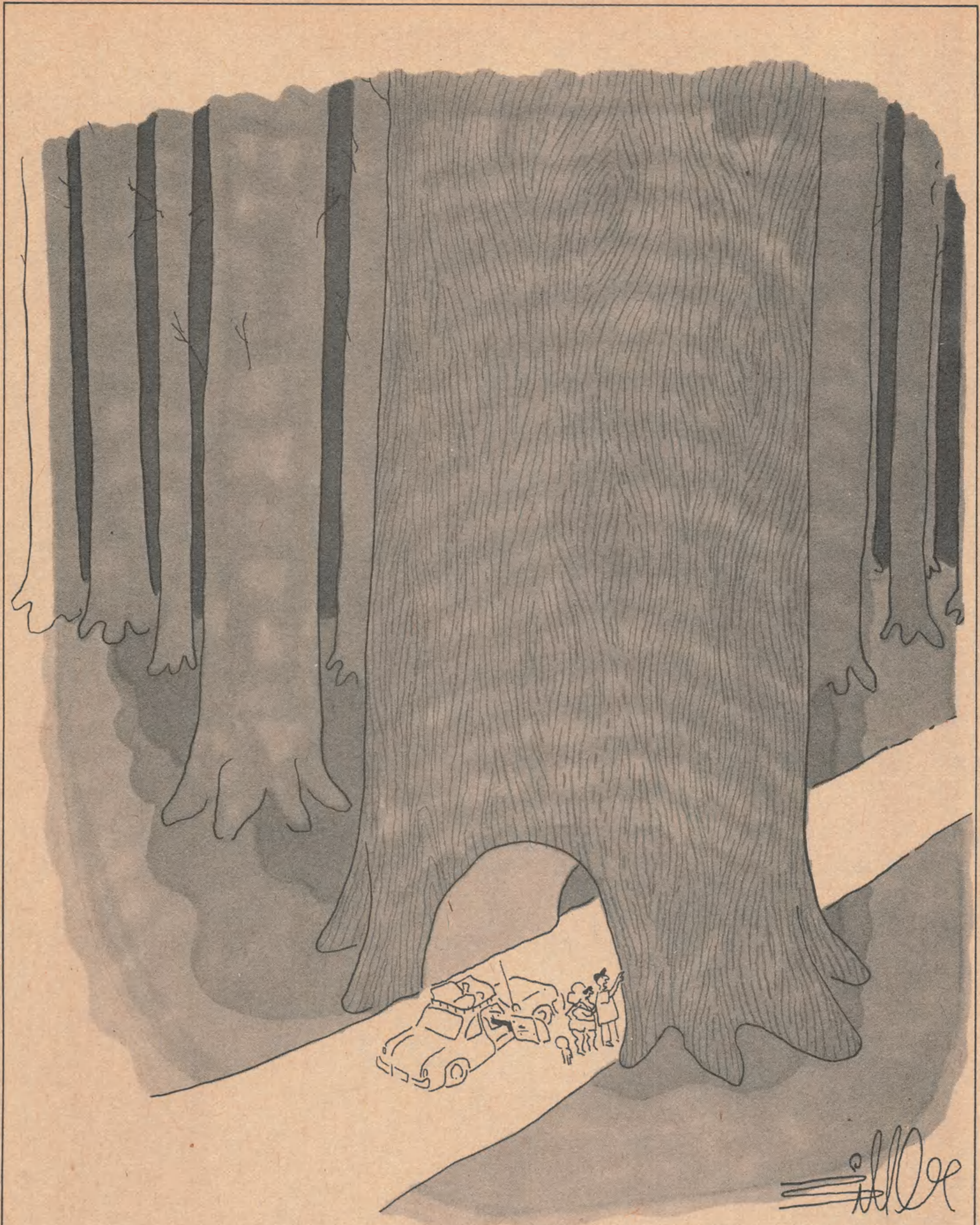
This is not a quiz you want to score highly on (unless, of course, you actually believe that relations between the sexes should be manipulative). The more "yes" answers you checked, the more likely you are to be a man who takes advantage of the women in his life. Give yourself five points for each "yes" choice.

If you scored 100–125 points:
You're a regular puppeteer when it comes to women. As a matter of fact, you're probably a first-class manipulator of everybody and everything in your environment. It's likely that you feel extremely nervous in *any* situation you can't control. There may be a lot of people around—especially women—who don't like the pressures you're exerting on them. Watch out. You may be a Don Juan with lots of conquests, but you could have difficulty or trouble establishing mature, long-term relationships with women.

70–95 points:
You have a strong tendency to take advantage of women but have at least partial success in controlling this impulse. You probably realize that this characteristic can sabotage your emotional relations with women but that sometimes your urge to exert power—to be a "man"—gets the better of you.

40–65 points:
You're on the right track. You occasionally lapse into the old war-between-the-sexes routine, but generally you seem to realize that women are not merely toys to be played with. In the long run your "liberated" attitude probably attracts women to you. They're likely to be more at ease with you than with a man whose primary object with women is to see how fast he can get into their pants.

0–35 points:
We envy you. You apparently have a strong sense of your own worth and have little need to take advantage of women (or anyone else) to boost a fragile ego. This attitude bodes well for your relations with the ladies, who often find self-assurance like yours to be a powerful aphrodisiac. They know you're not looking for notches on your gunstock. They realize that since you don't see them only as objects, you can turn on their minds as well as their bodies. And that can be sexy.



"Formica!!!"

GROWING UP BLACK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

through. In it lived an impoverished family with eleven bone-white children called the Wilshires. From my bedroom I could hear Mrs. Wilshire's ear-shattering lungs in the distance as she cursed and beat the bone-white children through the night. She was an elephant-sized woman with bulging varicose veins and a mustache. Jacob Wilshire, the frequently unemployed head of a small gardening business, would show up on front doorsteps, demanding to mow peoples' lawns. When refused, he was known to have knocked down expensive garden statuary in fits of anger.

Always among the Wilshire clan were cousins, aunts, and other assorted kin that came up from Kentucky to visit for months at a time. Families were outraged when antlike squadrons of them trampled into backyards with buckets and stripped down apple trees, completely cleaning out the long-awaited fall crops. Afterward apples were seen mashed against telephone poles and littered along the streets with one bite taken out of each.

A rabid, Dracula-faced hound was chained to the Wilshires' front porch to ward off colored people. They claimed that before they got the dog, "the niggers" broke in at night and stole all their food. But I never understood why, because they appeared to live on a steady diet of crackers and nothing else. Crackers were the only food they ever had in the pantry, sometimes varieties of them like Ritz or Zwiebacks for holidays. Why didn't "the niggers" break into the Coopers, who lived next door with a refrigerator full of lamb chops? Whenever I entered the rat-infested household, Mrs. Wilshire assigned someone to stand guard by the pantry to make certain I didn't steal any crackers. Each evening, when suppertime came, seedy Wilshire children could be seen on the streets, nervously munching fistfuls of crackers while checking in all directions to make sure no one would grab their dinner away. Neighbors would occasionally see a hungry face peering into their kitchen window and offer food. But the Wilshire child would snap back with vicious insults.

There was one particular crisis in which the Wilshires suddenly became a valuable asset to the community. It happened whenever colored kids turned up in the neighborhood. They were the toughest, whitest gang in town, and no one was more qualified than the Wilshires to chase out colored kids. Afterward, people would gather in the street, congratulating the Wilshires as though they had been brotherly neighbors all along.

Bringing my friends from the colored section into the neighborhood was an automatic way to start trouble. They came with a mischievous attitude to begin with, and it was only a matter of time before they were discovered. They were fascinated by the "rich people houses" and the neatly trimmed lawns and flower beds. "Jesus, ah cain't believe you actually live here!" they would say every time they came to my house. Or. "Wow. yo' daddy must have a thousand dollars!" I started to feel embarrassed by my house and the area that I lived in. It was strong evidence that I was really white.

One afternoon four colored friends decided to venture up to the white section with me. Williamson BoJeffries and Mumsy Leech had never seen the "rich white cracka houses." Bobo and Jeffrey were anxious to witness their reaction to such a paradise.

"Lord, ah cain't believe mah eyes," said Williamson like an explorer setting foot in a new country.

"Tole you so," said Jeffrey. Mumsy seemed indifferent and preferred to thumb his nostrils.

"How come they got nigga statues on the grass?" asked Jeffrey.

"They holdin' a lantern which lights up the walkway at night," I explained. Bobo jumped up on the lawn and mimicked the wide-eyed expression on the little statue's face.

> The Applebys constantly warned me that I'd burn in the flames of hell for eternity unless I immediately switched over to their religion.

"Look just like yo' daddy, Williamson."

"Look mo' like yo' face," said Williamson. A car slowed down as it passed us. The man inside cast a hostile grimace as he shook his head and waved a finger at me. I didn't recognize the wrinkled old face but he seemed to know who I was. I aimed a rock at him and the car sped off before I could throw.

Mrs. Appleby's prized mint bushes ran parallel to the side of her house. When we reached my block I quickly picked some mint leaves for my friends to sample. "Wow, taste just like candy," announced Bobo, running up and grabbing a handful for himself. As soon as Bobo dug in, the rest of them swarmed over the property, stuffing their pockets with mint leaves. Flowers and plants were stomped to the dirt. I stood on the sidewalk praying that the Applebys weren't home.

"C'mon, hurry up," I warned, keeping watch on the windows to see if anyone saw us.

"Naw, man, just let us get a little mo'."

Sure enough, a window shade parted and the late-afternoon sun beamed in on three horrified Appleby faces. Their lips started to scream in unison.

"Devils! Little Negro devils on the lawn!" Bobo rolled over backwards, throwing a handful of mint leaves into the air. Williamson, Jeffrey, and me ran like hell across the street to my front door. Bobo leaped his way toward us, making crazed faces at the Applebys while doing a quivering dance in step to their screams. We ran upstairs to my bedroom and flopped down on the floor. Mumsy wasn't with us.

"Where'd that fool go?" asked Jeffrey.

"Ah didn't see him; ah just ran."

"You see him. Bobo?"

"How mah s'pose to worry 'bout his ass when ah'm doin' the sugar daddy jig?"

"Well. what'll they do if they ketch him?"

"That depends on *who* ketches him." I said. I walked over to an open window and we cautiously peered around the edge. From there we had a bird's-eye view into the Appleby's front yard.

"There go Mumsy!" declared Jeffrey in a tense whisper. "Lord. is he stupid." Apparently Mumsy had gotten flustered in the confusion and climbed up a tree. The escape route he had chosen was about as effective as an ostrich hiding its head in the ground. A cop car pulled up to the curb and the entire Appleby family emerged from their house. They pointed to Mumsy, who had frozen high in the tree. Two cops calmly stepped out of the car.

"Lookit them guns they wearin'. Think they'll shoot him down?"

"Naw, they probably call up the fire department and git him."

Although we were safely hidden in my room, nobody spoke above a whisper. We watched the scene with great amusement. The presence of the police car started to attract a small gathering. One of the cops positioned a hand over his eyebrows and studied Mumsy up in the tree.

"All right, why don't you climb back down now?" he said sluggishly. Mumsy was perched with a neutral expression on a branch far above their heads. As though he were standing on a street corner minding his own business, he glanced in all directions and then looked down at the cops.

"Who, me?"

The second cop, who was taking notes, looked impatient and tucked the pad under his arm. "Didn't you hear what the man said? Get the fuck down from there before I come up and knock you down!"

"Ah'll give 'em back, all of 'em," said Mumsy, pulling mint leaves from his pockets. The leaves rained down on the spectators. The expression on their faces was one of extreme annoyance but some viewed it as a curiosity. One mother pointed out Mumsy to her small children as though he were an exotic baboon in the zoo. Two Wilshire boys in torn undershirts stood back contemplating the situation like vultures. I knew that if the cops weren't around, they'd have Mumsy down to the ground and crucified within minutes. Only

Mumsy's smell could save him from a serious beating. The second cop had gotten a folding ladder from the trunk. He placed it against the tree, with the other cop securing it, and briskly climbed up to a branch underneath Mumsy. Mumsy's legs trembled while his arms hugged the tree and his fingers dug into the bark.

"The game's over. You're coming down if I have to carry you by the neck."

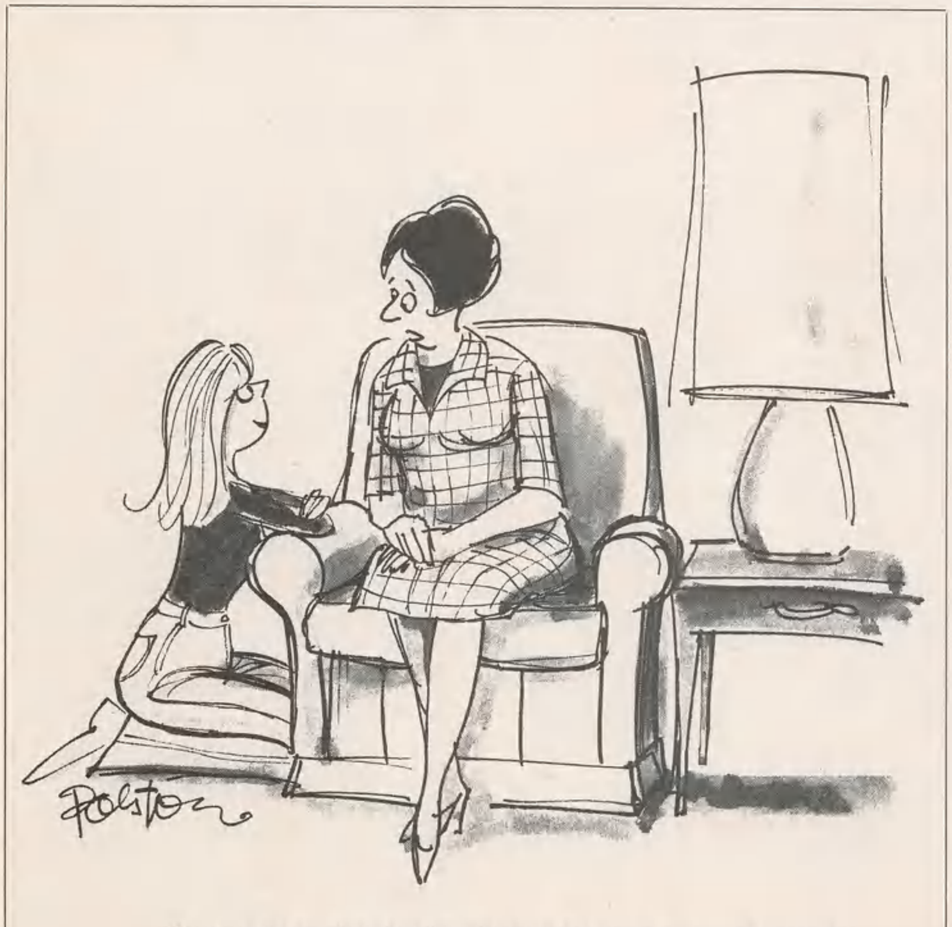
"Leave me be, please; just leave me be!" begged Mumsy. The cop's hand reached up and grabbed an ankle. With a hard yank Mumsy fell on his stomach to the branch below. "Okay, leggo," he puffed, "ah'll get down on mah own." The cop signaled his partner to stand by and hold the boy when he reached ground. Mumsy hung from a branch, kicking his legs, and dropped to the surface. His huge nostrils opened and closed with each breath as he looked at all the white faces surrounding him.

"From now on keep outta here, ya little nigger!" shouted one fist-waving father. One of the Wilshires ran and grabbed a textbook which lay near the tree.

"That's mah 'rithmetic studies; give it here!" demanded Mumsy. Mumsy never studied as he hardly ever came to school; yet the book was in terrible condition. The Wilshire boy ran off, tearing it to shreds. The cop threw Mumsy into the backseat and we watched his bald head getting smaller as the car drove off.

Somebody would spot "one of the niggers" over at my place and the word rang out through the neighborhood like an invisible alarm. My house became surrounded by white kids holding baseball bats, sticks, and rocks. The colored kids were superior fighters, especially with Bobo in our ranks, but we were usually outnumbered and sometimes had to face teenage brutes from the Catholic school. We broke off branches in my backyard and fought our way through the white brigades. I'd wind up in the colored section safely but have to sneak back home alone. There were usually half a dozen white kids waiting by my house when I arrived. It would take several weeks, sometimes months, before the whites would tolerate my presence again. No more baseball games or trips to the dumps with the white kids. . . . Infuriated parents yelled out ultimatums from their front doorsteps. daring me to bring those colored kids around again. And the Wilshires customarily bloodied my face after any of my schoolmates were seen on their block. I was gradually forgiven. But some people always kept a distrustful eye on me. and true to their suspicion. I came marching through again with a large parade of ragged colored kids.

Word of a civil-rights movement seemed to seep slowly into the Sugarland Avenue section and probably all the colored sections hidden on the outskirts of white villages across the country. There were riots in the local high school when new integration policies went into effect. A traumatic decision was made to close down the colored school after I completed my fourth-grade year. All the children would be distributed to white schools. Something to do with racial balance. A newly elected white politician and his staff made an inspection of Sugarland Avenue in the mid-sixties and immediately took action against the "shocking conditions." Not that any of the inhabitants had been complaining. An apartment complex called "the projects" shot up within months. New structures were to be added each year. Shacks were torn down and dirt roads were paved. That winter a hundred colored families moved their belongings to this strange new building across the main street. They trudged through the snow with blank expressions and frosty breath, carrying worn-out chairs and battered suitcases. Nobody seemed to complain or question the proceedings. They just went along with it.



"I'm very sorry, dear, but I'm afraid Mother's not very well versed in the art of giving 'Deep Throat.' "

By the time I was ten, it had started to sink in that I really wasn't a colored kid after all. There were times before when the fantasy had weakened, especially when I was taunted by white kids. But as soon as the ridicule stopped, I'd be off on my way feeling confidently colored once again. I still bounced up and down when I walked. I still wrinkled my forehead. I still talked and cursed and tried to fight just like a colored kid, and when I looked at my skin through half-closed eyes, it still seemed sort of dark to me. But I knew that my parents were white, and there wasn't a single colored person among my relatives. No matter how much I had wanted to be a real colored kid, there was no getting away with it anymore. And my friends at school had started to catch on. I gradually stopped hanging around Sugarland Avenue after school and began to do homework. Handing in homework was the sign of a traitor in Bobo's eyes. For the first time I stopped raising hell and bringing colored kids into my neighborhood. This put me in good standing with a lot of the whites.

Toward the end of my fourth-grade year, a big battle was scheduled to take place on a cliff in neutral territory between the white section and the colored section. Race riot fever in the local high school had spread down to the younger kids. The whites didn't fancy having to go to school with colored kids next year. They had carefully planned an offense to demolish their enemy that day. Traps were set at the bottom of the cliff so that colored kids would fall into holes which were covered over with twigs and leaves. Barricades were built out of sticks and branches with rock supplies stashed behind them. Each white kid would be armed with a slingshot and a garbage-can cover for a shield. The colored kids never considered such luxurious armaments; fists were their major weapon. They looked forward to that Friday afternoon when the battle was to take place. They knew that they'd win and the whites didn't stand a chance. I warned them of the traps and rock supplies but they snapped their indifference to it as though I were one of the white enemy. Jeffrey warned that he would "mess up all you white crackas"—which put me in that category. I was dispirited and unsure of my status in the colored army. They hadn't even told me where to meet before the battle.

I arrived late that afternoon in a crossfire of rocks and apples. I watched the whites bombarding my team from the top of the cliff. The Wilshires were rolling tires down the hill. They had a box of burned-out light bulbs and an old TV set which they planned on tossing down at the right moment. I stood at an awkward position because I had to get through the whites in order to join my team. One of the Wilshires was getting ready to roll the old TV set down the cliff. I picked up a rock, sailed it into his back, and the TV crashed down the cliff, knocking Mumsy to the ground. Mumsy was a slow target and managed to get whacked by more rocks than anyone else. Some of the white kids turned to get me but realized that the colored kids might reach the top if they abandoned their posts.

"Hey, whose side are you on anyway?" shouted some older guy who didn't look familiar. The importance of this battle was emphasized by the number of older brothers participating.

"Why . . . I'm on your side."

"Well, then get over here and fight! Next time take better aim." I came over to the edge of the cliff with the whites and started tossing rocks down at the colored kids. I purposely threw with bad aim, but after a few rocks flew back and nearly missed my head I started throwing for real.

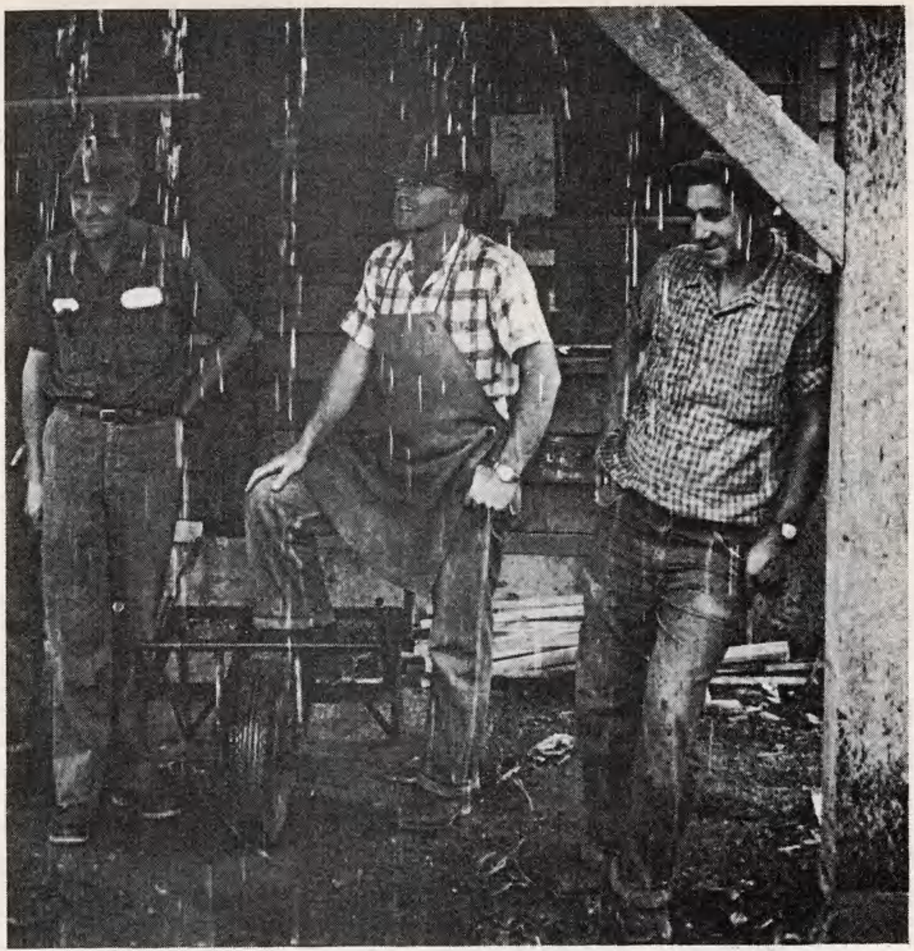
"Well, it's about time you finally came to your senses and joined our side," said one of the older Wilshire brothers. He had never before looked at me so approvingly.

"Welcome aboard," said Bobby Mortimer, shaking my hand behind a barricade. "We can use all the help we can get. Just look at all them niggers."

I stopped throwing rocks and peered through the sticks of the barricade. For the first time I felt a new kinship to the white kids around me, like I was one of them, among my own. The feeling was refreshingly odd. A gust of wind sent dust across the cliff, and no one could see their enemy. The colored kids came swarming over the top, swinging sticks and fists. The next thing I knew I was running with a bunch of white kids as fast as I could. We ran into the Wilshires' garage and dropped to our knees, out of breath.

On the Monday after the fight I walked over to Bobo's place early in the morning before school. The sun had just risen, and the area was barren. I hid myself in a tree overlooking his shack. I couldn't imagine what was going to happen in school that day. It was only a matter of months before I would be transferred to a white school, and I'd have to stick it out somehow.

God forbid if anyone were to catch me here. Especially Bobo. I was an official white cracker now, and we'd never be friends again.



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Rick-burning hard maple is awfully hot work. But the charcoal that results makes it well worthwhile. You see, we pack this charcoal 10-feet deep into vats. Then, our whiskey is seeped through the vat, drop by drop. This process is called charcoal mellowing. And the smoothness it gives Jack Daniel's is worth all the rick-burning, rain or no rain.

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INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 128

coal country, the only employer in the private sector is either *selling* to the coal mines, *is* the coal mines, or is selling stuff to people who *work* in the coal mines. Then, of course, you've got the other employers: the courthouse, the school board, the politicians. That's why you need the wildcat strike as a form of social protest.

Penthouse: What is life like in a coal town?

McGraw: Most people's idea of a coal town is really an idea from the past. Most remaining so-called coal camps or towns are inhabited by the older, retired men. Most coal companies have decided not to provide home sites and have torn down their company houses to avoid taxes. As a result, the younger men are living in trailers on any patch of ground they can find, usually at high prices and sometimes on ten-day-notice leases. The tax base is suppressed by the coal companies to avoid payment of a decent tax on the mineral wealth. As a result, the school system, which depends on local property taxes, is poor. The company store still exists, extending credit on wage assignment. It is this kind of condition that makes a strike something meaningful as a protest against not only the mines but also the living conditions.

Another big problem with coal-country towns is the lack of opportunity. There is a lack of integrated communities. The level of community services is very, very low. There is a lack of commitment on the part of the coal companies—which in most sections means the government. There is little support for community institutions, whether they be playgrounds or schools or auditoriums or recreational facilities. The major sin of commission is that the landholding companies actively refuse to give up land for such facilities. They exist solely to lease coal.

Penthouse: Who owns the land?

McGraw: The big companies own all the land. I come from a county where 82 percent of the land is owned by Georgia Pacific, Norfolk and Western Railroad, or the C & O Railroad. Not only that, these outfits and the other ones own more than 112 percent of the minerals. These rascals own more than there is! You see, in the land books they separate the surface from the mineral value. Then you have all these outfits claiming they own one another's stuff, trying to get some more coal, some more oil. And so the land records have more minerals owned than there are minerals.

Penthouse: What's the advantage of that?

McGraw: The people who own a coal mining company can go down underground, and nobody can see what they're doing down there. They can tunnel over and mine off another guy's coal. Then they say, "My deed says I own what I mined." But that doesn't really make any difference, because the little guys have been squeezed out such a long time ago that this is just a matter of the big guys fighting among themselves. What the devil—they just settle.

Meanwhile, the coal miners can't buy houses, because the companies own all the land and don't want people living on it. But, you know, even if the miners could get the land to build a house on, the bank wouldn't lend them the money.

Penthouse: Why not?

McGraw: Because in West Virginia they can't charge over 9 to 10 percent for a mortgage. Yet businessmen can sell junk and gadgets—made in Japan, mostly—and charge the miners up to 36 percent interest. What bank wants to lend a man money at 10 percent to build a decent house when it can make so much more lending for junk?

Penthouse: What do you think will happen if the government, at some future date, tries to take over the mines?

McGraw: I don't know that it would make much difference over the long haul. The kind of poignant thing about the miners is that, even when they know they're getting shafted, they will consider themselves patriotic people. I think the best witness to that is the droves of people who come from Appalachia to enlist in the army every time there's any kind of war. West Virginia probably has one of the highest percentages—if not the highest—of people killed in all these wars.

Penthouse: Do you see West Virginia and the coal mine situation as a microcosm of the nation or as a prelude of things to come in America?

McGraw: West Virginia is an anachronism. It is a state of hard-working, decent, patriotic people, who have kept to many of the traditional values: love of God and a desire for a better life for their children. It has the lowest crime rate of all states in the country. Yet, with all this, its citizens have been among the most exploited people in this country by the outside businessman and politician. They must survive in the most highly competitive and sophisticated segment of the economy—energy.

But this *is* a prelude to what's coming, because a market economy cannot survive without competition. Is what we have competition? It doesn't look like a market economy can survive, since all these corporations that brag about being so big and strong are all "on" the government in some way. Every damn one of them is on the government.

Penthouse: Are you referring to subsidies?

McGraw: Yes. An example is the way houses are built for black people in a part of the city where you *know* they can't ever better themselves. They've got a place to live, but to survive they either have to be on welfare—I'm not faulting them for that, you understand—or go run elevators or sweep office buildings. So what the government does, in the name of free enterprise, is subsidize the guys who own the big buildings by providing them with a captive work force, which lives in the housing project and earns a minimum wage. It puts the workers in the civil service, you see?

BODY POWER.

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M21S. The universal terry brief. Wear it anywhere . . . even on the beach. Available in black, white, red or navy. S-M-L. $6.95.

M26S. Black cire bikini with zip front pouch. S-M-L. $8.95.

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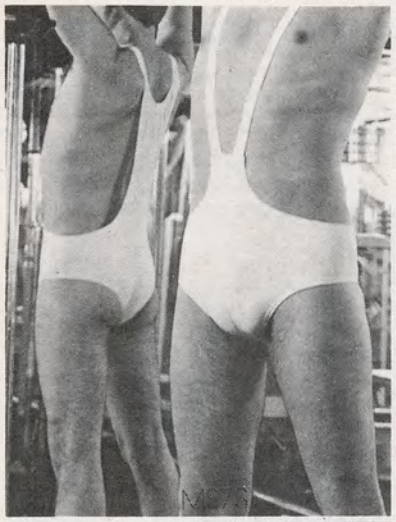
M28S. Tom Brief. Leather pouch and thong back. 1-1/2" elastic sides. S-M-L. $20.00.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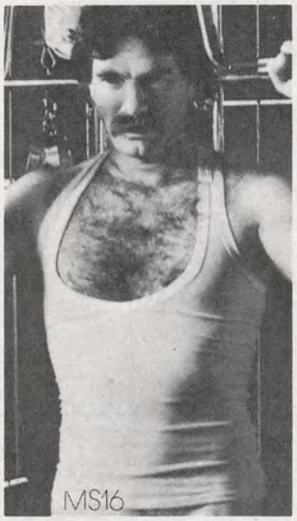
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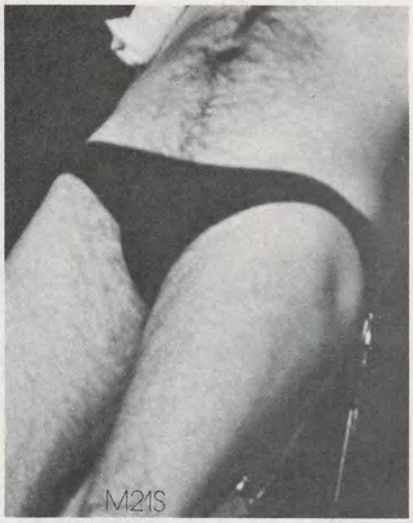
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Photographed at 21st Century Fitness Center – NYC

IN THE SEPTEMBER *VIVA*

ZEN AND THE ART OF LOOKING TERRIFIC Beauty secrets from the Orient abound in the September *Viva*. There'll be lessons on shiatzu, the Japanese pressure-point massage system; glamorous geisha makeup; and the Japanese technique for inscrutably beautiful hands and nails.

GO EAST, YOUNG WOMAN *Viva* heads for the land of the rising sun to get the scoop on the new Japanese designers. But don't expect to be donning kimonos. East is East and West is West, and the twain have met in a fashion explosion that combines Western wearability with Eastern elegance.

BATTERED WOMEN WHO KILL Every day, thousands of women suffer physical abuse at the hands of their husbands or lovers. For some, the only escape from a life of constant fear and pain is to violently attack their tormentors. But is this assault or self-defense? Are these women to be pitied or punished? Karen Lindsey traveled about getting the true story from the women themselves.

CECIL BEATON This unassuming Englishman almost singlehandedly created the art of fashion photography. Through his lens, he captured the beauty of Garbo and Crawford and forever crystallized on film the feel of the thirties and forties. The story of Beaton's life among the stars is as fascinating as his portraits of them.

ON LOVING MEN True love: is it the sickness or the cure? Jane Lazarre continues searching for the answer in her chronicle of man-woman relationships and finds herself in the dangerous state in which, rather than possessing love, love begins to possess her.

PLUS Scintillating celebrity interview; extraordinary fiction selection; Molly Haskell on modern marriage; Marcia Stamell talks with three "popular" girls; and bath accessories to turn your humble tub into a private luxury spa.

They're on the minimum wage; they live in the housing projects, run the elevators, and sweep the buildings. And they can't better their own or their children's lives. They're just doomed.

Penthouse: You've been outspoken on the subject of your irritation with the president's brother, Billy Carter. What is the source of that?

McGraw: Well, you know, every family has its problems. You can't show me a family without problems. All right, so Billy Carter is one of Jimmy's problems. That silly Billy is exploiting our democracy in the name of money. All right, let me tell you what he did that riled me. Billy Carter was holding a beer bust for that beer he advertises. A man showed up with a picket sign. Billy told the picketer to "get the hell out of here, or we'll break your head or have you arrested." Now, you have a right to hold up a sign in America. But Billy Carter doesn't think so. Billy also said, "I sure can have you arrested in Sumpter County, Georgia." He is using his brother's office! He is using the good name of his mother and daddy to exploit the government and to use the government to sell the product that's got his name on it, and he's doing it no matter what, including threatening to have people arrested for carrying a sign of protest. That kind of person does not belong in public places. No matter how many people think he's funny, I don't think he's funny at all, threatening to have people arrested for exercising a constitutional right.

Penthouse: Are the American people going to continue to put up with this never-ending expansion of government into their lives?

McGraw: The answer to that is, in part, yes. But, you know, the more people you can get in an urban place, the more they'll put up with it.

Penthouse: Why do you think this is?

McGraw: I don't know why. It's just like the Japanese—they're the prime example of it. The Japanese are just like one big machine.

Penthouse: If we'd listened to Thomas Jefferson, this wouldn't have happened, would it?

McGraw: No, it wouldn't. If we had listened to Thomas Jefferson, we wouldn't be where we are. Jefferson had a lot of strong commentary on the private accumulations of capital by the corporations. As a matter of fact, Jefferson wrote some pamphlets on the regulation of the corporations, even 200 years ago. He considered the corporations to be a threat to the commonwealth of America.

Penthouse: Some say you shouldn't be speaking out on public issues, since you're a state supreme court justice.

McGraw: One is allowed to address issues relating to the administration of justice. I believe that the democratic order is the mechanism for the pursuit of justice, and that all facets of government are involved in the administration of justice. And the people who are best prepared to speak to these issues should do so.

PENTHOUSE Fashion Finder

For "where to buy" information on designer fashions shown on pages 150–153, contact these manufacturers.

GAYLE KIRKPATRICK for AUGUSTUS
1290 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N.Y. 10019 (212) 741-4928

DON SAYRES for BURLEIGH, DIV. OF AFTER SIX
1290 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N.Y. 10019 (212) 765-2400

CHARLES SUPPON for INTRE SPORT
550 Seventh Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10018 (212) 840-7730

CALVIN KLEIN MENSWEAR
1211 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N.Y. 10036 (212) 730-1880

GROOM AT THE TOP

As part of the regimen for a healthy complexion described on page 181, *Penthouse* lists the following products, according to skin type, which are distributed by reputable firms.

FOR DRY SKIN:

ARAMIS Moisturizing Concentrate
DEVIN Outdoor Moisture Formula
YSL After-Shave Balm
MACHO All-Weather Skin Moisturizer
PIERRE CARDIN After-Shave Balm
JOVAN Musk Oil Moisturizing Balm
ENGLISH LEATHER Soft After Shave
TIMBERLINE All-Weather Cream
JOHN WEITZ Moisturizing After Shave
CHANEL for Men After-Shave Balm
MENNEN's AFTA After-Shave Skin Conditioner
OLD SPICE After-Shave Skin Conditioner
MON TRIOMPHE Moisturizing After Shave
CHAZ Moisturizing After-Shave Balm
GIVENCHY GENTLEMAN Moisturizing After-Shave Cream

FOR OILY SKIN:

ARAMIS 900 After-Shave Soother
DEVIN Country After-Shave Soother
YSL After Shave
MACHO After-Shave/After-Shower Lotion
ZIZANIE Aprés-Shave "sprinkler"
PINO SILVESTRE After Shave
PIERRE CARDIN After-Shave Lotion
MENNEN's Skin Bracer
MON TRIOMPHE After Shave
AIDA GREY's Ginseng Astringent
ROYAL COPENHAGEN Astringent Lotion
GIVENCHY GENTLEMAN After Shave
ARAMIS Double Action Astringent
MONSIEUR HOUBIGANT After Shave

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What's in a name? Satisfaction, if the name is Camel. All the flavor and satisfaction that's been missing in your low tar cigarette. With a name like Camel Lights, you know exactly what to expect.

Try one pack. The solution could be in your hands.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SEPTEMBER SONG

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122

maybe, on whether to yield or fight.

"Drop the knives," Chug told them, and two of them did so at once. The third glared at him and then threw the knife down nearly at his feet.

"It's not what you think," I told them when I was within touching distance. "I'm from the Oracle." None of them gave any visible reaction. I held out one hand toward them, the fingers slightly spread. "Touch my hand," I told them, "and you can leave."

Two of them watched me suspiciously; the third stared at my hand. I moved it only slightly in her direction, and she trembled faintly but did not flinch.

"Why?" one of the others asked huskily. "What's the catch?"

"No catch. I get off on it; that's all. Call it a power thing. Touch my hand and you can go."

Two of them glanced at one another and then reached out hesitantly. The third pushed one of them toward me and made a break toward the nearest door, but Chug intercepted her, spinning her around to face me, then holding her in an armlock.

"I'm no threat to the Oracle," she screamed. "I just wanted to get away." They always say something like that, if they say anything. I touched her cheek with the tips of my fingers, and Chug let her fall.

The other girls were on their knees now, staring at her, then at me. The alien's last words had been in a language no one would speak for a couple of thousand years.

"Go on," I told them. They went.

I sent Chug and Harley back to the car and then took a last look around. Everyone looked dead except the woman in the corner, who had retreated into some other world. I left everything the way it was and went out the patio doors. As I was going along the path beside the house, someone standing in the shadow of the house next-door said: "Hello, Blue."

I stopped, suspending judgment for a moment, and waited for her to come out in the open. When she did, I had a fleeting moment of recognition but then couldn't fix it in my mind. I had thought at first she must be someone from the Oracle's time, but I knew that wasn't where I'd seen her before. She wasn't especially good-looking—too thin for my tastes—but she wore her hair long, in the current style. She had on a simple yellow dress, not quite knee-length, which must have seemed nearly out of place in Southern California, 1970.

"I'm a friend," she said. "An old friend. I knew you more than ten years ago, in the late fifties." She hardly looked old enough for that to be true; I guessed that she was twenty-six or twenty-seven.

"If that's true," I said, "then this is our first meeting, as far as I'm concerned."

She shook her head, giving a tiny smile. "Not quite. You met me about two hours ago, by your time. You saved me from your . . . friends." She nodded toward the front drive, reminding me that I ought to be getting out before anyone investigated what had been going on.

"You were a child," I said. "Anyway, I don't have any friends, old or otherwise. Chug and Harley work for me."

"I was your friend," she insisted. "I showed you how to touch people without killing them."

I'm hard to shock, but that came close. I nearly smiled, though I'm unaccustomed to doing so.

"That's not possible. It's beyond my control. The price I pay for living in these times."

"You think it's impossible," she said. "But it's not. You do control it. They gave you a triggering mechanism that you use unconsciously, but you can override it."

There was a low whistle from the front yard, a query from Harley. I gave an answering whistle, temporizing. I had thought I was immune to desire in the ordinary sense, but what she said—the possibilities it raised—had touched something inside me. I frowned.

> “There was a girl
> hanging from the diving board,
> naked, apparently dead,
> hung up literally by her thumbs.
> She looked to be
> covered with blood, over
> every bit of skin.”

"I never went for kids," I said.

She reddened.

"We weren't lovers. We were friends. You took care of me."

That was a role I had trouble imagining for myself. I held out a hand to her.

"Prove it," I said.

She came toward me but didn't touch me.

"Close your eyes," she said, "and think of things you like. Think of a thunderstorm."

When she told me to close my eyes, it fleetingly crossed my mind that she might be an unusually clever alien, looking to take me out, but the mention of thunderstorms hooked me. I loved thunderstorms; I get a kick out of walking in them—partly because they're deadly back where I come from originally. An alien who didn't know me would have been more likely to think they terrified me. I closed my eyes and thought of a time when I'd walked ten blocks in a rainstorm. I remembered the way the warm water had hung in my sweater, making it heavy and only gradually turning cold against my skin. Something warm and soft touched against my hand.

I opened my eyes to see her hand resting on top of mine. She gave me a nervous smile and said: "Keep thinking good thoughts. Think of Buddy Holly."

Another score. Holly was one of my favorites, but his whole career lay within the home time I hadn't lived through yet, and no one had ever made a film of him performing. One of the things I was looking forward to was seeing him in person. I thought of him singing "Rave On," one of my favorites. I pictured stills I had seen of Holly and the Crickets, and I tried to imagine, as I had sometimes before, how he would look in front of an audience of screaming teenagers—a skinny, funny-looking guy with glasses.

"Now that you know it's possible, you'll be able to do it when you want to," she said. I felt her hand still against mine, still warm. It was something I hadn't felt since . . . when? Maybe never.

"Why?" I asked. "Is it so you won't have to teach me the first time, back in the fifties?" I felt dizzy, as if slightly high.

She shook her head.

"I spent a long time looking for you," she said. "Back then, I mean. And then it took a while to make friends. We had only about three years together. You disappeared at the end of 1959."

I nodded.

"Retired back home." It wasn't something I was looking forward to.

"You thought there might be a way to make more time for us," she said, "if we could get together outside the fifties."

I nodded, already thinking of a couple of possibilities.

"But why wait ten years?" I asked. "There were lots of times you could have intercepted me during the sixties."

She reddened again.

"I wanted our ages to be closer together," she said.

I nodded, thinking of the Poni-Tails' song "Born Too Late." What would it be like to wait ten years for someone you loved, knowing he might kill you without a word? I couldn't imagine.

"I can't imagine falling in love with anyone," I told her bluntly.

She looked at the ground, still flushed.

"I know," she said. "You aren't like that."

Another whistle came from the front yard, and then I heard the distant sound of sirens.

"We've got to split," I told her. "And . . ."

"And you're not sure yet."

I nodded.

"I'll go to the end of the block and wait for fifteen minutes," she said. "If you haven't come back by then, I'll know you decided not to."

I nodded again and turned away from her. Going across the front yard, I rubbed at the back of my hand, where it still seemed to tingle from her touch. Chug and Harley were waiting in the backseat.

I left the lights off until we were several blocks away, and then I turned the radio on, too, and it said:

The frost won't bite!

Try smooth Gilbey's Gin.
In an icy-cold mixed drink, the clean,
smooth flavor of Gilbey's Gin
comes through, clear and satisfying.

GILBEY'S
DISTILLED LONDON DRY
GIN

Smooth Gilbey's
As smooth as expensive imported gins.

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Distilled London Dry Gin 80 Proof. 100% Grain Neutral Spirits W & A Gilbey, Ltd. Distr by National Distillers Products Co., N.Y.C

Just be nice to the gentlemen, Fancy,
and they'll be nice to you.

I reached toward the jump button, thinking of 1954 but then changed my mind, unaccountably reluctant to go home yet, to get back in touch with the Oracle. Instead, I did something you're never supposed to do: I punched the button without thinking of anything at all, and the radio said:

Saddest thing in the whole wide world
is to see your baby with another girl.

And we were moving slowly through rush-hour traffic in a cold city that might have been Milwaukee or Omaha or Dayton, and it occurred to me that if she was telling the truth, there was no need to go back for her; she had already shown me how to touch people, and I wondered why she hadn't thought of that, and then I wondered if she had, and I frowned and punched again, and the radio said:

They said they found my high-school ring
clutched in your fingers tight.

And there was snow all over the hills, and a hawk circled overhead, scanning for movement in all the white below, and salt rattled against the bottom of the car, and I thought of the things I could do if I could really touch people: swim at the Joyland pool, play basketball at the Downtown Y, stand in lines at the movies, go dancing . . . and Harley asked:

"What's going on?"

And I didn't say anything, just punched again, and the radio said:

She loved me so long
and she loved me so hard
I finally passed out
in her front yard.

And it was hot nighttime, and there was an ocean salt smell in the car, reminding me of a time in Baltimore when I'd touched the forehead of a blind beggar, and he'd rolled past me into the street, and two small black boys had appeared from nowhere to pick up the coins rolling and bouncing from his cup, and that reminded me of something else—the time the Oracle had jumped me to 1933, to cover for another agent who would have looped there, and I pushed the button with a purpose this time, and the radio didn't say anything, and there was rain running straight down, cold and windless, filling up the Portland streets, and most of the stores were locked and boarded, and I thought, *We could have seven years of this, and then the forties, but I'd never get to see Buddy Holly after all, because the Oracle would take the car back*. And then I remembered that she—what was her name?—would loop in the early forties, anyway, whenever she was born, and I frowned and punched again, and the radio said:

But it's all right now:
in fact, it's a gas.

And heat washed through the car like an electric pulse, in a place that might have been West Texas or hell, and I thought of the other extreme, the farthest forward I'd ever been, except for my native time, where we could live together for the rest of our lives, or at least until our oxygen ran out, and I shook my head and thought of a thunderstorm—not any particular one—remembering her touch, and I punched, and the radio said:

And these few precious days
I'll share with you.

And I sat straight up in my seat, trying to see through the black water running on the windshield, convinced for an instant I'd jumped into my early home time, but then I realized I hadn't looped, and I wondered if I'd gotten into another track, after all, though I figured it was just someone playing a golden oldie; and then I knew it was, because the announcer came on, and then the news, to say that Spiro Agnew had resigned, and I thought that the easiest thing to do after all would be to go home, to 1954 and find the girl and make what I could of those six years, even though—let's face it—I'd rather spend the time with the woman. And then I suddenly saw how I could do it, and I punched again, and the radio said:

Wouldn't it be nice to be together
In the kind of world where we belong?

And I pulled off the side of the road, somewhere on US-40 west of Indianapolis, with a rainstorm gathering ahead, and I told Chug and Harley to climb out, and as soon as they had, I punched again, and the radio crackled with late-night white noise, and I turned off the engine and got out, waiting for my eyes to adjust to the dark; and in a moment I saw her, running toward me, and I waited until she was near enough to touch, and I stepped out to the edge of the railroad track, blocking her path, and she stopped, startled, and then frowned when she saw who I was and gave a glance backward, and I smiled and said: "By the way, what's your name?"

And she stared at me for a moment and then said: "Angela."

And I reached a hand out to her once again, saying: "I'm sorry, Angela."

And she took the hand nearly without hesitating, and nothing happened for a moment, and then I made myself think a certain way I hadn't even known I could before . . . and it hurt.

I put her body in the backseat and sealed the windows and vents and turned on the oxygen, and punched again, and the radio crackled in protest but didn't say anything, and I put on my mask and gloves and got out into the fog that never goes away and laid her body down on the beach by the ocean that nothing lived in anymore, and I touched her again, on the forehead, feeling a way I'd never felt before, and got back in and punched again, and the radio said:

Love the one you're with.

And I had to take a minute to unseal the car and flush it out and take off the mask and gloves, and then I cruised around the back way, avoiding Loma Linda Drive, and came up behind her at the corner; and when she saw me she came running out, and I reached over and pushed the door open, and as soon as she was in I punched again, and we were back in the alley alongside the railroad tracks, but it was graying into morning, and Don McNeill was on the radio, and she asked: "Where are we?"

"June 1954."

She gave me a startled look.

"But I haven't looped?"

I shook my head.

"I took care of it."

She accepted that for the moment, though I knew I'd have to tell her sometime exactly how I'd done it. But not yet.

"Out," I said, and when we were both out, I found a long piece of scrap metal and reached it back through the window, and the radio started to say:

Blue? Where . . .

And I was standing there with Angela, with half a piece of scrap metal in my hand.

"Why'd you send it away?" she asked.

"I just resigned," I said. "And that's company property."

"You sent it back?"

"Not exactly. I sent it to Riverside Park in December 1959. You can live straight through, now, but I'll loop in 1960. Maybe I'll think of more options by then, if the Oracle doesn't have some way of grabbing the car during a jump."

She nodded and took hold of my hand, and she stayed alive, and I felt as good as I had in a long time. It occurred to me that I might be an alien now, and there might be somebody like me coming around to touch me one of these days—although I had a hunch that the Oracle might be inclined to leave me alone, rather than expose more agents to the knowledge which Angela had given me.

She was looking around now, recognizing the place from her childhood, though that had been in a different track.

"Hey, this could be fun," she said.

I nodded and put an arm around her, enjoying the feel of freedom to do that small a thing.

"You're lucky," I told her. "You get to see Buddy Holly twice."

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FEEDBACK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

cell writing this letter. I have before me a legal document entitled "Cumulative Case Summary, Legal Status," and appearing under the subtitle "Minimum Eligible Parole Date." I see the figures "Nine years (1-4-85)."

Yet even the figure of nine years is misleading and inaccurate in terms of my actual *minimum* sentence. California Senate bill number forty-two provides by law that I must appear before the Community Release Board as a serious offender, whereby my minimum sentence will be increased, because of my prior felony convictions, the nature of my alleged crimes, and my alleged use of firearms, by a total of five years. Therefore, my *minimum* sentence will necessarily be increased to *fourteen* years.

Even the most adamant advocate of Godwin's theory must concede that fourteen years is significantly greater than five and ten months. However, the figure of fourteen years is still only the minimum sentence required by law and must not be confused with the actual sentence I will serve. Judge Peetris and, in turn, Mr. Godwin would have the public believe that the minimum term provided by law will be the actual term served. He implies that the Community Release Board sits in sociological ignorance, seeking only the antisocial opportunity to release convicted felons back into the mainstream of society. *Bullshit!*

Though I have no certain knowledge of what my actual sentence will eventually be, I would wholeheartedly accept a determinate sentence of a duration three times the five years and ten months that John Godwin would have the public believe is an indication of the failure of American justice.—*Robert Leroy Biehler, Folsom Prison, Calif.*

John Godwin replies:
Mr. Biehler may find it hard to believe the quoted statement of Judge Peetris, but he need only consult his trial record or the Los Angeles Times *of March 30, 1977, to find the judge's remarks verified in print. The fact that they don't square with the legal document cited by Mr. Biehler merely confirms my assertion that the U.S. justice system is in such a holy state of chaos that even judges are uncertain about the sentences they can and cannot impose.*

Even if Mr. Biehler's calculation is correct and his minimum sentence works out at fourteen years, this could be considered very mild indeed by world standards. Mr. Biehler was convicted of four murders, including that of a fifteen-year-old boy. In France, Russia, China, and most Latin American countries he would have been executed. In most Western countries he would have been imprisoned without any possibility of parole. Only in America does the prospect of parole exist for people convicted of quadruple killings.

The brain-boggling confusion between the sentence imposed on Mr. Biehler by the court, the minimum sentence stipulated by law, and the actual sentence he will be required to serve is a perfect illustration of the criminal-justice mess I was trying to spotlight. The fact is that more than a year after his conviction, Mr. Biehler still has no idea how long he will be imprisoned. Nor has the judge who sentenced him or the Parole Board or anyone else. The whole matter remains anchored firmly in midair, while any relationship to an assured, equitable, consistent pattern of justice remains purely coincidental.

If the belief that such a pattern should exist makes me "impossibly naive," then naive I am.

O Canada

Being of sound mind and body, I wish to congratulate *Penthouse* on the rather remarkable article by Walter Stewart, "Say Uncle—The American Colonization of Canada" (June 1978).

Assuming, of course, that Mr. Stewart's information is correct, I'd say that we Canadians are in big trouble. I have absolutely nothing against Americans, but I never honestly realized the extent to which Canada is dominated and manipulated by the good ole U.S. of A. Since I first read the article, I've kept my eyes open. About two days after reading it, I attended my brother's annual music night at his school and found that out of twenty-six pieces played, only two were Canadian. One song was by Dan Hill; the other was our national anthem, which says, "We are glorious and free." Are we? Or is the United States glorious and free in Canada?

I'd like to see more about Canadian–U.S. relations in *Penthouse*. Well done!—*M.P., Toronto, Ontario*

Media monotony

I enjoyed Nicholas von Hoffman's article "Media Clones" ("Advise & Dissent," June 1978). The Tweedledee and Tweedledum Syndrome of major media is well known; not too long ago both *Time* and *Newsweek* used identical cover stories (common) along with identical wording (a bit rarer).

Either we bust up these bastards who control the information-dissemination process—and do it soon—or we founder. Antitrust action, with the movie industry as a precedent, is a start. There should also be statutory right of access for viable producers of programming outside the networks' domain. Make them "common carriers" of data, subject to the same laws applying to buses, trains, and planes crossing state borders, and charge a franchise fee, to be applied to all broadcasters (just as the timber industry's use of federal lands is taxed for the common good) and used to fund public broadcasting. Let competing systems be allowed to blossom (this would

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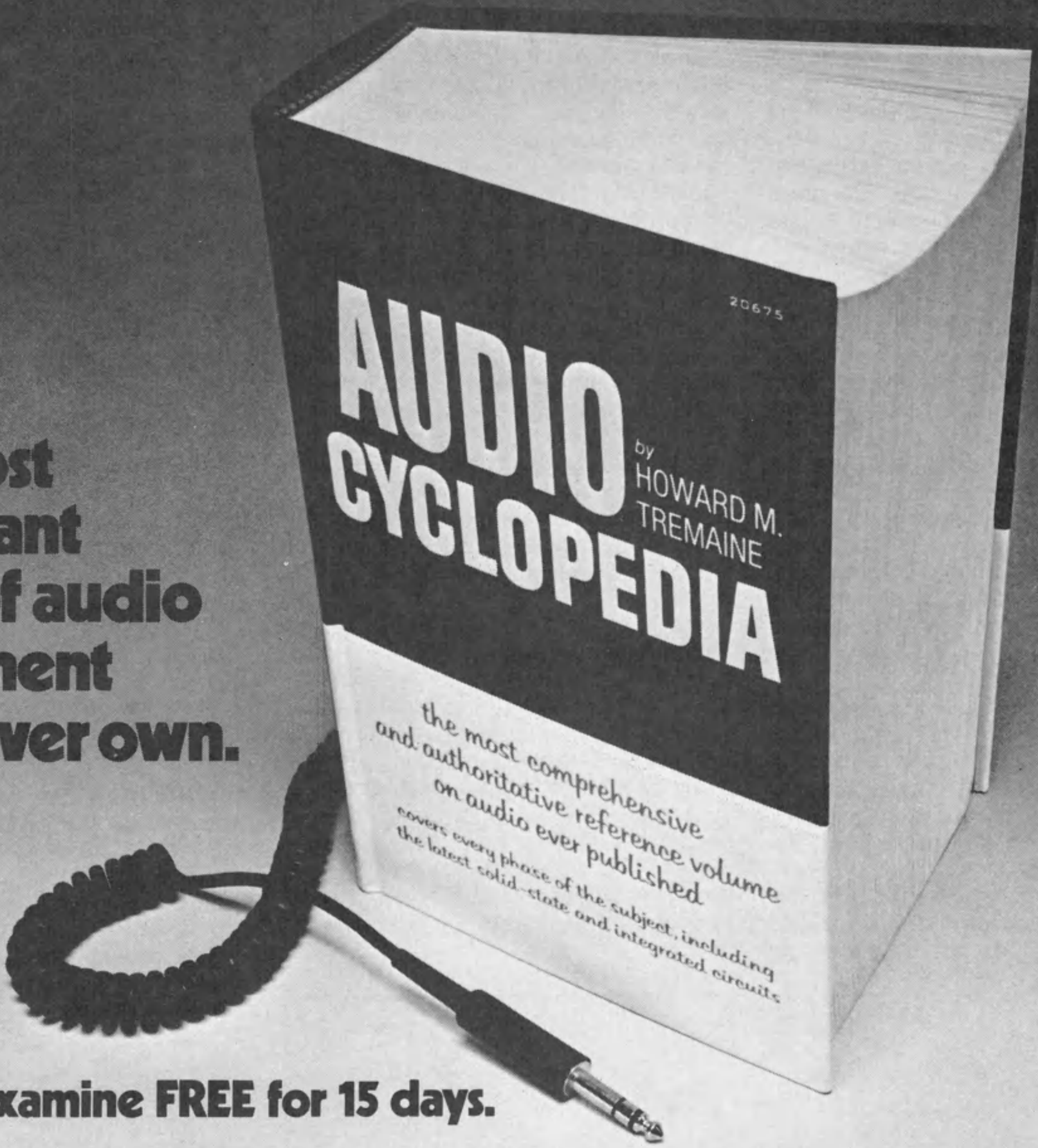
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entail the largest battle because of the astronomical money now made from the airwaves). All in all a dream, perhaps, but a solution that is absolutely mandatory if the frenzied nation is to recover.

What it comes down to in the end is who is bigger—the people and their Congress and courts, or the Brahmins of cross-ownership? So far, it's been no contest.—*R. Traband, Albuquerque, N.M.*

Snepp: victim or villain?

I found F. Peter Model's interview with former CIA analyst Frank Snepp (May 1978) interesting and provocative but somewhat lacking in historical perspective.

To portray Snepp simply as a victim of present-day CIA vindictiveness is misleading. Snepp ranks high on my list of suspected war criminals. As an interrogator for South Vietnam's National Interrogation Center, he was directly responsible for, and had direct knowledge of, the thousands of innocent Vietnamese people alleged to have been supporters of the National Liberation Front. While I fully support Snepp's right to publish *Decent Interval* and profit from it, I find his image as a victim revolting.

What Snepp fails to ask himself is why American foreign-policy makers and U.S. diplomats in Vietnam refused to provide for the evacuation of Vietnamese provocateurs, military officers, and spies. I believe the answer to that question lies in President Carter's statement about the racist nature of the Vietnam War.

Snepp's call for the relaxation of immigration policies for the Vietnamese refugees stranded on boats is commendable, but it should be extended to cover all victims of the Vietnam War. There are presently over 500,000 Vietnam veterans with less-than-honorable discharges, an uncountable number of civilian war resisters with criminal records, and hundreds of American draft resisters and evaders in exile in foreign countries. Perhaps if Snepp called for universal, unconditional amnesty for all the victims of Vietnam, I would be able to find more empathy for him as a human being. As it stands now, the only thing that I can find courageous about him is the fact that he is keeping discussion about the Vietnam era alive in the minds of people who have been told by both Presidents Ford and Carter "to put Vietnam behind us."—*Bruce Beyer, Buffalo, N.Y.*

Reader update

I intend never to miss an issue of *Penthouse* if you continue publishing articles of the caliber of the "Cartergate" series.

If your readers are seriously interested in the promotion of freedom and liberty (as your publishing of "Cartergate" would suggest), I suggest they get acquainted with the Foundation for Economic Education. The address is F.E.E., Irvington-on-Hudson, N.Y. 10533.—*Name and address withheld*

MINI SERVICE
FULL SERVICE
COCHRAN!

I wanted to thank you for running the letter from the American Agriculture Movement ("Feedback," June 1978).

In a more recent development, newsmen featured disgusted consumers pitching lettuce at ninety-nine cents a head back into the bin, while at the same time potato chips were selling for eighty-nine cents for nine ounces. Why people were angry about the high cost of lettuce but content to pay just ten cents less for potato chips will always remain a mystery.

In my personal experience, some of the people most likely to complain about the high cost of living are also planning pleasure trips to Europe. Unfortunately, the mass media cater to such people and therefore fail to get a deep, definitive analysis of the complexities surrounding our food supply. Surely the notion that lettuce is the bad guy and potato chips the good can be measured by the amount of advertising money spent on each product.—*P.A., Hamilton, Va.*

MOANS & GROANS

What happened to "Couples"? I'm not at all sure I'll buy the magazine any more if you don't restore it. Furthermore, the "Forum" letters section has gone downhill; you need some new writers with some imagination and a wider vocabulary. Remember that your price is high now, and the purchase is based on impulse.—*Name and address withheld*

After four years, we felt that it was time for a change. In the section previously slotted for "Couples," we will be presenting a number of psychographs on relations between men and women, along with articles dealing with sexual relationships and experiences. As for the "Forum" letters, don't blame the staff; our readers are our writers in this case. Life, at times, is dull. Perhaps the warm weather will bring some hot tales.

I thought your picture-essay "The Adventures of Jim Carter" by Wayne McLoughlin (June 1978) was in poor taste and indicative of the coarse way the media is treating the American presidency. In these post-Watergate times, when we need reeducation and a reestablishment of respect and understanding, your piece helps perpetuate the ignorance and disrespect with which the American political system is currently looked upon.—*R.L., Rochester, N.Y.*

We are in complete agreement that what this country needs most is a reestablishment of respect for the American political system and reeducation of its complexities. However, the current administration provides no basis for either of these, and therefore we are reluctantly forced to take note of this failure, whether it be in articles such as the "Cartergate" series or in satirical pieces such as "The Adventures of Jim Carter."

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LIVING TOGETHER
Once considered a radical life-style, living together is now an American institution. Noted psychologist James Ramey examines this increasingly popular alternative to marriage, from its emotional consequences to its legal ramifications.

THE ULTIMATE APHRODISIAC
What aphrodisiac will work when Spanish fly, a dozen oysters, and a megadose of ginseng won't get it up? Only passionate women know, and sex therapist Carole Altman reveals the secret.

HOW OLD IS YOUR BODY?
It may be later than you think. The stress of life in the fast lane can age your body far beyond your chronological years. *Forum* tells how to pinpoint your body's age and how to turn back the clock.

MASTURBATION: A NEW LOOK
Everybody does it, but nobody wants to talk about it. Is masturbation "shameful abuse" or a healthy, pleasurable, and vital part of human sexuality? Physician and therapist Dr. Don Sloan discusses the most widely practiced "closet" activity in the United States.

B–15: WONDER VITAMIN?
Is it a panacea for all the physical ills of humankind or a hoax perpetrated by quacks? Nutrition editor Nick Bosco exposes the history and hype behind B–15.

XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

started to come onto her cheek—at which point she drained every drop of my fluid. I took Naomi in my arms and kissed her hotly, as my hands roamed over her body, finally working under her blouse and taking her superb tits into my hands. Her nipples were erect, wide, and very hard, but her breasts were wonderfully soft and silky. She began biting my neck and ear, digging her long nails into my side. I wanted to fuck her right there, but we got out of the car to move into a nearby forest clearing. There she began to raise her skirt slowly to the tops of her nylons, and I saw a great pair of legs, framed by black-topped nylons. I moved closer, knelt before her, removed her skirt and began kissing and licking her thighs. She pulled my head toward her, and I buried my tongue in her wet pussy. After minutes of urgent panting, my late-night partner had a shuddering orgasm, causing me to move back in amazement as she cried out for me to "fuck her forever."

I quickly mounted her, even though she was still writhing in her latest orgasm. I kneaded her right breast and kissed her neck as I slowly entered her. As I spread her wet cunt lips, she lifted her pelvis. Rolling and thrusting her hips into me, Naomi brought me to one of the best orgasms I have ever had. This was only the beginning of a long night of nonstop sex. This woman was the most fantastic encounter of my life.

However, I'm only twenty-two years old now, which makes it rather difficult for me to find attractive older women who are willing and eager to engage in sex.

I have had about seven such encounters since Naomi and find that my desire mounts with each one. Recently, I read an article in Forum *magazine entitled "Erotic Films for Home Use," by Bruce Berman. In this article were listed ten of the top erotic films, which included a film entitled* Candy No. 1 *(from Swedish Erotica). It stars Candy Samples as "a startlingly attractive fifty-year-old with exquisite breasts. She makes it with two boys half her age." I'm dying to see this film but don't know where to get in touch with the company.*

Meanwhile, do you have any suggestions for meeting and loving attractive older women?—W.W.G.

It's quite in vogue nowadays for a young man to have an affair with an older woman. And why not? For so long you always heard about old men getting married to very young girls. Many young women say that older men are better lovers. Do they ever stop to think that older women are probably better lovers than they? Experience does have its benefits.

I myself have been having several relationships with young men, men at least ten years my junior. Believe me, I find it extremely exciting. While they're not always the most talented lovers, these boys do seem to appreciate what I can teach them. Better to give than to receive?

As for porno films with older women, these should not be too diffficult to find. A well-stocked sex shop should have everything (including Swedish film catalogs) your little hard-on could desire.

You also want to meet older women? That should be no problem. Offer your handyman services to some older widows or unmarried women. Once you've helped them with their lawn or car, there should be more than cookies and milk in their kitchens.

THE NEEDS OF A WOMAN

I'm twenty-three years old, and my husband, Phil, is twenty-eight. We've been happily married for three and a half years and have a fifteen-month-old son. Our married home life and outdoor activities are fine, but our sex life is definitely lacking.

Before I was married, I had one other lover and the affair lasted only a short time. So, as far as experience goes, I really have none. Before meeting me, my husband got around, but I guess nothing besides the missionary position ever happened, because that's all I get at home. I think Phil figures the only way a female gets pleasure is by having her boobs sucked and getting a cock driven inside her. I'm sorry, but I have feelings in other places, too. I have showed him and "helped" him to my clitoris, but he never stays long enough for anything to happen—a couple of strokes and he's back inside. I even bought a vibrator, figuring he could use that on my clitoris, but he uses it instead on his prick!

As far as I can tell, I have never achieved an orgasm. Only once did I begin to feel something, and as soon as I did, Phil quit. I needed a little more time. I know I need to relax, but I can't. I feel afraid of him, and every time he touches me I stiffen, waiting for his next move. It's always the same—really quick. Worse, whenever we have sex, all I can think about is girls being torn apart, prostitutes being murdered, and all sorts of terrible things. I know Phil would never hurt me, but I can't stop thinking about it. My husband wants me to go to a doctor and get tranquilizers, but I was hoping you could help me so that I wouldn't need to. I'm getting desperate—D.A.S.

Why do you hesitate to masturbate yourself? At least you'll know what it feels like to have an orgasm. Maybe you ought to let your husband participate, have him kiss your ears, mouth, nipples, belly button, or eyes while you touch your clitoris. Once you've shown him how you want to be masturbated, he should learn how to do it for you. Then he can penetrate you with his penis in order to satisfy himself. Don't always give in to him right away—protest softly and hold him off until he's taken care of your needs. You don't always have to come first, but then, by the same token, neither does he.

DOWN, NOT OUT

After reading your April column, I had to share with you my experiences with

when I planned to
retire before fifty

this is the business that made it possible

a true story by John B. Haikey

Starting with borrowed money, in just eight years I gained financial security, sold out at a profit and retired.

"Not until I was forty did I make up my mind that I was going to retire before ten years had passed. I knew I couldn't do it on a salary, no matter how good. I knew I couldn't do it working for others. It was perfectly obvious to me that I had to start a business of my own. But that posed a problem. What kind of business? Most of my money was tied up. Temporarily I was broke. But, when I found the business I wanted I was able to start it for a small amount of borrowed money.

"To pyramid this investment into retirement in less than ten years seems like magic, but in my opinion any man in good health who has the same ambition and drive that motivated me, could achieve such a goal. Let me give you a little history.

"I finished high school at the age of 18 and got a job as a shipping clerk. My next job was butchering at a plant that processed boneless beef. Couldn't see much future there. Next, I got a job as a Greyhound Bus Driver. The money was good. The work was pleasant, but I couldn't see it as leading to retirement. Finally I took the plunge and went into business for myself.

"I managed to raise enough money with my savings to invest in a combination motel, restaurant, grocery, and service station. It didn't take long to get my eyes opened. In order to keep that business going my wife and I worked from dawn to dusk, 20 hours a day, seven days a week. Putting in all those hours didn't match my idea of independence and it gave me no time for my favorite sport—golf! Finally we both agreed that I should look for something else.

"I found it. Not right away. I investigated a lot of businesses offered as franchises. I felt that I wanted the guidance of an experienced company—wanted to have the benefit of the plans that had brought success to others, plus the benefit of running my own business under an established name that had national recognition.

"Most of the franchises offered were too costly for me. Temporarily all my capital was frozen in the motel. But I found that the Duraclean franchise offered me exactly what I had been looking for.

"I could start for a small amount. (Today, as little as $1985 starts a Duraclean dealership.) I could work it as a one-man business to start. No salaries to pay. I could operate from my home. No office or shop or other overhead. For transportation, I could use the trunk of my car. (I bought the truck later, out of profits.) And best of all, there was no ceiling on my earnings. I could build a business as big as my ambition and energy dictated. I could put on as many men as I needed to cover any volume. I could make a profit on every man working for me. And I could build little by little, or as fast as I wished.

"So, I started. I took the wonderful training furnished by the company. When I was ready I followed the simple plan outlined in the training. During the first period I did all the service work myself. By doing it myself, I could make much more per hour than I had ever made on a salary. Later, I would hire men, train them, pay them well, and still make an hourly profit on their time that made my idea of retirement possible—I had joined the country club and now I could play golf whenever I wished.

"What is this wonderful business? It's Duraclean. And, what is Duraclean? It's an improved, space-age process for cleaning upholstered furniture, rugs, and tacked down carpets. It not only cleans but it enlivens and sparkles up the colors. It does not wear down the fiber or drive part of the dirt into the base of the rug as machine scrubbing of carpeting does. Instead it *lifts out* the dirt by means of an absorbent dry foam.

"Furniture dealers and department stores refer their customers to the Duraclean Specialist. Insurance men say Duraclean can save them money on fire claims. Hotels, motels, specialty shops and big stores make annual contracts for keeping their carpets and furniture fresh and clean. One Duraclean Specialist signed a contract for over $40,000 a year for just one hotel.

"Well, that's the business I was able to start with such a small investment. That's the business I built up over a period of eight years. And, that's the business I sold out at a substantial profit before I was fifty."

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VIVA

plaster-of-paris casts as sexual turn-ons.

I'm twenty-three, attractive, and have a nice figure. Two years ago I broke my ankle in a car accident and had to wear a cast on my leg for four months. When the doctor told me how long I would be in this cast, I was sure my social life would stop. About a month after my accident, I began getting out again. I soon found that, far than retarding my social life, the cast and crutches were a definite plus.

Men began to flock around me like never before. I accepted dates almost every night and turned down more than I could handle. One night, while making love to Jason, whom I had been dating for several weeks, I asked him what he found most attractive about me. I was crushed when he explained that although he found me very attractive, he was first attracted to me because of my leg cast. He told me that he developed an almost preternatural sex drive when around women with casts on their arms or legs. At first I was humiliated, but I soon accepted his attentions, even if they were directed mainly at my broken leg.

Jason left my life shortly after my cast was removed. I was pretty torn up at first, and it was hard to get used to doing without those two or three orgasms every night. I soon fell back into the dating syndrome of one or two nights out a week and was bored to tears.

I finally decided that if it was necessary to wear a cast to attract Jason's attention, I would have one, only this time no broken bones. I told a friend of mine that I wanted the material to make a cast to wear to a costume party. I was wet between the legs with anticipation as I rolled the plaster bandages onto my leg. After completing the cast, I got my crutches out of the closet and gave Jason a call, telling him I had a surprise for him. When he came over and saw my cast, he made love to me like I have never known. After a dozen or so orgasms, I vowed never to be without the necessary materials for a plaster cast to liven up a dull weekend. As long as the strips are put on thin, the cast is easy to remove. I now have two lovers who "share" my weekend casts—and apply them for me. That broken ankle turned out to be a lucky break for me.—Andrea.

Your story reminds me of a chapter in my new book on fantasies, *Xaviera's Fantastic Sex*. A boyfriend of mine had broken his leg and, like you, thought his sex life was over. Indeed! He had so much sex during the following two months that he actually hated parting with his cast.

And here I had always thought that plastered men were the worst lovers. Live and learn.

HOSTESS WITH MOSTEST

About a year ago I met a guy named Frank and instantly fell in love with him. I'm a hostess at a local club, and when he began frequenting the place, I became interested and initiated many a conversation. He told me how depressed he was because his girl friend had recently and permanently left him.

One night all I could think of was getting on—and off on—his shaft. I'd noticed the large bulge many times on his frequent trips to the men's room, and I'd envisioned licking his cock so many times that I thought I might be developing a problem. Frank played it so cool that night I couldn't believe it. When he finally asked me back to his apartment, I was just so hot.

Frank turned out to be the man I thought he was. We had no sooner entered the apartment than he took me in his arms and kissed me like I'd never been kissed before. I didn't even think about playing hard to get, and I immediately grabbed his large, bulging cock. I fell trembling to my knees, and it didn't take an interpreter to tell Frank what I wanted. His cock was tremendous, and he playfully teased me by masturbating out of reach of my hot, drooling mouth. He stood tall and proud, and when he slid his titillating tool into my moist mouth, I sucked like a baby. I'd never felt like this before, and he quenched my thirst with rhythmic finesse.

I didn't hear from him for about two weeks. Then one night, feeling horny, I started chatting with a new and very attractive customer. I had thought about Frank all week, but when he didn't call, I guess I just figured he never would. Marc offered to take me out for a drink, and from the looks of this guy I knew I was in for a good fucking. We ate a couple of Quaaludes.

We went back to his apartment, and I sucked him off on the living-room couch. His cock was the largest I'd ever seen, and when I mounted him, I couldn't even imagine taking all of him in. I moved on top of him, moaning with pleasure, and had one roaring orgasm after another. It was great, and I stayed the night. Only in the morning did I realize that it was the same apartment that Frank and I had made love in! I didn't let on and went home after a wonderful morning fuck and a good, hearty breakfast.

I saw Frank the next night and cleverly found out that Marc was indeed Frank's roommate. Frank told me Marc was out of town. Needless to say, I went home with Frank that night and had another pleasurable evening.

It's been two months now, and I have fucked Frank and Marc several times without tipping either one of them off. I've always dreamed of getting enough cock, and I've finally reached my goal. The only trouble is that I'm starting to feel guilty. Do you think I should confess and give up a good thing? My real dream is to be with both of them. Do you think it would be proper to approach them about a threesome?—Mona.

I wouldn't worry about either one of them caring. If they both frequent pickup bars, then they are obviously after the same thing. You could be chancing it, however, by suggesting a threeway. I can't imagine that it would be very exciting for either of them to share you with the other. Then again, maybe it would.

GROOM AT THE TOP

ABOUT FACE

If your "face saving" routine is to wash with deodorant soap, rub with a towel, and scrape with a razor, you may have something to learn.

More than any other part of your body, your face is *you*. When other people visualize you, they think of your face. And your face is the "you" you confront every time you look in the mirror. It naturally follows that skin problems on your face will be more disturbing to you than skin problems elsewhere on your body. When you're overtired, anxious, nervous, unhappy, or undernourished, your complexion is likely to look dull and lifeless. When you're well fed, well rested, and well loved, your state of being is likely to show in a complexion that glows with healthy color.

Basic care

If you don't keep your face clean or attend to the problems created by too oily or too dry skin, your complexion will suffer. Women, it seems, have always known this. If, up to now, your routine has been to suds your face with a deodorant soap while you shower and then give it a once-over with a razor and a splash of after-shave, you have a lot to learn. If your skin tends to flake, get red patches, or wrinkle prematurely, you can do something about it. If you're getting more than your share of pimples or blackheads, you can clean up the oily excess that causes them.

How to tell your skin type

Your skin belongs, basically, in one of three categories: oily, dry, or normal. Just looking in the mirror will tell you a lot. If you are acne prone, it may be that there's excess oil in your skin that's clogging the pores. (A test for oily skin: rub a strip from a brown paper bag over your forehead; do so first thing in the morning, before you wash your face. If the paper becomes translucent from the oil it picked up from your skin, you have oily skin.) You have dry skin if dry, flaky patches often crop up or if your face often feels itchy. Your skin is normal if it rarely gives you problems other than an occasional oily or dry spot or a stray pimple every now and then. Your skin type will dictate a specific kind of cleaning regimen that involves soap and possibly moisturizers or astringents.

What different kinds of soap do for you

Composed of fatty acids and alkalis, soap is *the* basic dirt-cutting agent. Different types of soap vary according to the way the soap curd has been manufactured into a final product. **Milled soaps** are the most common, inexpensive type. They are fine for normal skins but may be too harsh for problem or sensitive skins. **Superfatted soaps** contain an additional portion of fatty materials, such as lanolin. They don't clean as thoroughly as ordinary soaps do, but they are milder. **Transparent**, or **glycerin**, **soaps** are less drying and less likely to irritate the skin than the more alkaline milled soaps are. **Floating soaps** contain a lot of moisture and air bubbles. They are good-quality soaps, but a bar of this kind of soap melts more quickly in water than does a bar of hard-milled soap. **Special soaps** include deodorant soaps, cold-cream soaps, antibacterial soaps, and soaps with abrasive granules. Some of them may dry out the skin or be allergy provoking.

Other skin aids

Astringents, usually in clear liquid form, contain either alcohol or acetone. They are extremely good for ridding skin of the grime and excess oils that clog pores and cause pimples. You can buy them in bottles (rubbing alcohol makes a good astringent) and in presoaked pads. Astringents leave your skin with a tingly, tight feeling. Since they have a drying effect, they are not good for dry skin.

Moisturizers don't actually put moisture into your skin; what they do do is to help retain the moisture already there. It's a good idea to smooth on a moisturizer when your skin is still damp after washing and let the moisturizer act as a protective film over your face throughout the day. There are two types of moisturizers: water based and oil based. Water-based moisturizers are lighter textured than the oil-based kind, and they disappear right after application; they're fine for normal, dry, or slightly oily skins. Oil-based moisturizers are good for dry skin but are not recommended for people with oily skin, because they are likely to clog the pores.

Oily skin

Washing: The more you wash your face, the better. The minimum: three times a day. The idea is to scrub away excess oil, which creates acne. If your skin is mildly oily, regular, milled soaps can work well; but if your skin is very oily, try one of the acne soaps designed especially for oily skin. Take it slowly, though. Acne soaps contain strong drying agents (such as sulfur and resorcinol) that may be *too* drying for your skin until you become accustomed to them.

Astringents: After every washing, swab your face with an astringent-soaked cotton ball. (You can buy astringents in towelette form so that you can use them when you're away from home.)

Moisturizers: They can clog the pores of oily skin—a problem you don't need. If you ever *do* use a moisturizer, make sure that it's water based, not oil based.

Dry skin

Washing: It's best if you wash your face just once a day. If your skin is really dry, avoid soaps altogether in favor of "imitation" soaps, which will be less desiccating.

Astringents: Use none at all.

Moisturizers: These will help you retain what moisture your skin does have, and it's a good idea to dab on a bit whenever you wash your face. Look for moisturizers that contain urea, a compound that both attracts moisture and prevents its loss.

Normal skin

Washing: You can use just about any soap that appeals to you, as long as it doesn't dry out your skin or make it oily after you've used it a few times.

Astringents: They're not really necessary. But if you like the fresh, clean feeling they give, use them. Don't use an astringent more than once a day, though, because it can dry out your skin.

Moisturizers: You don't need a lot of moisturizers, and maybe you'll want to use them only at times when your skin feels particularly dry. The best moisturizers for normal skin are the water-based ones.

For a list of products that can be used for a healthier complexion, see page 168.

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

to the surface. She ordered Karen to stand in front of her and said that we'd be taught a lesson for abusing each other's bodies. She told us that we weren't allowed to put our clothes on for the rest of the evening, and that we had to show her how we had sex last night. I then proceeded to fuck the hell out of my wife in front of Marie. Marie looked on while we came to an incredible climax. Then she ordered Karen to clean off my prick with her lips and had me lick all the come off Karen's swollen little clit. Marie then ordered us to masturbate in front of her while she relaxed as a finale before going home.

Now, whenever Marie calls and says she's coming over, we greet her nude at the door and do whatever she tells us, including eating her out when she's in the right mood.

I wonder if any other couples have experienced anything like this. All I can add is that we've never been in better health!—*N.R., Bronx, N.Y.*

Eager beaver

I am a single, twenty-six-year-old girl who enjoys reading *Penthouse* and thought your readers might enjoy knowing how I get my jollies.

I work at night as a waitress in a coffee shop, and my uniform consists of a very short, white miniskirt. I guess I'm a real cockteaser—I love to excite really good-looking guys by "accidentally" letting them see my thin, wispy panties. My method is really simple. As soon as I get to work, I pull the hem of my skirt up as high as I can without being too obvious and I wear the tightest, sheerest bikini underpants I can find. I've got shoulder-length blonde hair and a curly, bushy snatch to match; so I make sure that the right guys get a nice clear view under my skirt.

Once I find them a booth in a quiet, uncrowded corner, I start my act. First, I drop a fork on purpose so that I can bend over in front of them to pick it up, but I bend from the waist, not from the knees. Usually, my bottom is only inches from the face of one of the guys, and I can hear him gasp as my skirt moves up my thighs and over my panties, revealing to their hungry eyes my smooth, white undies stretched tautly over my buttocks. After picking up the fork, I turn around and give the guys my cutest, sexiest smile. In a few minutes I return to change the salt and pepper shakers in the opposite booth, and, needless to say, I have to bend over to do it!

After I'm sure that they have a nice view of my underpants, I spread my legs apart several inches until the perfect V of my blonde, curly pussy, covered only by my skimpy, see-through panties, is staring them in the face! Sometimes the guys get so excited that they actually goose me. I don't mind, though. The feeling of a man's fingers between my thighs, rubbing me

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through thin undies, is enough to make me wet my panties. So goose away, guys; it feels good, and we girls love it!—*Name and address withheld*

Memorable wrestling match

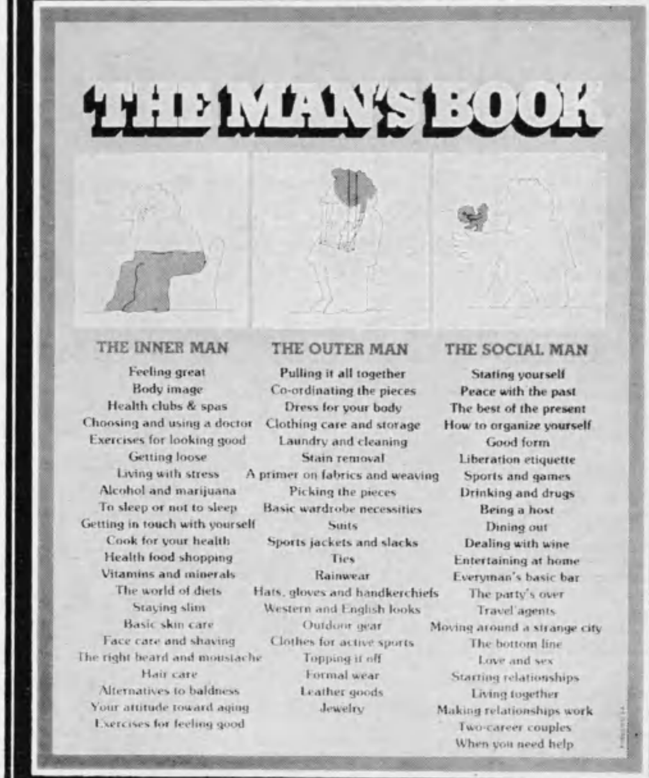
Until recently, both the frequency and quality of my contact with pussy in this college town had left quite a bit to be desired. The situation took a sudden turn for the better at my last University Tae Kwon Do Club workout.

I had sparred with several people and was getting my confidence up to spar with a sexy, blonde girl who was the object of many a libidinal desire. Late in the session we squared off, and I noticed there were no undergarments supporting her well-rounded knockers. I have always been excited by the idea of wrestling with a chick, and I was drooling when her tits bounced around as she was dutifully knocking my head with some of her kicks. I finally got frustrated and landed a series of kicks myself, the last of which made her left tit pop out from under her gi! I vaguely remember a hot flash setting in, along with a rubbery feeling in my legs. As she covered herself up, she looked at me with a devilish smile that simply melted me. I could just envision the emergency medical unit finding a pool of steaming protoplasm with a hard-on sticking up in the middle of it.

She immediately regained her composure and continued to fight until she threw a kick that brought both of us to the mat. Upon scanning the room, I heard her giggle and realized that we were the only ones left in it. In retrospect, I can only say that as I rolled over, the look in her eyes spelled only one thing: hot pussy tonight! I grabbed her and kissed my way down her sweat-covered neck and clawed my way into her gi to get a good squeeze of those tits. I tried to suck on them, but she pushed my head down to where she wanted it. After uncovering a beautiful crop of drenched pubic hair, I furiously tongued her engorged clitoris, and she swung her legs around so that my cock was positioned for takeoff.

Before I knew it, she had my pants off and had taken my cock as deep as she could down her throat. As I approached a mind-blowing orgasm, I viewed our reflection in a training mirror and the sight added to my excitement. The orgasm was so strong that I felt my heart to make sure that it was still beating. (I feared that both organs had taken flight.)

After regaining my senses, I realized that there was an unsatisfied pussy right in front of my eyes. She groaned in delight as I plunged my tongue into her quivering twat. It took only seconds for her to come, as she quivered and I felt her well-developed muscles squeeze my tongue. (I'm glad that my cock wasn't in there, because she probably would have squashed it with those muscles.) After thanking the good Lord for a moment, we both stumbled to our feet in a postorgasmic stupor and made our way to the exit. We have since become good friends and still get off on a good fight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every now and then.—*E.G., Ann Arbor, Michigan*

The great thaw

Winter in Cleveland has never been one of my favorite times of year, but it doesn't seem as dismal as it once did, thanks to a freak occurrence one recent cold winter day.

The temperature was in the high teens, as it had been for quite some time. Fed up with being cooped up inside buildings, I decided to go jogging. I slipped on my warm-up suit and out I went. I guess I had gone about a mile when the whole thing started. It was about then that I noticed my penis hardening. This in itself is not unusual, but the sensation of stiffness was accompanied by one of tingling—one of those feelings you don't know whether to consider good or bad. Soon, though, my penis began to throb, and I knew I had better head back in.

Once in the house, I stripped down and looked at my cock. What I saw scared me out of my wits. It was still hard, and the skin had a frightening pallor. I realized that I must have a frostbitten penis! I began rubbing it frantically to get the circulation back. Surprisingly, it wasn't painful, just strangely numb.

At about this time, my girl friend came by, looking for me. She suspected that something was awry, I suppose, as I usually come in and give her a prompt whopper of a fuck after I've been jogging. I told her what had happened. At first, she looked frightened, but as soon as she felt the steel-like hardness of my penis, that familiar sly smile came over her kisser. She ripped her pants off and lterally shoved my penis into her warm and juicy cunt. I'd never before been so aware of such incredible warmth engulfing my organ. We pumped away for nearly half an hour, and she climaxed repeatedly in a way I'd never seen before—and yet I still had an erection. At first, I couldn't feel much, but watching my girl's delight and hearing her moan so loud really got me off.

Finally, I began feeling the sensation in my penis returning gradually. It was an incredible rush. I was aching for each bit of sensation that returned. It felt better and better until I finally exploded, the come shooting so fast into my girl's juicy cunt that she screamed in amazement. Finally, my penis "melted."

Since that day we've been trying ways to re-create the situation, such as sticking my cock into the icebox or submerging it in icy water. But nothing quite works like jogging in wintery Cleveland. Now my girl friend always goes jogging with me. Maybe it's just to make sure that I jog more often, but I really think it's because she just can't wait for me to get home.—*C.C., Cleveland, Ohio*

A liberal education

I'm a thirty-year-old woman, married, with three children. I work as a secretary part-time, and lately I have been noticing the

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new girl at work, Cindy, staring at my tits. (I don't ever wear a bra.) She is eighteen and has just moved to the East Coast from California. She was acting very friendly with me, and when she finally asked me over to her place for a drink a few Fridays ago, I knew that she wanted me. I've never had an affair with another woman before, but I've always been curious about it; so I called my husband and told him that I'd be a little late.

Cindy is really quite pretty. She has long, light brown hair that is parted in the middle and falls to her shoulders. She is on the thin side with small tits, but she has a cute little ass.

When Cindy and I got to her apartment, she offered me some grass, but I settled for some wine while she got stoned. I'm not all that liberal and was beginning to feel anxious about the situation; so I began to drink more and more. About an hour later I felt quite warm, and at that point, nothing could have bothered me. Cindy was very high, too.

I was sitting on one of her chairs, and she was sitting on the sofa. Since both of us were freaked out, I decided to make a move. I had on a pale blue turtleneck jersey, and when I walked over to her, I could feel my tits bouncing. As soon as I sat down next to her, she reached over and started feeling them. I could feel my nipples getting hard in her hands. Then I reached up Cindy's T-shirt and removed her bra and then started rubbing her tits. They were small, as I've said, but felt really nice. Soon we proceeded to her bedroom and began making love. I especially enjoyed licking her cunt. Kissing a woman on the mouth was also a different experience. Her lips were so soft! After about two hours of lovemaking, we'd done almost everything, including rubbing our cunts together and licking each other's anuses. Finally, we were exhausted, and Cindy fell asleep in my arms. I held her for a little while and then tucked her in and left.

Now, Cindy and I get together frequently and enjoy our lovemaking very much. What am I going to do? I guess I'm more liberal than I thought.—*S.K., Portsmouth, N.H.*

Compassionate cockteaser

I'm a sophomore at a large northwestern university and, like most of the men in my dorm, a typically horny reader of *Penthouse*.

Once a week, our dorm has a mixer for about 200 students, all hoping to get totally wasted and blissfully laid. One night in particular I really wanted a good, healthy fuck when I spied Lynda, a supposedly shy girl who looked as if she'd be dynamite in the sack. She had short, curly strawberry blonde hair, was about five foot six, and had a very ample figure. This night, she looked especially good wearing her tight white turtleneck and formfitting jeans that showed off her shapely ass.

After walking up to her and making small talk for about an hour, I suggested that we move to my room. This suggestion didn't go over at all, because, she explained, she

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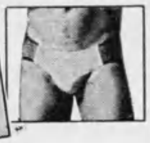

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had a boyfriend at home and he would kill her if he found out. I was desperately trying to think of a new approach when she said that she had to leave for a minute and headed off toward the bathroom. I tagged along at a discreet distance. She entered the bathroom and, knowing that I would follow, went down to the last stall and disappeared into it, with me close behind. After I shut the door and snapped the latch, she seated herself on the john, a sensuous little smile visible on her lips. The she reached out, blinking her blue eyes, and ran her hand down the length of my zipper, sending shivers up my entire body. For someone who had been pegged as shy, quiet, and bookwormish, this girl knew her stuff. She had my pants open in a flash, and soon she was massaging my half-stiff prick with her soft, warm hands. She sucked and pulled it to a full erection.

As she was going down on me, I pulled her turtleneck up over her firm, full, large-nippled breasts and began to caress them. Just as I was about to blow my load, she adroitly changed positions and, seating me in her place, put her denim-covered hips square in my face. I opened the zippered treasure and wriggled her jeans to the floor, her lace bikinis barely covering her full golden bush.

She smelled faintly like a fresh litter of kittens, and her scent drove me wild with desire. The crotch of her panties was warm and moist. I ran my finger up across her slit, and her eyes closed in ecstasy. She slid her now-dripping undies off and revealed a golden triangle of downy delight. I pulled her down onto my lap, and my rock-hard prick easily pierced her wet lips. She seemed to suck me in and on the first stroke took my entire length into her.

As she slowly slid up and down on my pole, her firm tits jiggled before my face. She was pumping in perfect rhythm with the music playing in the dorm, and as the tempo picked up, so did Lynda's. We were both very close to climax when she stopped her motion and just stared into my eyes. Her breath was short, and her eyes were wet. She said that she knew what we were doing was wrong, but she'd been overcome by some force she couldn't control. With that, she dressed and departed.

I was in a state of shock when I realized she had dressed and was gone. I sat there with a fully erect cock and lover's nuts. I'd been had by a cockteaser par excellence, and she had given me the full treatment!

When I left and went back to the party, Lynda was nowhere in sight. The party was pretty well spent, and so was I. I fell into bed and just lay there, staring off into the darkness.

Hours later, in the early morning, I woke up with the strange feeling that someone else was in my bed. I turned over quickly, and there was Lynda, dressed in her birthday suit. She said she was back to finish the job, and, boy, did she! She was one of the best fucks I'd ever had. It all goes to show you that not all cockteasers are heartless, and if you're good enough to start out

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with, they're likely to reform their ways!—*G.T., Burlington, Vt.*

Teen angel?

Two years ago, when I was a senior in high school, I had the good fortune to meet a very swinging chick, Joyce, my age but very precocious sexually. She was kind enough to lead me through one of the most sex-filled summers I'll ever have. Our main problem was finding a place to do anything, and so our sexual relations were somewhat limited.

One morning, when I went over to her house, I wasn't greeted at the door with the usual smile but heard a faint "it's open" from the inside. I tried the handle, and the door opened. So I went in. I found Joyce in her bedroom, sprawled out on the bed and wearing only a tank top. Her legs were spread open, revealing a gorgeous mound of pubic hair, and her finger was running up and down a gushing chasm of sexual juices.

"You're late," she said as she reached over and kneaded her wet hand into my crotch. By now I was frantic and had to exert every ounce of will power I had to keep from ripping the top off that sexy little virgin and fucking her till my balls ached. Slowly, she undid my belt, lowered my zipper with her teeth, and brought my pants to the floor. My prick was throbbing, its purple head peeking out from above the seam of my briefs and a few sparkling droplets of lubricative semen trickling from its gaping mouth. These she licked off, as she simultaneously removed my underwear and socks.

Practically ripping my shirt off, I leaped onto the bed and frenched her until my saliva had even soaked her tank top, exposing her rock-hard nipples. We stopped only when she began protesting, saying that there were much better places a tongue could go. Wasting no time, I rolled over on my back and told her to straddle my face. She gave a squeal of ecstasy and brought her swollen, pink clit down onto my face for me to lick dry. It was no problem finding her clit through her folds of flesh, as it was swollen way out of proportion. I sucked and licked till I felt her thigh muscles lock around my head and her entire body go into spasmodic convulsions. She was screaming, "That's it, harder, harder, NOW! Oh God, suck me."

I thought that the neighbors would kick the door down for sure. I had to push her off me, as she wasn't going to move and I could barely breathe. After recovering, she turned toward my throbbing tool and began sucking feverishly. Her tongue ran up and down my thighs, teased my scrotum, and totally copped my glistening head. Just as I was about to come, she told me to start jerking myself off, which I did instantly. Taking my thighs in her hands, she put my legs over her shoulders and forced her tongue all the way up my ass. Well, that was all I could take. I shot a load all the way to my neck, and she continued to cleanse my ass in a bath of saliva.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 196

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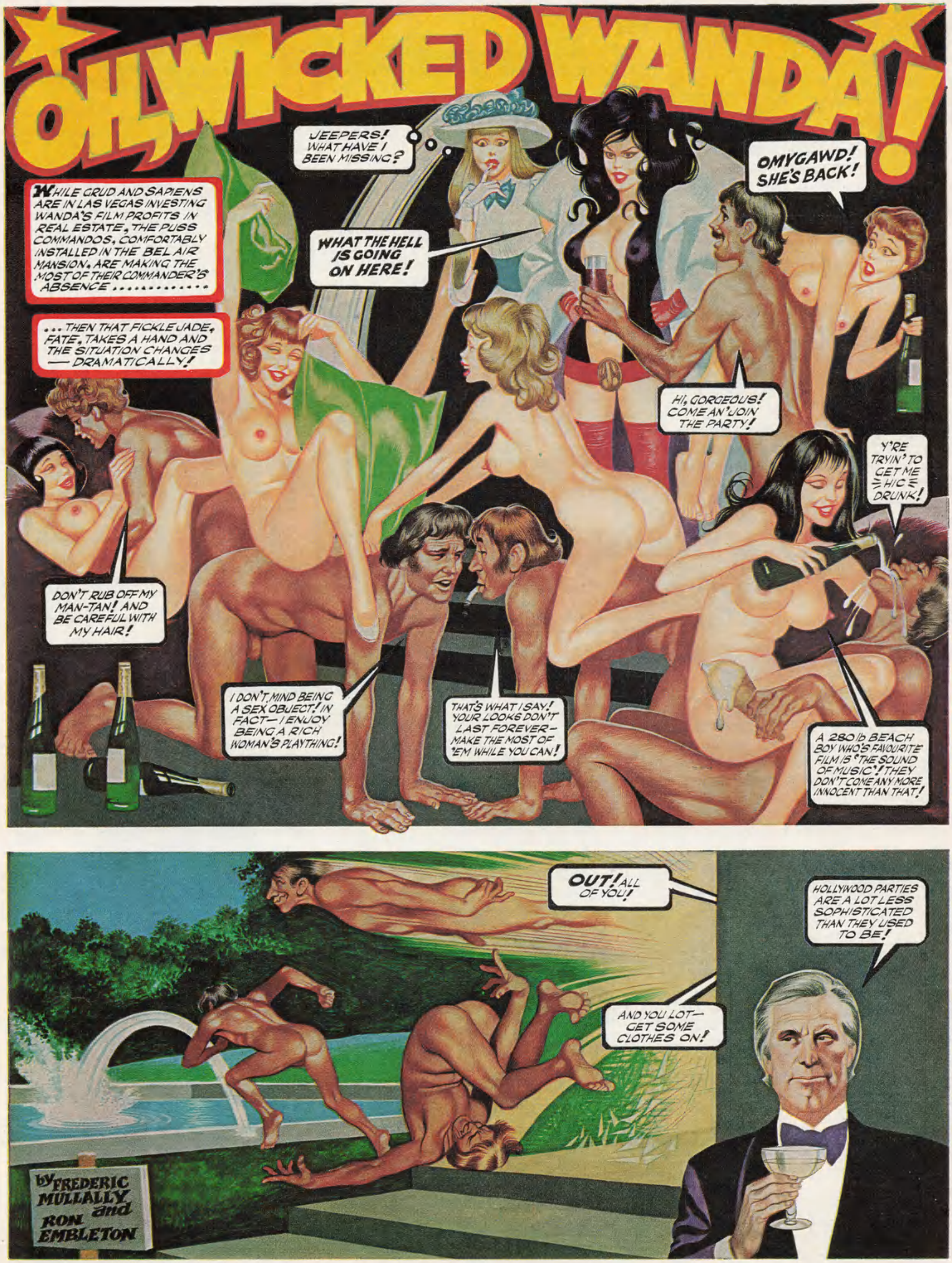
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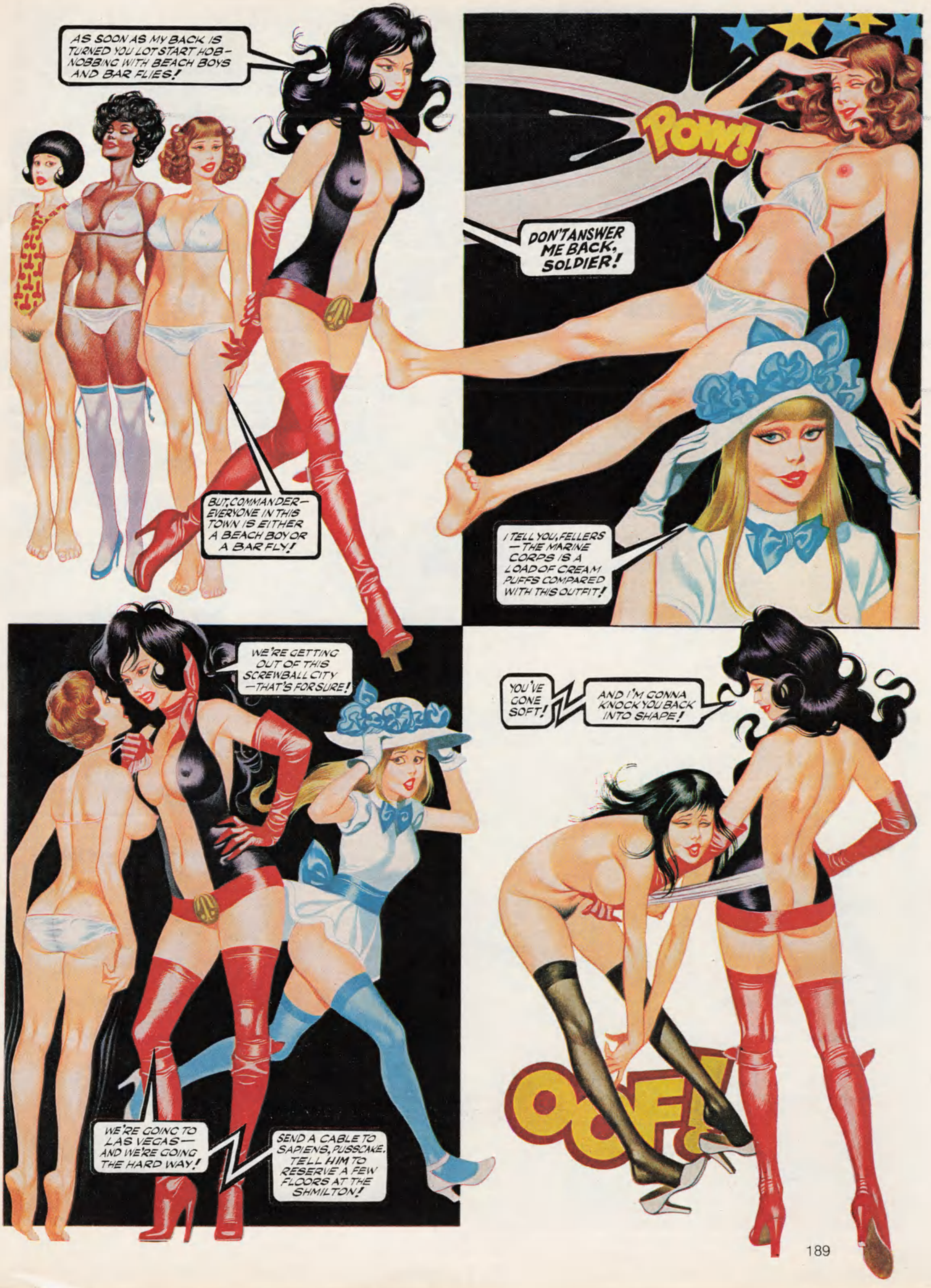
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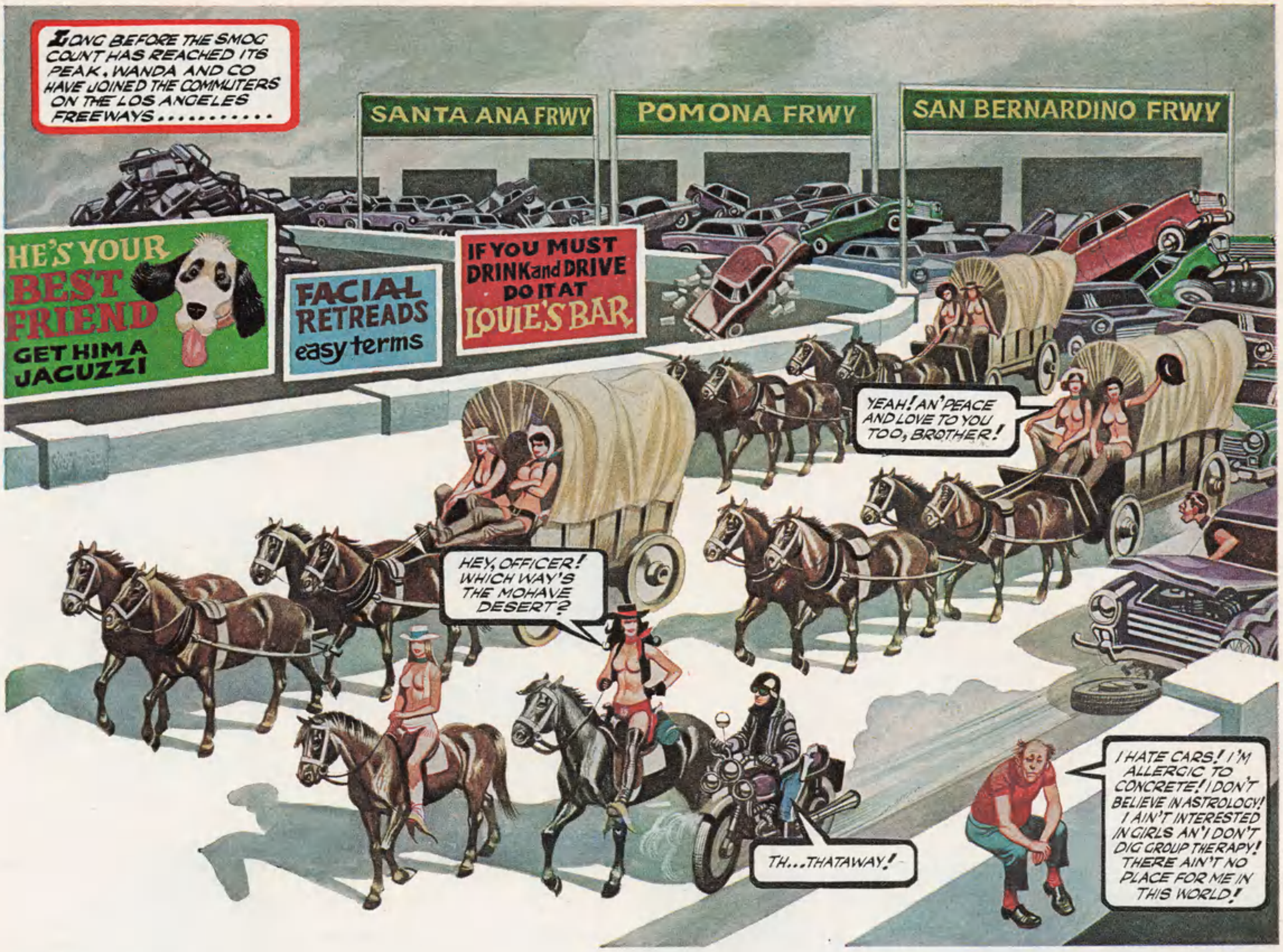
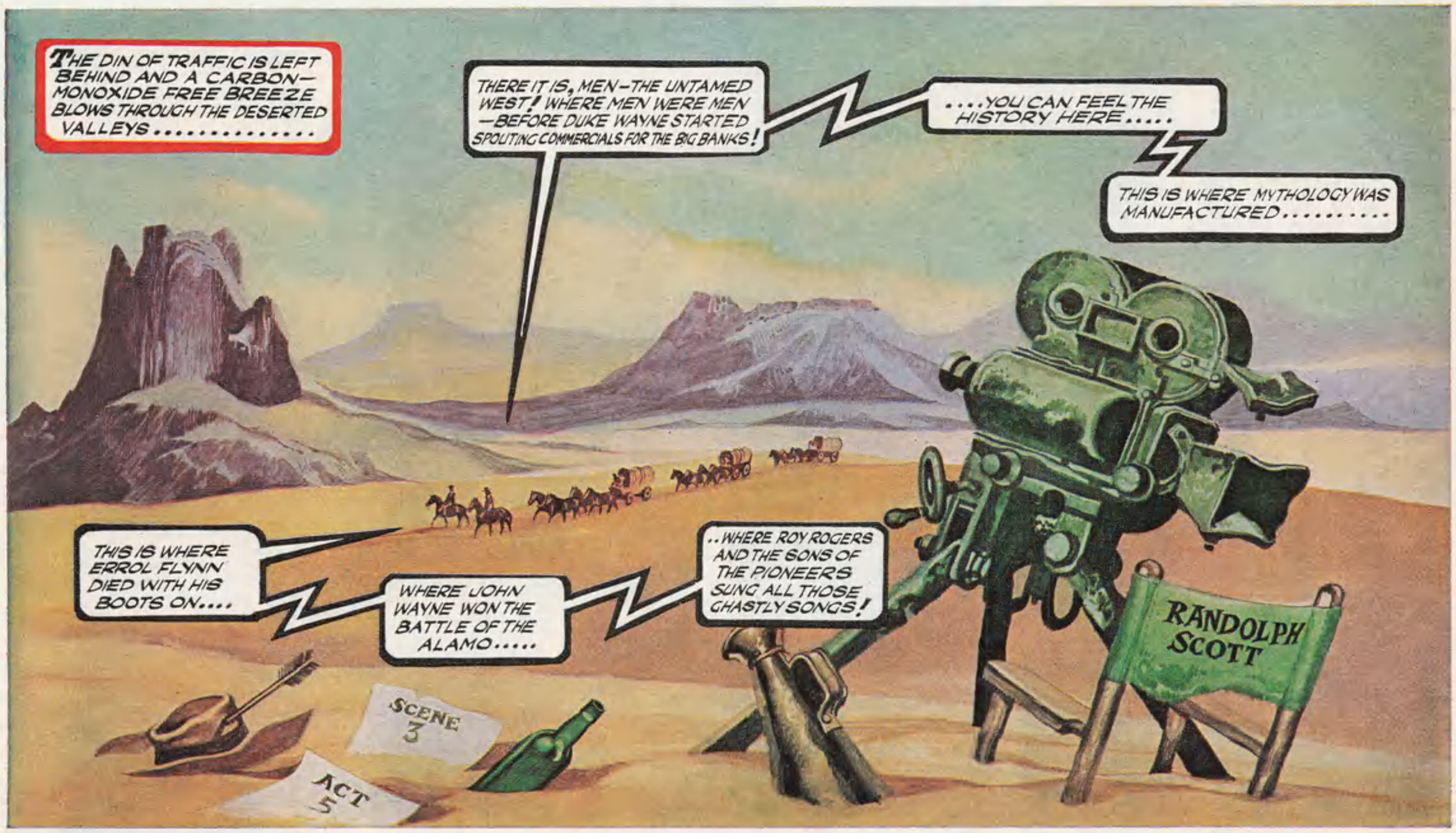
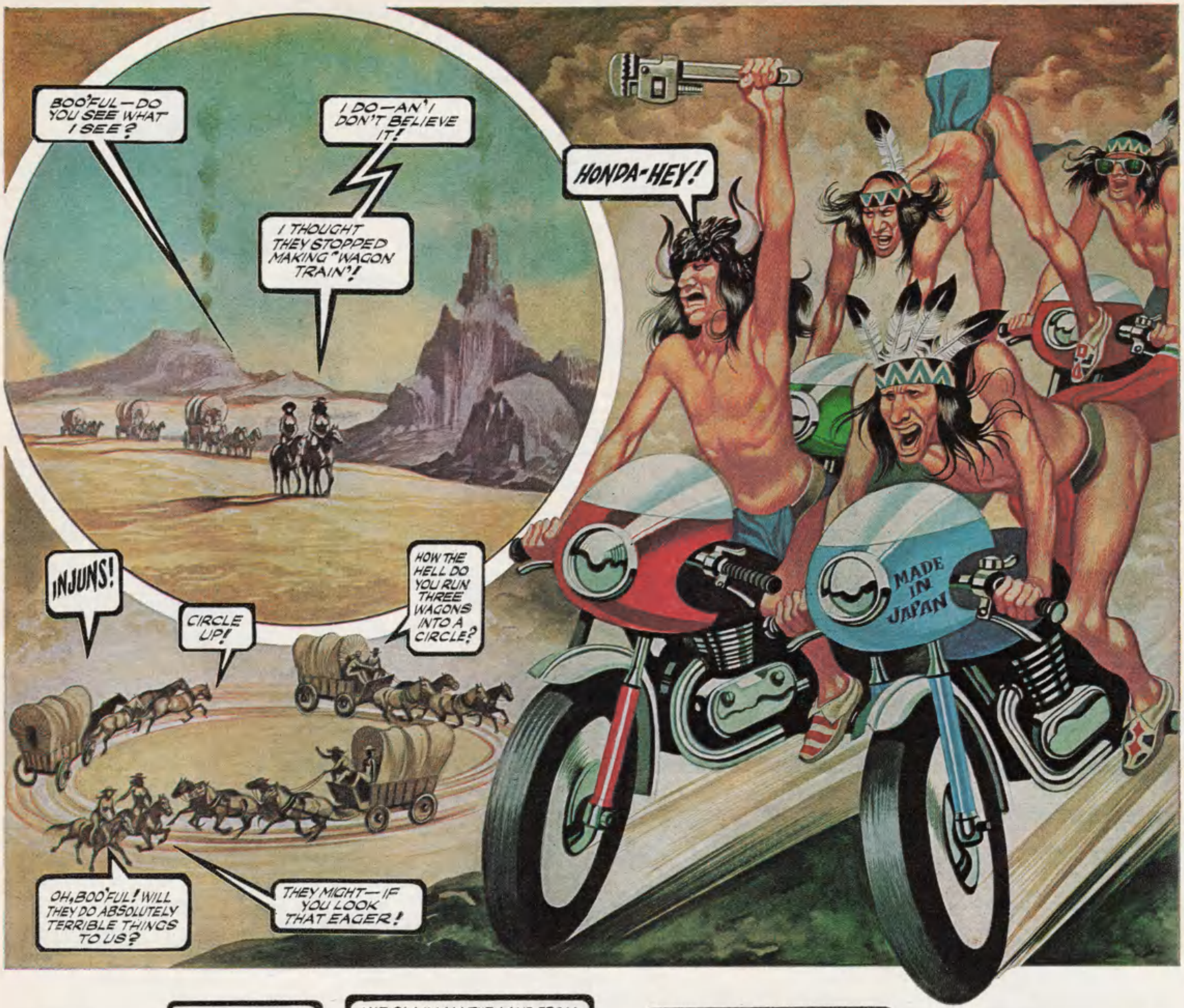
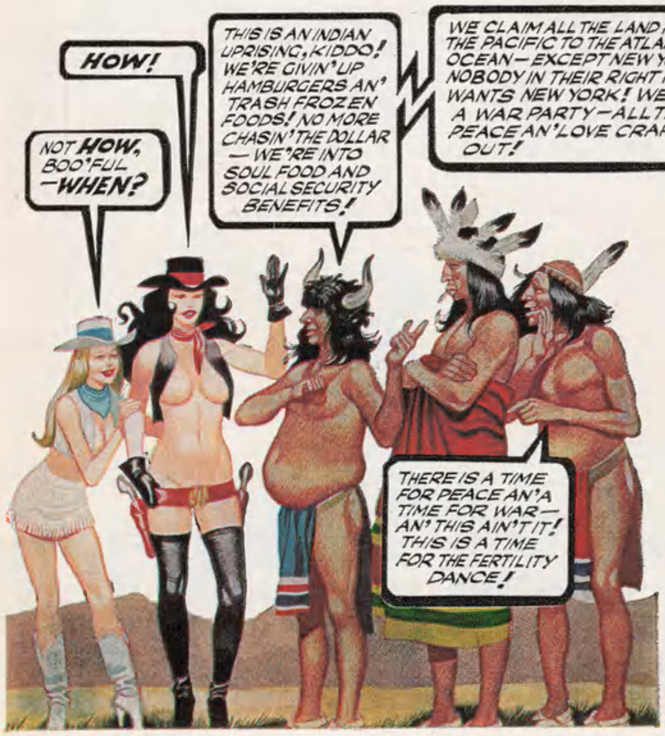
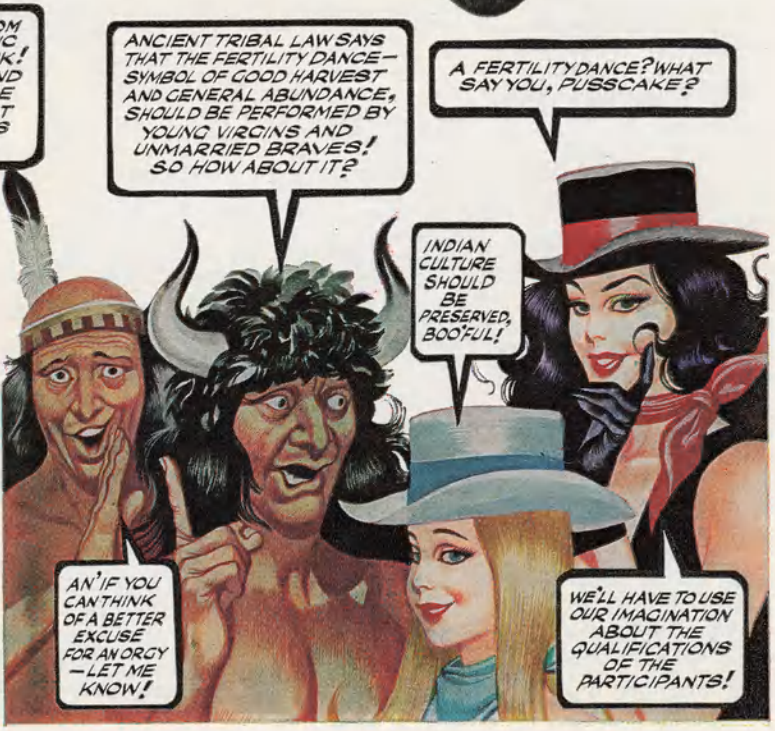
WE'RE GOING TO LAS VEGAS— AND WE'RE GOING THE HARD WAY!
SEND A CABLE TO SAPIENS, PUSSCAKE. TELL HIM TO RESERVE A FEW FLOORS AT THE SHMILTON!
YOU'VE GONE SOFT!
AND I'M GONNA KNOCK YOU BACK INTO SHAPE!
OOF!

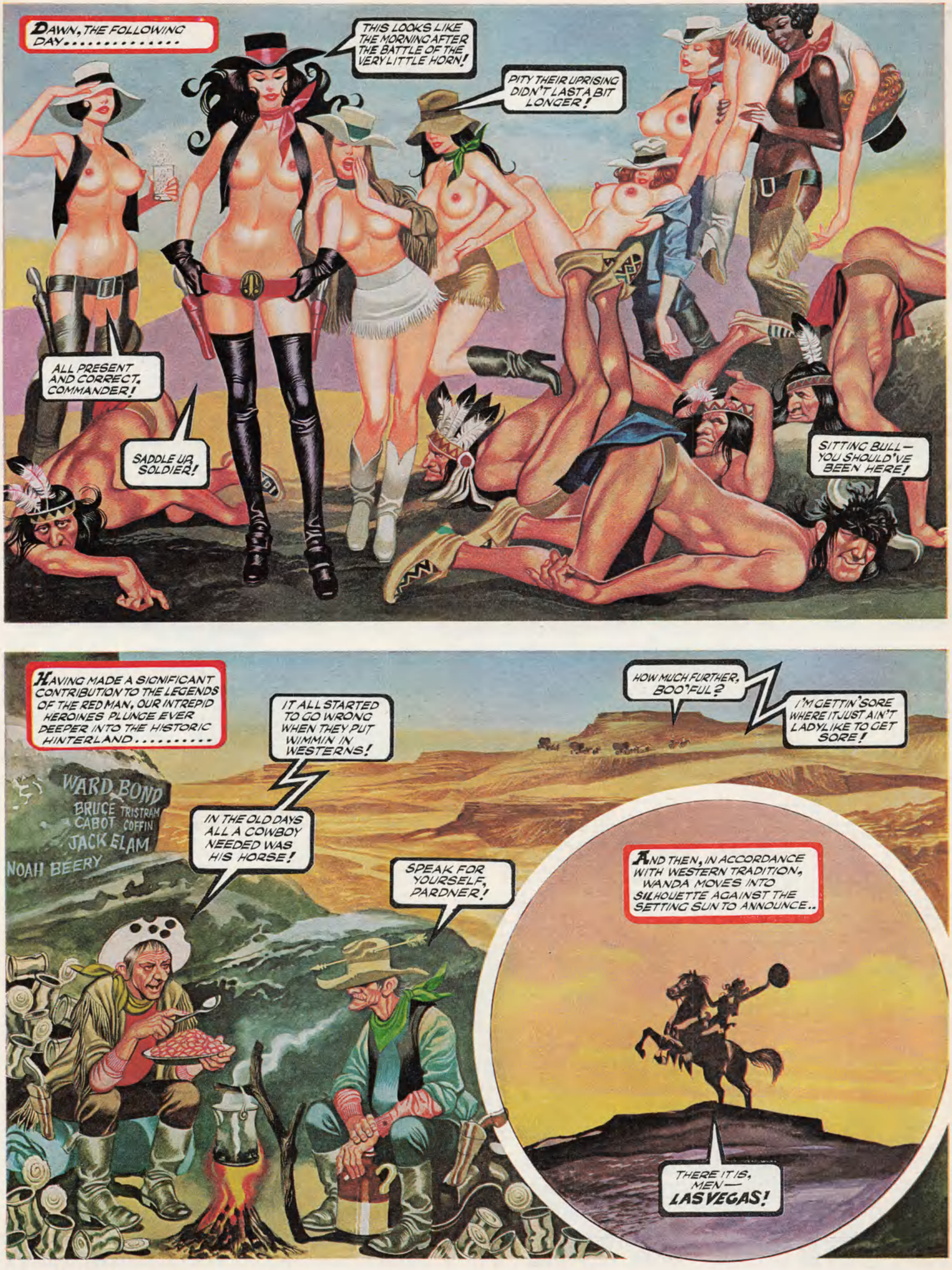

LONG BEFORE THE SMOG COUNT HAS REACHED ITS PEAK, WANDA AND CO HAVE JOINED THE COMMUTERS ON THE LOS ANGELES FREEWAYS...........
SANTA ANA FRWY
POMONA FRWY
SAN BERNARDINO FRWY
HE'S YOUR BEST FRIEND GET HIM A JACUZZI
FACIAL RETREADS easy terms
IF YOU MUST DRINK and DRIVE DO IT AT LOUIE'S BAR
YEAH! AN' PEACE AND LOVE TO YOU TOO, BROTHER!
HEY, OFFICER! WHICH WAY'S THE MOHAVE DESERT?
TH...THATAWAY!
I HATE CARS! I'M ALLERGIC TO CONCRETE! I DON'T BELIEVE IN ASTROLOGY! I AIN'T INTERESTED IN GIRLS AN' I DON'T DIG GROUP THERAPY! THERE AIN'T NO PLACE FOR ME IN THIS WORLD!

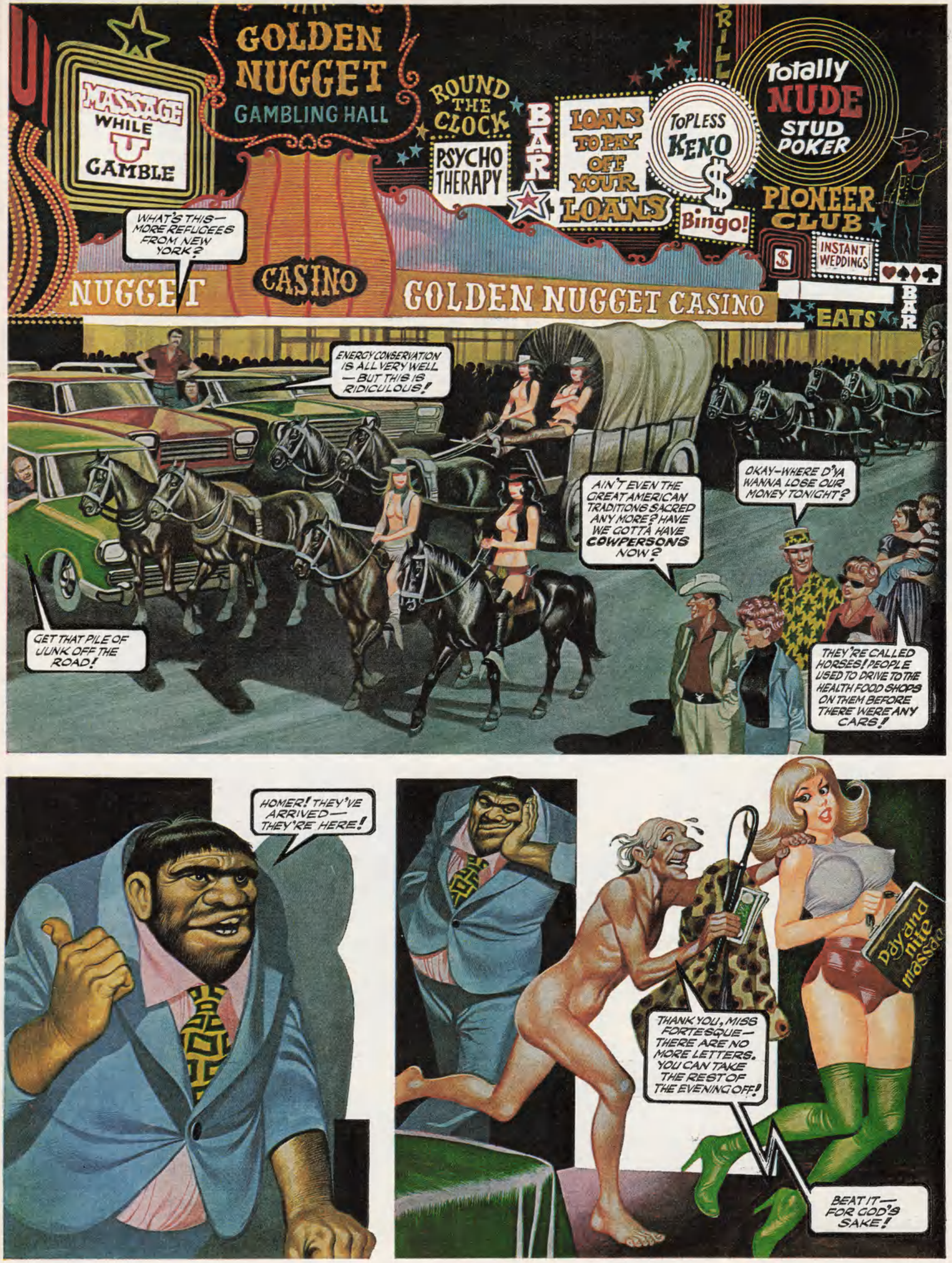

THE DIN OF TRAFFIC IS LEFT BEHIND AND A CARBON-MONOXIDE FREE BREEZE BLOWS THROUGH THE DESERTED VALLEYS..............
THERE IT IS, MEN—THE UNTAMED WEST! WHERE MEN WERE MEN—BEFORE DUKE WAYNE STARTED SPOUTING COMMERCIALS FOR THE BIG BANKS!
....YOU CAN FEEL THE HISTORY HERE.....
THIS IS WHERE MYTHOLOGY WAS MANUFACTURED..........
THIS IS WHERE ERROL FLYNN DIED WITH HIS BOOTS ON....
WHERE JOHN WAYNE WON THE BATTLE OF THE ALAMO.....
..WHERE ROY ROGERS AND THE SONS OF THE PIONEERS SUNG ALL THOSE GHASTLY SONGS!
RANDOLPH SCOTT
SCENE 3
ACT 5

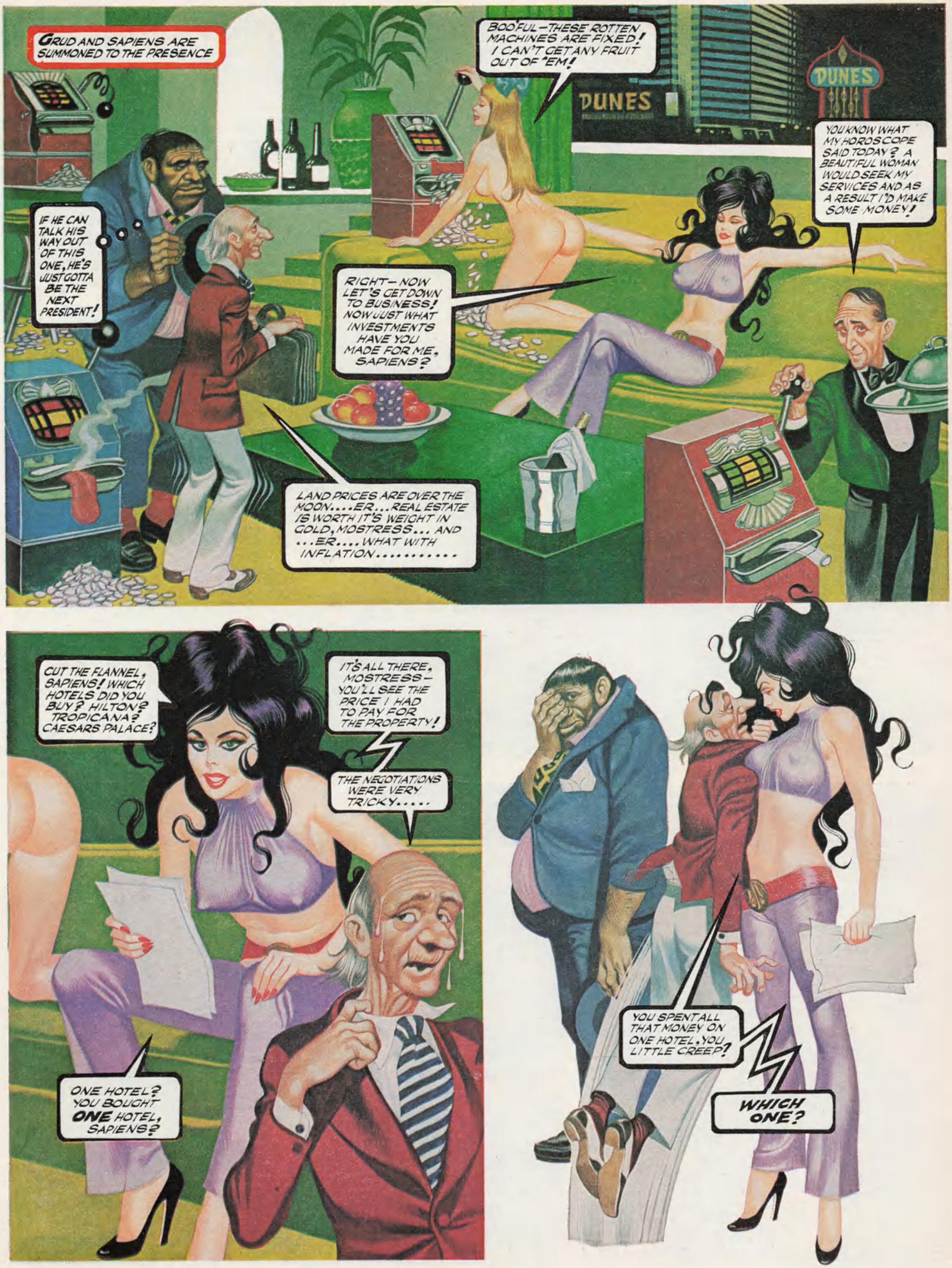

BOO'FUL—DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?
I DO—AN' I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
I THOUGHT THEY STOPPED MAKING "WAGON TRAIN"!
HONDA-HEY!
MADE IN JAPAN
INJUNS!
CIRCLE UP!
HOW THE HELL DO YOU RUN THREE WAGONS INTO A CIRCLE?
OH, BOO'FUL! WILL THEY DO ABSOLUTELY TERRIBLE THINGS TO US?
THEY MIGHT—IF YOU LOOK THAT EAGER!

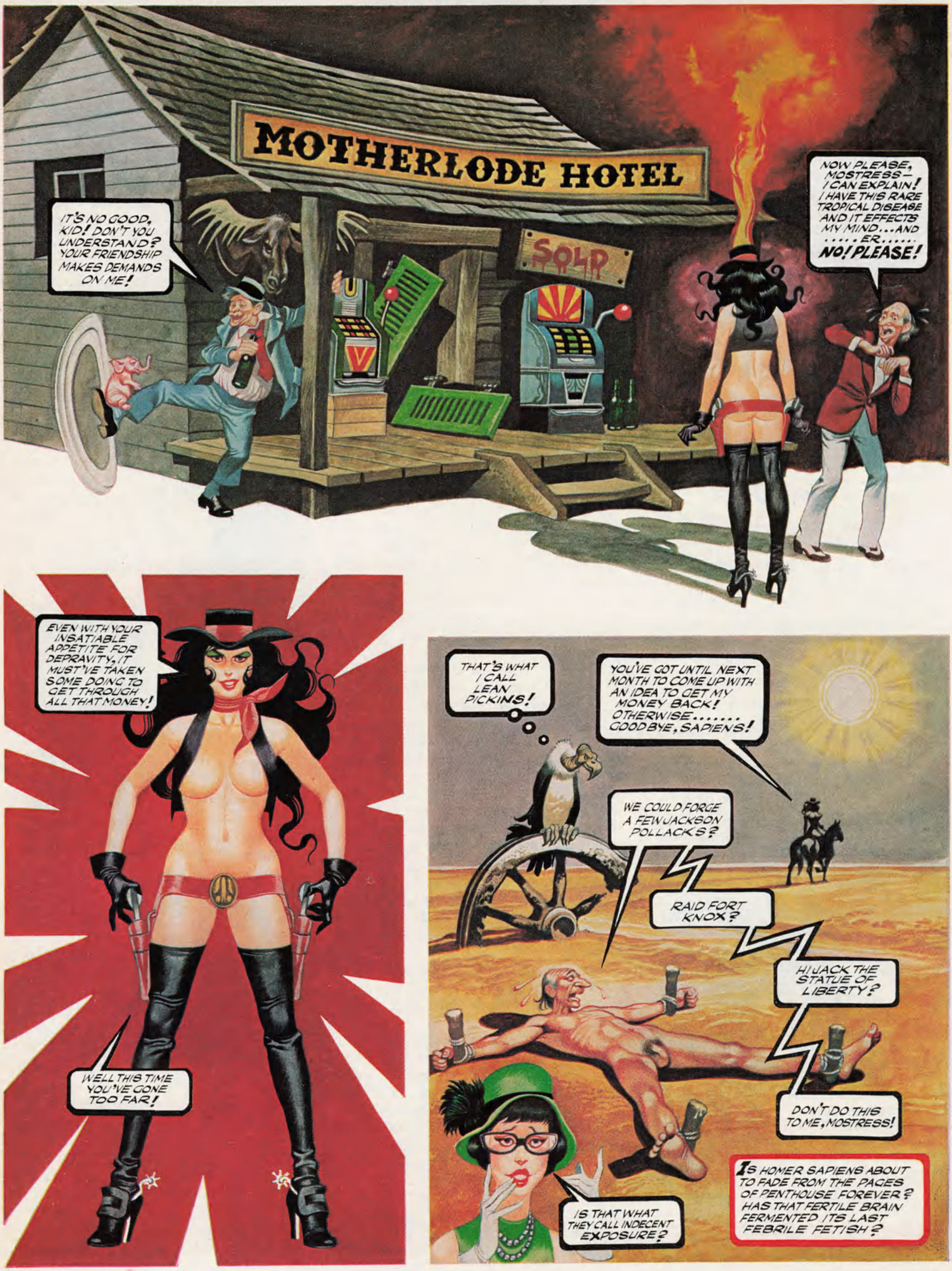

HOW!
NOT HOW, BOO'FUL —WHEN?
THIS IS AN INDIAN UPRISING, KIDDO! WE'RE GIVIN' UP HAMBURGERS AN' TRASH FROZEN FOODS! NO MORE CHASIN' THE DOLLAR —WE'RE INTO SOUL FOOD AND SOCIAL SECURITY BENEFITS!
WE CLAIM ALL THE LAND FROM THE PACIFIC TO THE ATLANTIC OCEAN—EXCEPT NEW YORK! NOBODY IN THEIR RIGHT MIND WANTS NEW YORK! WE'RE A WAR PARTY—ALL THAT PEACE AN' LOVE CRAP IS OUT!
THERE IS A TIME FOR PEACE AN' A TIME FOR WAR— AN' THIS AIN'T IT! THIS IS A TIME FOR THE FERTILITY DANCE!


ANCIENT TRIBAL LAW SAYS THAT THE FERTILITY DANCE—SYMBOL OF GOOD HARVEST AND GENERAL ABUNDANCE, SHOULD BE PERFORMED BY YOUNG VIRGINS AND UNMARRIED BRAVES! SO HOW ABOUT IT?
A FERTILITY DANCE? WHAT SAY YOU, PUSSCAKE?
INDIAN CULTURE SHOULD BE PRESERVED, BOO'FUL!
AN' IF YOU CAN THINK OF A BETTER EXCUSE FOR AN ORGY —LET ME KNOW!
WE'LL HAVE TO USE OUR IMAGINATION ABOUT THE QUALIFICATIONS OF THE PARTICIPANTS!


DAWN, THE FOLLOWING DAY...............
THIS LOOKS LIKE THE MORNING AFTER THE BATTLE OF THE VERY LITTLE HORN!
PITY THEIR UPRISING DIDN'T LAST A BIT LONGER!
ALL PRESENT AND CORRECT, COMMANDER!
SADDLE UP, SOLDIER!
SITTING BULL— YOU SHOULD'VE BEEN HERE!
HAVING MADE A SIGNIFICANT CONTRIBUTION TO THE LEGENDS OF THE RED MAN, OUR INTREPID HEROINES PLUNGE EVER DEEPER INTO THE HISTORIC HINTERLAND..........
IT ALL STARTED TO GO WRONG WHEN THEY PUT WIMMIN IN WESTERNS!
HOW MUCH FURTHER, BOO'FUL?
I'M GETTIN' SORE WHERE IT JUST AIN'T LADYLIKE TO GET SORE!
WARD BOND
BRUCE CABOT
TRISTRAM COFFIN
JACK ELAM
NOAH BEERY
IN THE OLD DAYS ALL A COWBOY NEEDED WAS HIS HORSE!
SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, PARDNER!
AND THEN, IN ACCORDANCE WITH WESTERN TRADITION, WANDA MOVES INTO SILHOUETTE AGAINST THE SETTING SUN TO ANNOUNCE..
THERE IT IS, MEN— LAS VEGAS!


GOLDEN NUGGET GAMBLING HALL
MASSAGE WHILE U GAMBLE
ROUND THE CLOCK
PSYCHO THERAPY
BAR
LOANS TO PAY OFF YOUR LOANS
TOPLESS KENO $
Bingo!
RILL
Totally NUDE STUD POKER
PIONEER CLUB
$
INSTANT WEDDINGS
BAR
EATS
NUGGET
CASINO
GOLDEN NUGGET CASINO
WHAT'S THIS— MORE REFUGEES FROM NEW YORK?
ENERGY CONSERVATION IS ALL VERY WELL —BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS!
AIN'T EVEN THE GREAT AMERICAN TRADITIONS SACRED ANY MORE? HAVE WE GOTTA HAVE COWPERSONS NOW?
OKAY—WHERE D'YA WANNA LOSE OUR MONEY TONIGHT?
GET THAT PILE OF JUNK OFF THE ROAD!
THEY'RE CALLED HORSES! PEOPLE USED TO DRIVE TO THE HEALTH FOOD SHOPS ON THEM BEFORE THERE WERE ANY CARS!
HOMER! THEY'VE ARRIVED— THEY'RE HERE!
Day and nite massage
THANK YOU, MISS FORTESQUE— THERE ARE NO MORE LETTERS. YOU CAN TAKE THE REST OF THE EVENING OFF!
BEAT IT— FOR GOD'S SAKE!


GRUD AND SAPIENS ARE SUMMONED TO THE PRESENCE
IF HE CAN TALK HIS WAY OUT OF THIS ONE, HE'S JUST GOTTA BE THE NEXT PRESIDENT!
BOOFUL—THESE ROTTEN MACHINES ARE FIXED! I CAN'T GET ANY FRUIT OUT OF 'EM!
DUNES
DUNES
RIGHT—NOW LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS! NOW JUST WHAT INVESTMENTS HAVE YOU MADE FOR ME, SAPIENS?
LAND PRICES ARE OVER THE MOON....ER...REAL ESTATE IS WORTH IT'S WEIGHT IN GOLD, MOSTRESS... AND ...ER....WHAT WITH INFLATION...........
YOU KNOW WHAT MY HOROSCOPE SAID TODAY? A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN WOULD SEEK MY SERVICES AND AS A RESULT I'D MAKE SOME MONEY!
CUT THE FLANNEL, SAPIENS! WHICH HOTELS DID YOU BUY? HILTON? TROPICANA? CAESARS PALACE?
IT'S ALL THERE, MOSTRESS—YOU'LL SEE THE PRICE I HAD TO PAY FOR THE PROPERTY!
THE NEGOTIATIONS WERE VERY TRICKY.....
ONE HOTEL? YOU BOUGHT ONE HOTEL, SAPIENS?
YOU SPENT ALL THAT MONEY ON ONE HOTEL, YOU LITTLE CREEP?
WHICH ONE?


MOTHERLODE HOTEL
SOLD
IT'S NO GOOD, KID! DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? YOUR FRIENDSHIP MAKES DEMANDS ON ME!
NOW PLEASE, MOSTRESS— I CAN EXPLAIN! I HAVE THIS RARE TROPICAL DISEASE AND IT EFFECTS MY MIND...AND .....ER...... NO! PLEASE!
EVEN WITH YOUR INSATIABLE APPETITE FOR DEPRAVITY, IT MUST'VE TAKEN SOME DOING TO GET THROUGH ALL THAT MONEY!
WELL THIS TIME YOU'VE GONE TOO FAR!
THAT'S WHAT I CALL LEAN PICKINS!
YOU'VE GOT UNTIL NEXT MONTH TO COME UP WITH AN IDEA TO GET MY MONEY BACK! OTHERWISE....... GOODBYE, SAPIENS!
WE COULD FORGE A FEW JACKSON POLLACKS?
RAID FORT KNOX?
HIJACK THE STATUE OF LIBERTY?
DON'T DO THIS TO ME, MOSTRESS!
IS THAT WHAT THEY CALL INDECENT EXPOSURE?
IS HOMER SAPIENS ABOUT TO FADE FROM THE PAGES OF PENTHOUSE FOREVER? HAS THAT FERTILE BRAIN FERMENTED ITS LAST FEBRILE FETISH?

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EXCITA
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SENSITOL LUBRICATED
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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 187

Afterward, using the scattered sperm on my stomach and neck, she wrote my name across her chest. I leaned over and sucked her tits till they literally started to swell. Her hips started bucking; so I grabbed her calves, picked her up, and held her upside down while she masturbated herself to another dripping orgasm.

We never did have intercourse, as her father threatened to beat her if he ever found out that she had. (Her sister had gotten pregnant only a year before.) But I didn't really mind; everything *but* was more than enough for us.—*Name and address withheld*

The die is cast

My wife and I have been married for six years, and although she's thirty-three, she looks several years younger. Her breasts are a firm 34B, and her body is very sexy. Our sex life has been satisfactory for her, but I've been frustrated by her refusal to fellate me or even to let me go down on her very often. Because she's such a good wife in all other areas, I've tried not to press her for a blowjob and have found myself entering into extramarital affairs instead.

Some of these were with women, but the best were with men. I desired oral sex most of all, and the easiest way to get it was with gays. There was no need for wining and dining them; we could meet, have sex, and be through in from thirty to forty-five minutes. Most of these encounters were with Rick, a gay friend who I find physically attractive. It might be well to point out that he has a massive penis, about nine inches long and quite thick. Rick was patient, gave me what I wanted, and made no demands on me.

I bought sexy underthings for my wife, and she looked splendid in them, but when I brought her some really sexy street-wear outfits from the classiest store in town, she made me return them, saying "A mother shouldn't wear that type of stuff." I implied that we should try a threesome with another girl and suggested that she take in some night spots when I was away, but nothing worked.

Finally, I began to think the unthinkable and imagined her being fucked by another man while I looked on and even participated.

This became my chief masturbatory fantasy. After many months of such fantazing, I tried to implement the plan. Rick was agreeable, and I felt he'd be the perfect person because of his cock and because there'd be no romantic complications. I tried to talk to my wife about a threesome with two males and got the same excuses and response. Finally, in desperation, I decided to set up circumstances that would force her to do things my way for a change.

I took her swimming at Rick's home but told her that no one would be there except us. I hoped she'd swim nude, but she kept

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on her bottoms even after I got her to sunbathe with her top off. After a while I went inside on the pretext of using the bathroom. Rick was watching me, nude, from the second-floor window. Suddenly, I made a snap decision, opened the window, and told Carol to come upstairs for a minute. Then I got in bed with Rick, and he began to suck my cock. I was worried that this might make her think I was gay and ruin our married life, but the die was cast.

When she entered the room, wearing just her bottoms, and saw us together, she stopped in her tracks. We both stood up, Rick with his huge, swollen penis in full view. At first, she pulled away from me when I tried to dry her off, but her eyes were fastened on Rick's cock. I pulled her bottoms down and then led her by the hand to Rick's bed. Then I put her hand on his cock and told her we were going to fuck her. She said, "This is degrading" but offered no resistance. I laid her back on the bed and began to fondle her breasts. Then Rick began to suck on one of them and put his fingers inside her pussy. Her eyes were closed, but her heavy breathing and the way she was massaging Rick's cock told me that she was hot.

After kissing her on the mouth a few times, I told her to suck Rick's cock. She resisted weakly, until I moved Rick so that his cock was directly in front of her mouth. Then she hungrily engulfed it and began to suck it the way I'd always dreamed she'd suck mine. After repositioning ourselves, Carol was sucking Rick while Rick was sucking me. I massaged her wet clitoris with my finger, since I couldn't get my head in the proper position. I came first, with a massive orgasm. I couldn't get over how excited I was at seeing my pretty wife sucking his huge cock. When Rick came, she swallowed every bit of sperm, despite the fact that she'd never done this before.

Then she sat up and guided Rick's cock into her hot little pussy. When her eyes grew huge, I could tell that she was pleased with the fucking she was getting, and after no more than a dozen strokes, she had a shattering orgasm. She then rolled off Rick and pulled me onto her. She was wetter and hotter than I'd ever known her to be, and we soon had simultaneous climaxes. While I was fucking her, Rick was reaming my ass with his tongue and occasionally inserting his finger there.

We had two more sessions in which Rick fucked her while I watched and Rick sucked me while I held her in my arms. All the way home she talked about the event that had just taken place, and she even let me finger her pussy—which came as a real but pleasant shock to me. We've gone back to Rick's several times, and our sexual future both with Rick and alone looks tremendous.—*Name and address withheld*

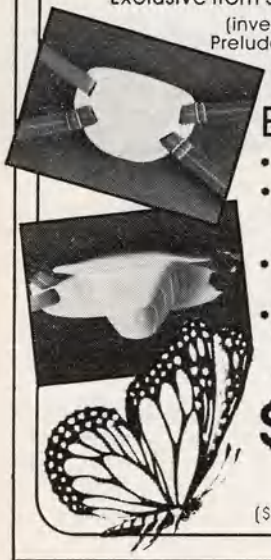
Tricky transvestite

I'm a most contented transvestite, and I'd like to tell you about a pleasurable experience I had this fall.

After months of preparation, I finally reached the point where I felt I could confidently mingle in public looking femininely attractive. I was then ready to act out my fantasy. I dressed in a loose pair of smart-looking black slacks and a thick wool sweater and wore a long, black wig and round eyeglasses. I'm tall and thin and have very little beard to speak of. And I wore a tight-fitting pair of panties to keep my excitement from giving my secret away.

It was about a half hour later that a most stunning young lady came over to me and asked me to dance. I declined but told her that she could join me if she liked. As she spoke, I simply sat there admiring her beauty. At first I was nervous, but she was friendly and amusing and totally unsuspecting. Soon she very nonchalantly had one hand at the button of my slacks and the other running along the base of my crotch. I took her hands in mine quickly and suggested we go to my apartment. She smiled and agreed.

When we got to my apartment, I offered her another drink, but she declined and suggested that we go to bed instead. Then she unzipped her dress and stood up, allowing it to fall from her shoulders. In seconds, her slip, stockings, and bra also vanished, and I stared in awe at the most beautiful body I'd ever seen. Her soft, round breasts were only partly concealed by her



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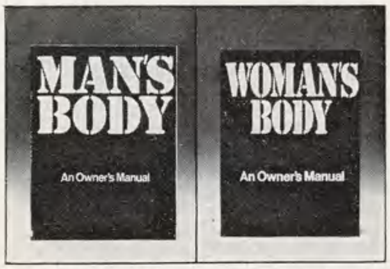

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long, lustrous yellow hair. I walked over to my dresser and returned with four thick leather straps and told her, "I find bondage very exciting, don't you?" She answered by unzipping my slacks and telling me to get my clothes off. I thought I'd burst the seams of my slacks as I pulled down her underpants so that her gorgeous blonde bush was revealed.

After I had bound her to the bedposts, I turned the lights down low and slowly took off my slacks and sweater. Her green eyes lit up like fire when I produced a large, double-ended dildo, but she complained strongly when I blindfolded her. Her pleas were soon extinguished altogether when I gagged her. After admiring this sight I'd dreamt about for so long, a naked young lady with whom I could do whatever I pleased, I lay down on top of her and began sucking and caressing her breasts, my other hand digging deep into her spread, soaking crotch. After eating her till she came, I at last pounded into her, with both of us bursting instantly into a long, violent orgasm.

After withdrawing, I ate her again and afterward rammed into her once more. After resting for a while, I found to my amazement that I was once again hard and ready for her. Even though she'd already come four times, I fucked her again and then brought her off with a dildo in her pussy and my fingers in her anus.

Just to make certain that she wouldn't wake while I slept and discover my secret, I had her drink some juice into which a sleeping pill had dissolved. After she fell asleep, I untied her wrists and ankles and then exercised her a little to get the blood flowing. I slid into the tiny black panties of hers, put on a long nightgown, and fell asleep with my face buried in her wonderful breasts.—*Name and address withheld*

Look, Ma, no shame!

I would like to relate a little incident that occurred not too long ago. My pretty girl friend, Sophie, was lounging around in an oversized T-shirt, her usual after-shower garb, when her mother telephoned to wish her a happy birthday. Sophie got into a long, involved conversation with her and before long was lying on the floor across our huge Persian pillow, facing me, her legs spread a little. I was trying to read a news magazine, but my barely hindered view of her luscious little cunt gave me some nice ideas, along with a rock-hard cock.

I stood above her and smiled as I dropped my trousers and kicked them across the room, declaring my intentions with the gesture. She looked up at me wide-eyed, with an astonished "you wouldn't dare" look in her catlike green eyes. Well, I positioned myself between her outstretched legs, ran my tongue up the inside of her thighs, still damp from her bath, and was soon licking her sweet, delicious cunt. It was becoming more and more of a chore for her to speak to her mother in an even tone of voice. Once she broke into a giggle, and lamely told her

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mother it was because she was "so happy." I couldn't take it much longer and was begging her with my eyes to get off the phone. She wouldn't, though. So I took matters into my own hands and started rubbing the head of my cock against those tight little cunt lips. When I finally thrust it inside her—something she didn't quite expect—she let out a yelp, then hurriedly explained to her mother that something was burning, and she had to get off quick. Something was burning all right—I don't think her cunt was ever such a hot little box to fuck as it was that time. Amazing, what a little toying with the forbidden can do—we had bells ringing long before our three minutes were up!—*Name and address withheld.*

Over bill-ing

I'd like to tell you about an experience I had last weekend with Bill, a friend of my husband's, who threw a big beer party. We had all been drinking beer and smoking joints for hours when my husband passed out, leaving me alone with Bill (after the other guests went home). I'd been fantasizing about seducing him for months; so I just told him, "I want you to fuck me."

He seemed to like the idea, and we were soon screwing in his bedroom. Despite his eight hard inches, though, he was very inexperienced in the sex department, and I was still unsatisfied after he had shot his load. I told him to lie back and started licking his body from head to toe, pausing only momentarily at his great cock. I sucked his now erect nipples and then licked my way back down to his cock and sucked him off until he came. When he immediately began to get another erection, I put on a show for him. I lay at the end of the bed and spread my legs wide so that he could see my wet cunt. I then played with myself, shoving four fingers in my hot pussy and rubbing my clit with my thumb. Soon I came while Bill just lay there, watching—his cock now even larger than before.

Next, I sat on his cock and came almost right away. We then turned our bodies for him to fuck me doggie-style. When Bill came it was great—I could feel his come spurt into me with each thrust, and feeling this made me come again. I then crawled up and sat right over his mouth. He ate me so expertly that I came again and again. After we had finished with our little sex scene, we lay in each other's arms and talked. Bill told me that he'd like to try it again and that he wished I'd been his first cunt.

After we had shaved and dressed, I went to wake up my husband. When we were home in bed, he asked me what I did all night. I told him exactly what had happened between Bill and I. The next thing I knew, Jim had his mouth on my clit and was sucking away. I soon came again, and Jim slid his cock into me and we came together.

If anything, my experience with Bill has brought Jim and me much, much closer, and I do love him more. Now Jim and I are wondering if Bill would like to have sex with me in front of Jim.—*V.S., Forest Lake, Mich.*

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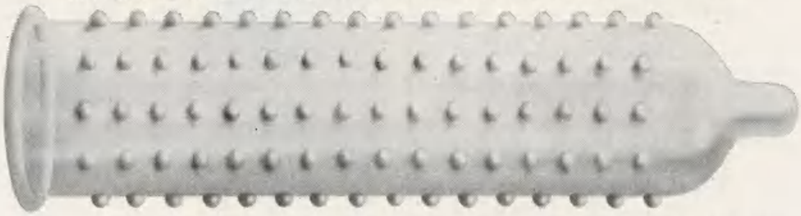

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Satisfied whipping boy

I'm a student at an all-male prep school in New Jersey. I'd like to share with my fellow "Forum" readers my most sensual sexual endeavor. For the past six months, I've been intimately involved with my headmaster's beautiful wife, Kim.

On the first day of school, I was sitting in the dorm lobby, wearing only gym shorts, when Kim came in wearing only cutoff Levi's and a tight T-shirt, her thirty-four-year-old body looking like that of a teenage beauty. She sat across from me in a lotus position and gave me an incredible view of her bush. But when she saw the large bulge in my shorts, she slyly smiled, got up, and went back to her apartment. I took a cold shower to cool down. I felt like a fool who'd been used to satisfy the fantasy of a woman who knew her body was desired by every schoolboy around. I thought this ended any hopes of an encounter with Kim, but this was soon to prove incorrect.

Two weeks later, on a Saturday night, I came back to school two hours past check-in time. As the school is extremely strict, I was worried about being suspended, especially since I was also drunk as a skunk and had to check in with my housemaster right away.

I knocked on the door to his apartment, unprepared for what I was about to see. Kim answered the door, clad only in a slip. Apparently, they had just returned from a formal dance, and, to my surprise, check-in had been delayed. Kim said that although I hadn't broken any rules in fact, I had in spirit, and that some form of punishment was due. Since her husband had passed out (he's a lush), she decided that I would have a choice: either the formal school restrictions or a punishment that Kim herself would decide upon and administer. I chose hers.

She said that she would decide while she was changing, and asked me to partly undo her slip. I did, and she left the room, disrobing as she walked. I was left with a growing hard-on and an open mouth, stunned at her bluntness, but wondering what the punishment would involve. When she came back a few minutes later, wearing a half robe and brushing her hair, I was about to pop. She sat down on the sofa and motioned for me to sit down next to her. After I did so, she pushed me over her lap and started violently spanking me with her hairbrush. As I am really into S&M, I was becoming more and more aroused. We made beautiful love until morning.

Since this first encounter, Kim and I have made love at every possible occasion. Unfortunately, I will graduate in June, and I fear I will not be able to find a comparable replacement come September, when I enroll in college down south.

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SF Craze—Once a scoffed-at genre, the province of the pulps, science fiction has become as respectable as it is popular and profitable. Writer Tom Nolan talks with Isaac Asimov, Ray Bradbury, and other SF defenders and debunkers to try to understand why a cult obsession has mushroomed into a mass phenomenon—selling millions of books, inspiring dozens of films and TV programs, and capturing the imagination of nearly every "mundane" (anti-science-fiction buff) in its fallout.

Death after Death—The current boom in life-after-death books and testimonials is inspiring a lot of people—but in different ways. J.J. Kane, for example, a nonbeliever, cheerfully satirizes death-tripping debates. Kane also spoofs popular culture, the magazine business, and even the plight of earnest but frazzled freelancers like himself. Be prepared to die laughing.

UFO Cover-up—Most of us automatically debunk any reported close encounters, dismissing them as the ravings of lunatics or frauds. As Tony Scaduto reveals in this special *Penthouse* exposé, we act that way because we've been brainwashed by our government. A systematic cover-up, involving both the military, the CIA, and space officials, has been underway since the first UFO sighting in the late 1940s and is still in effect. Why? Because overwhelming evidence suggests that UFOs *do* exist. Dr. Allen Hynek, a former air force consultant and the present head of the Center for UFO Studies, calls this massive cover-up and PR campaign to encourage skepticism and suppress the truth a "cosmic Watergate" of massive proportions, based on fear.

1985—An excerpt from the long-awaited novel by Anthony Burgess, author of *A Clockwork Orange*, that makes Orwell's *1984* read like *Lassie*—labor unions have become barbaric hordes, *The Carpetbaggers* is considered great literature, and all intellectual rebels practice the violence they once abhorred.

UNHOOKER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 135

BRA: Maidenform—"Fitting Pretty"
TESTER: Carl T., nineteen, student
COMMENTS: This was what I would call your standard high-school clasp. It has a double hook and eye and back closing. Getting it off was a snap—a single one-handed, thumb-and-finger flick. But my girl said it was ideal for mopping the floor in.
RATING: ▲▲

BRA: Formfit Rogers
TESTER: Mike R., twenty-seven, poet
COMMENTS: My partner liked the Formfit Rogers because it reminded her of Monet's water lily series. It was easy to remove, unclasping quite easily. However, the bra made her breasts look so nice that it almost, but not quite, kept me from taking it off. As someone once said, "Nice underwear makes you feel better."
RATING: ▲▲ ▲▲

BRA: Diane Von Furstenburg
TESTER: Bud L., twenty, student
COMMENTS: It was the first time that I'd run across a clasp which was perfectly round, and it took me a while to figure out what to do with it. The testee had to help me get the thing undone, mainly because my fingers were so much bigger than the clasp. It seemed like somebody really went out of his way to make things more complicated than necessary.
RATING: ▲

BRA: Playtex Eighteen-Hour Bra
TESTER: Will L., eighteen, typist
COMMENTS: This bra is supposed to be for a "mature" figure, I guess, and my testee has one, even though she's my age. Nevertheless, I was put out by the seven (count 'em) hooks on the front of the bra. I would suggest maybe just one giant clasp with an electric eye that would open whenever a masculine finger gets close.
RATING: ▲

BRA: Playtex "Cross Your Heart"
TESTER: Merv J., twenty-four, cook
COMMENTS: When I undid these standard hooks in back, the stretchy sides made a spectacular swoosh forward, releasing the testee's breasts in a most satisfactory manner. A real gas.
RATING: ▲▲ ▲▲

BRA: Frederick's of Hollywood
TESTER: Ken L., thirty, unemployed
COMMENTS: These were two little platforms that fit underneath my girl friend's breasts. They had a thickness of their own, which made it look like she was a lot bigger than she really is, while at the same time they show off practically all of her breasts. But the things were kind of glued on to her; so I never bothered trying to get them off. Instead, I ignored them, and they came off by themselves later on.
RATING: ▲▲ ▲

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